







Eng^d by Augustus Robin N.

TO-DAY

OR,

THE SCIENCE OF SELF

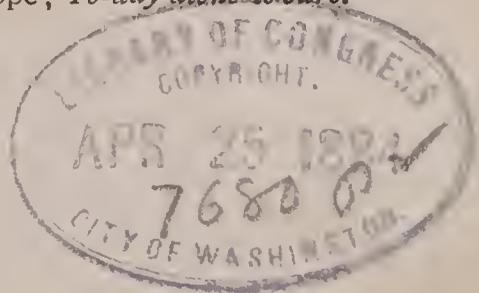
AND

“THE LIVING PRESENT.”

BY

DAVID WHEATON.

“Yesterday is a remembrance, and To-morrow a hope; *To-day alone is ours.*”

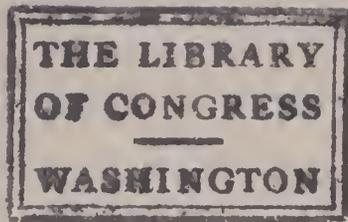


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PREFACE

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The object and scope of this book is told in the introductory chapters more satisfactorily and at greater length than could be done in a preface. The author does not claim to have discovered, new doctrines or principles, but has labored mainly to develop a method by which the rich fruits of the world's most advanced truth and wisdom might be brought within the reach of the common toiler's hands. His work has, therefore, been more that of an editor than an author.

After the plan of the work had been chosen and defined, the task of culling and arranging the testimony to be obtained from every source upon the topics treated proved to be long, laborious and perplexing. The choicest wisdom of the greatest and best is found scattered here and there amid vast volumes of matter not interesting to the general public, and when found it is seldom in a shape to be presented under a new head and in a different connection without change. The authorities consulted had in some cases to be translated, and in many cases to be either wholly rewritten or largely changed in wording to secure a proper adaptation. To do this, however, and at the same time do full justice to the original thinker, has been honestly and patiently attempted in all such cases.

The names of a few of the leading authorities consulted will be appended. Space forbids anything like a complete list.

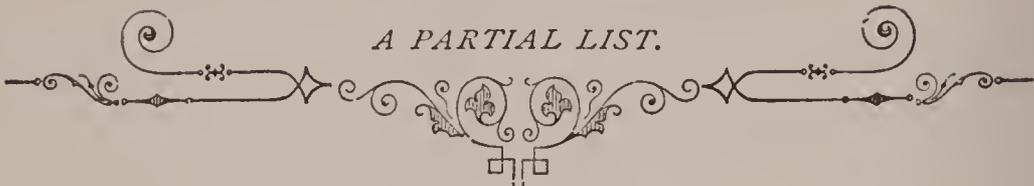
The author is under obligations for assistance in a large share of the work to Professor M. E. Locke, whose familiarity with the classical languages, and more particularly with the French and German literature, made his aid especially valuable.

It must be borne in mind, at all times, that this book is designed, not for the literary recluse, but for the busy world at large.



AUTHORITIES.

A PARTIAL LIST.



ABERCROMBIE.

ALGER.

ARGYLL.

BACON.

BELL.

BOWEN.

BUTLER.

CARPENTER.

CARLYLE.

COBBE.

COLERIDGE.

COMBE.

COMTÉ.

COUSIN.

DALTON.

DARWIN.

DAY.

DESCARTES.

DRAPER.

FOWLER.

FRANKLIN.

GOETHE.

GUIZOT.

HAMILTON.

HAVEN.

HEGEL.

HICKOK.

HOPKINS.

HUXLEY.

KANT.

LESSING.

LOCKE.

McCOSH.

MILL.

MOORE.

MUÈLLER.

PALEY.

PRIESTLEY.

RICHTER.

RUSKIN.

UEBERWEG.

UPHAM.

WATTS.

WAYLAND.

WHATELEY.

WOOD.

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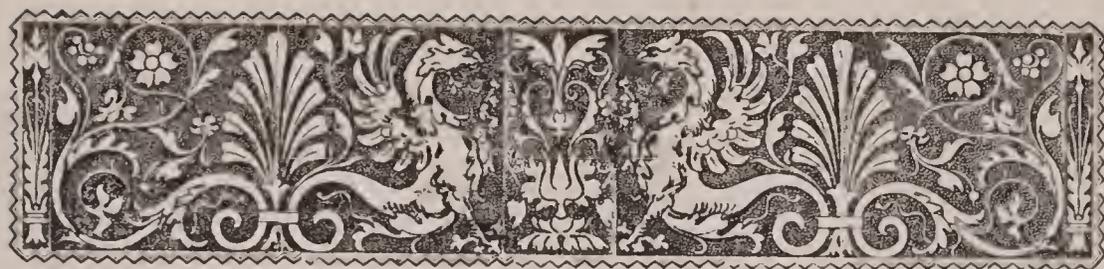
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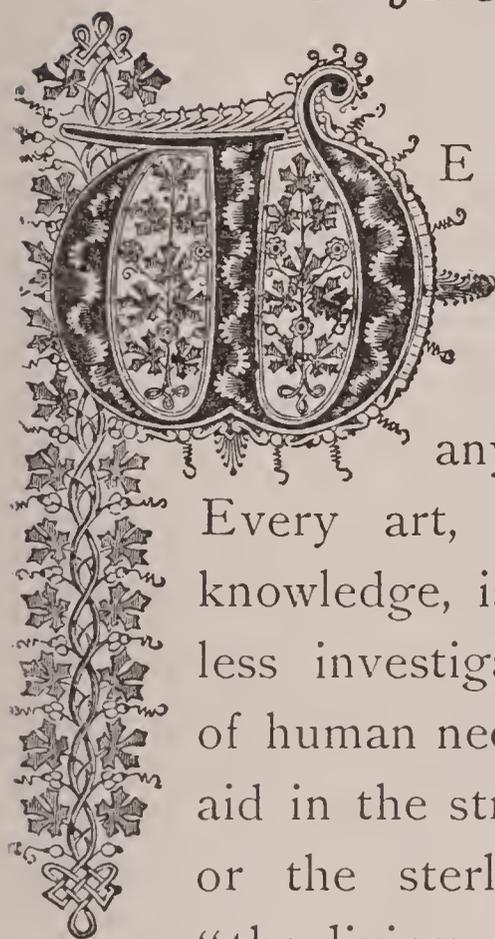
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OBJECT AND SCOPE.



WE are told that we live in an age of steam and electricity. We ride upon the iron steed which outspeeds the wind, and talk across any distance in flashes of lightning.

Every art, every science, every branch of knowledge, is beaten in the mortar of ceaseless investigation and burned in the crucible of human needs to yield every possible grain of aid in the strife for wealth, or fame, or luxury, or the sterling necessities of life. Such is "the living present." Yet, amid all the hurry of our money-making, fast-living age, is there a single human being who never has a sober hour of reverie upon the mysteries of his own existence? An hour when the deepest questions of life and what life really is, present themselves for answer? Not one.

The gayest of all the careless and apparently happy will sometimes come face to face with the stern thought, "I cannot always remain so." The clown jests even at death, but is some day struck dumb with

the doubt of what may come after. The man or woman wrapped in the fitful dreams of wealth or ambition, pauses at some moment and asks, "Of what avail is it all?" They whose life is one long battle of toil, or privation, or pain, are asking, "Why is it so?" Even the little child comes with a grave face and a question whose answer would baffle the wisest. These queries must not, dare not be trifled with. They are the echoes of doubts, of faulty opinions, or discordant actions. Too few people ever learn to note the deep harmony that runs through the music of every proper and true human career. But science finds unison everywhere in each branch of Nature, and surely man's nature, though the highest and most complex of all, is no exception. It has its center of gravity, its harmony of existence, to be easily known and understood by the earnest inquirer.

These are the questions of the present moment, and the sluggard who neglects to solve them to-day will have their answers forced upon him by a relentless eternity too late to profit thereby. And whether it be the youth just beginning to turn the fresh leaves, or whether it be the aged who is casting up the accounts and balancing the last pages of the book, the proper understanding of himself, his own being, is the chief key to every doubt of that hour.

As well from every business point of view, these questions are of vital importance. Upon their answers depends a person's purpose in life. How can one be fully in earnest while having no well-defined purpose,

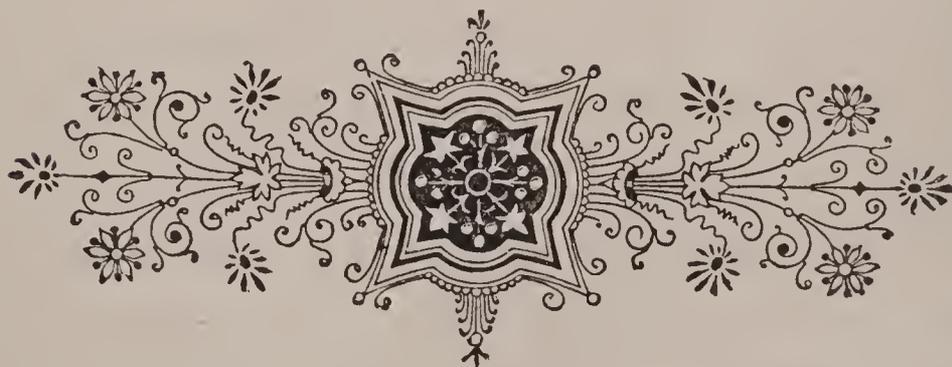
or while in doubt whether his chosen purpose is in harmony with his highest good? Yet a genuine earnestness is the necessary soul of success in every undertaking. These are most practical truths.

Every great thinker whose labors have enlightened the world, has given some of his best thought to these questions, and the number of books that in some degree treat of these subjects has grown so large that none but scholars of abundant leisure can hope to examine them. Much of the best matter upon the science and philosophy of life is too abstract in thought and too learned in language for the common reader.

And also, many books have been issued in recent years, full indeed of good, simple, plain advice, and excellent axioms, all true enough, but omitting the scientific basis beneath the truths. Each month the moon renews her slender horn, grows to a full splendor, and returns again to obscurity. Nobody disputes these regular occurrences, but the facts alone do not satisfy us; we must know why and how. The investigating spirit of humanity demands and needs to know all there is to know.

These are some of the reasons for bringing out another book. It will be the aim of the book to give a thorough analysis of the human being, its component parts, its capacities, its motive forces, its weaknesses, the laws of its motion and the mysteries of mind and spirit action so far as agreed upon by the best authorities. No efforts, however, will be made in the direction of finely drawn distinctions, or hair-

splitting arguments upon disputed points. It is not believed that the general public can be best served by tracing all the minute paths of modern scientific research. The aim is rather to glean the rich fields of thought and present the results for the ready use of every-day people, freed from the technicalities of science and suited to the wants of men and women who have the cares of business and daily life upon them. No pains nor expense has been spared in a most thorough consultation of standard authors, with the constant aim to make this a desirable hand-book for each human being in each separate "To-day" of his life.



INTRODUCTION.

THE PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE.



MAN'S never-ceasing study of the problem of existence has shown itself in a thousand different forms, and it will be both interesting and profitable for our purpose to take a brief view of the history of this universal question.

In all ages of the world, the attention of the wisest men has been attracted to the great problem of being: What am I? Why am I here? Whither do I go? "Know thyself" was inscribed upon the temple of Apollo at Delphi, in the sixth century before Christ. "Look within," wrote Antoninus, the great Stoic philosopher and emperor of Rome, in the second century after Christ. "The proper study of mankind is man," sang the English poet, Alexander Pope, in the eighteenth century. Each successive thinker has reverently laid his answer at the feet of the Sphinx, and passed on into the "undiscovered country," and the problem still remains unsolved, the riddle still unguessed. From the time of the Hindu Rishi down to the time of Hegel and Fichte, and to the present moment, there has been no

generation that has not made its trial at unraveling the great mystery, that has not had its data and its theories, by means of which it thought that the longed-for solution would finally come.

Man, finding himself placed here, his past and his future shut off from view by a veil as black and impenetrable as night, would gladly know what he is, what he must do, what is the standard he must attempt to reach. That is a question of the most vital and immediate importance to every one. Whence came I, and whither do I go, are queries which are interesting mainly for the light their answers would throw upon the present moment. My duty, that which lies nearest me—that would I know, and know at once. Am I to live for the body, for the mind, or for the spirit, and in any case how shall I go about it? Widely varying answers have been given to these questions.

THE ANSWER OF ANCIENT GREECE.

The greatest festival of Greece was confined entirely to athletic sports,* and the winner of one of those games, crowned with his simple garland of wild olive, was the greatest man in Greece. Foreign states sometimes solicited him to proclaim himself their citizen, that they might share his honor. He was brought home through a breach in the city walls, made for the purpose. Such a conqueror must not enter by the plebeian gates. In Athens he was rewarded by a public gift of five hundred drachmæ—a large sum of

* Grote's History of Greece.

money in those times. In Sparta he was given the place of honor on the battle-field. Indeed, we have record of three cases where altars were built and sacrifices offered to the victors of Olympia. Bodily strength and power was their ideal of perfect manhood. This was the answer given by ancient Greece.

THE ANSWER OF THE MEDIÆVAL MONKS.

Very different was the reply made by the Christian monks of the middle ages, who inflicted all manner of penance upon the body and mind, that thus their souls might be made more pure. As one example out of ten thousand that might be given, note the career of Simeon Stylites, a celebrated hermit, who lived from 395 to 451. At the age of thirteen he abandoned his occupation of shepherd, and confined himself in a monastery. His term as novice was long and severe, and he "was repeatedly saved from pious suicide." After the expiration of his noviciate, he went to a mountain, thirty or forty miles east of the city of Antioch, and there established his residence. He fastened himself with a heavy chain within a circle of stones, and gradually built higher the column upon which he lived, until it reached the elevation of sixty feet. Upon the summit of this column, sixty feet high, he lived for thirty years. Habit and exercise instructed him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear or giddiness, and successively assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his outstretched arms in the figure

of a cross; but his most familiar practice was that of bending his meager skeleton from the forehead to the feet, and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty-four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless count. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb, this *celestial* life; and the patient hermit expired without descending from his column.

Successive crowds of pilgrims from Gaul and India saluted the divine pillar of Simeon; the tribes of Saracens disputed in arms the honor of his benediction; the queens of Arabia and Persia gratefully confessed his supernatural virtue; and the angelic hermit was consulted by the younger Theodosius, in the most important concerns of the church and state. His remains were transported from the mountain of Telenissa, by a solemn procession of the patriarch, the master-general of the east, six bishops, twenty-one counts or tribunes, and six thousand soldiers; and Antioch revered his bones, as her glorious ornament and impregnable defense.

OTHER FORMS.

But turning again to the beliefs of ancient origin, we find the Greek philosopher, Epicurus, teaching that the highest good is happiness — pleasure — both mental and physical, but chiefly the former. “The virtuous man alone is able to attain the end described. The virtuous man will attain it without failure. Virtue, then, is the only possible and the perfectly sure way to

happiness." That does pretty well, but we find something better still. Plato's idea was that the highest good consisted in the nearest possible approach to God. What a prospect that offers us! Nothing short of perfection; divine strength, intelligence and goodness. Plato defines man as "The *hunter* of truth." Lessing somewhere says that if the Almighty, holding in his right hand *Truth*, and in his left, *Search after Truth*, were to proffer him whichever he were to request, in all humility, but without hesitation, he should choose *Search after Truth*. The race after truth and divine intelligence is indeed a grandly inspiring one, and many of the world's great men have lived with satisfaction to themselves and benefit to their fellow beings, mainly guided by the light of this philosophy.

More than twenty-three hundred years ago the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, lived and taught, and his wise sayings will be worthy of consideration through all the ages yet to come.

Of still greater age are some other of the Oriental systems of belief. In the sacred writings of Buddhism are found many sentiments that would rank in the estimation of the refined thinker of the present age as truly sweet, and pure, and holy.

THE ANSWER OF JESUS.

About nineteen hundred years ago, there arose one whose labors have borne greater fruits than any of them, one who, if he be considered merely as a man,

and laying aside all claims to divinity, was the most marvelous man of history. He was destined to commence anew upon the great world-problem, and for these eighteen and a half centuries that have elapsed since his death, the work has been progressing slowly and amid many discouragements and conflicts, often even amid defeats and backsets, upon the foundation which he laid. But out of each defeat it arose with added strength, and its growth still goes on. What is the central idea of this wonderful doctrine?

The dying words of the eminent Sir James Mackintosh were: "Jesus, love!—Jesus, love!—the same thing!" Those words sound the key-note of Christ's teachings; it was emphatically the gospel of love—"For God so loved the world." His life and His teachings point alike to love as the precious jewel of earth. Faith, hope and love, and the greatest of these is love. In the course of ages this doctrine has become so familiar to us that we can scarcely realize its importance; but seen by the light of history, it looms up as the most momentous fact in the progress of the human race. To the intellectual Greeks all foreigners were barbarians; to the warlike Romans they were enemies; to the ascetic Jews they were heathen; to the Christian they are men and brothers, children of the same God. This gospel of love has broken the shackles off the slaves of christendom; it has lessened the frequency and mitigated the horrors of war; it has built asylums for the infirm, hospitals for the sick, homes for the poor and friendless; it has filled the land with free

schools and colleges; it has raised woman from a condition little better than slavery, to be the friend and valued companion of man. And the spirit of this doctrine still goes on, warming the hearts of men to deeds of brotherly kindness, and banishing strife, hatred and cruelty from the earth.

MODERN ANSWERS.

Although all nations have been wisest and happiest while holding to the purest and highest beliefs, yet there has been and still is a class of thinkers who, seeing that every nation or tribe of people in all history has had some form of a solution of the problem of existence, and that no one has given universal satisfaction, have concluded that further pursuit of the subject is folly. They have been disgusted, because the masses of the less intelligent people have always followed their chosen teachers more or less blindly, and have done things because they felt that their doctrines command them to do so, instead of looking for the wisdom of the command and then obeying it because it was wise. Seeing that everything in nature comes about according to fixed rules, and that law seems to be supreme, they guess that Nature is her own law-maker, and that it is the part of wisdom to simply let Nature take her own course. But such stagnant doubt, combined with idleness of spirit, has proven least satisfactory of all, and by far the largest array of the intelligence of this day believes that the lesson of all Nature and history urges man forever onward and upward.

“What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!” These lines from “Hamlet” eloquently express the modern idea of man. The prevalent opinion in all Christian countries is that man is a wonderful triune being: a three in one: body, mind and spirit, each demanding the highest culture consistent with the welfare of the others.

These questions and the study of them seem to grow with the advancement of humanity and to daily become more and more interwoven with the lives of all. They combine the ripest wisdom, the richest experience of the ages, and without expressing a preference for any one answer, we may draw from the study of the whole matter the following

GENERAL IDEAS.

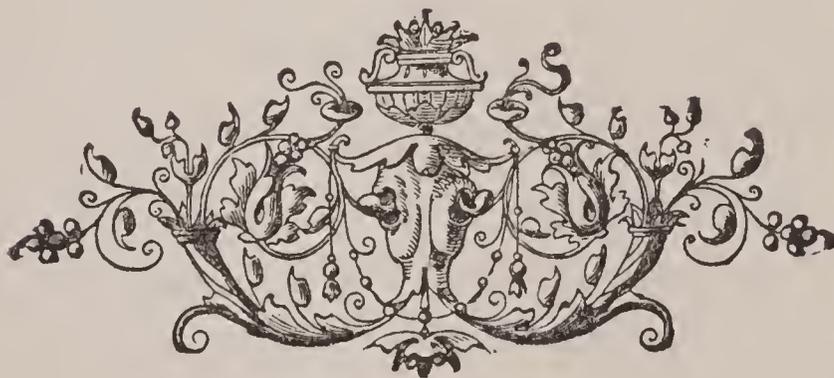
1. Since man has always been engaged with his problem, and is found in his best condition when pushing the inquiry to the noblest and grandest answer possible, we may conclude that no ordinary career in life, pursuit, or end secured, can satisfy the innate cravings of the human heart.

2. Because false views of life have frequently led the ignorant miserably astray, intelligent readers have become slow in accepting precepts not fully understood. They receive commands unwillingly when not accompanied with the why and wherefore.

3. As a unity of plan is to be seen in all Nature,

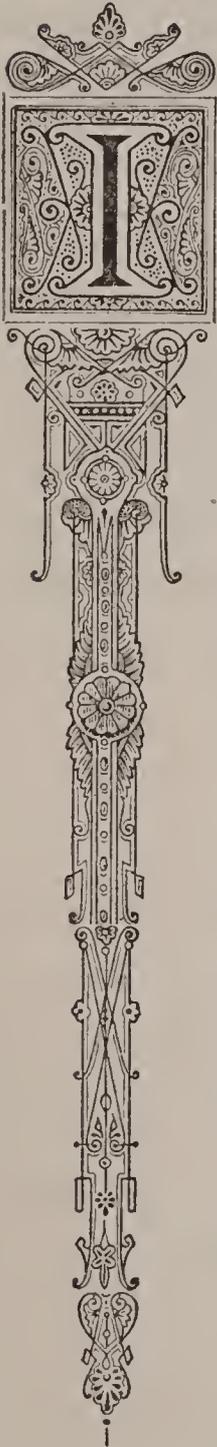
man's study of himself grows more encouraging, for he may justly hope that every right rule of action will be found to be wisely and harmoniously based upon the true laws of human nature.

4. Another powerful reason why man has so constantly turned to an examination of the elements of his own being is that in the commonest business undertakings of life a person needs to bring all the forces of his nature into play to accomplish his ends. This he cannot do if he is ignorant of them and their relative strength and importance. Even if a person had no great object in life to accomplish, he would need to be familiar with all the springs and motives of human nature that he might live in peaceful and sympathetic harmony with his fellow beings.



GENERAL ANALYSIS OF HUMAN NATURE.

WHY THE ANALYSIS?



If a man were contemplating a trip to France, he would probably desire to know, before landing in that country, as much as possible of its geography, history, customs, language and literature. Possessing a good general knowledge of all these things, what pleasure would be his in treading the classic soil of that beautiful land, almost every foot of which is rendered sacred by history. For him, the old castles that stand upon their lofty rocks and frown down upon this peaceful age, would have stories to tell of the sterner and bloodier days when they were built. Every monastery that he entered would call up to mind:

“Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of eld.”

The sunny valleys would re-echo to him the songs of all ages, from the Troubadours to Victor Hugo. Without this knowledge he would be in constant per-

plexity and doubt. He would meet with things every day which he could not understand, and would wonder why people made so much ado over them. His trip would simply be a dry, profitless journey, and he would return home having seen, and yet not having seen: that is, having seen only the surface of things, which is frequently barren indeed. So, when a man is about to commence the study of any subject, he will wish to know the general lay of that subject, how much there is of it, how it is divided, where the landmarks are, etc. In short, the more general knowledge he has about it before he commences to study it in detail, the better will be his chances for a pleasant and profitable season of study. All this applies especially to the science of the nature of man, since clear ideas are of the utmost importance in any thorough work of this kind.

A PLAN FOR THE ANALYSIS.

In the trial-room of the manufactory stands a really wonderful machine. It is an improved grain-thresher, and we are to study the intricacies of its working, and fully master its every feature. Piece by piece we take it apart and note the shape, size and use of each. Every separate device is studied with reference to itself and its relation to its adjoining parts. One by one they are labeled and laid out in their proper order until the analysis is complete.

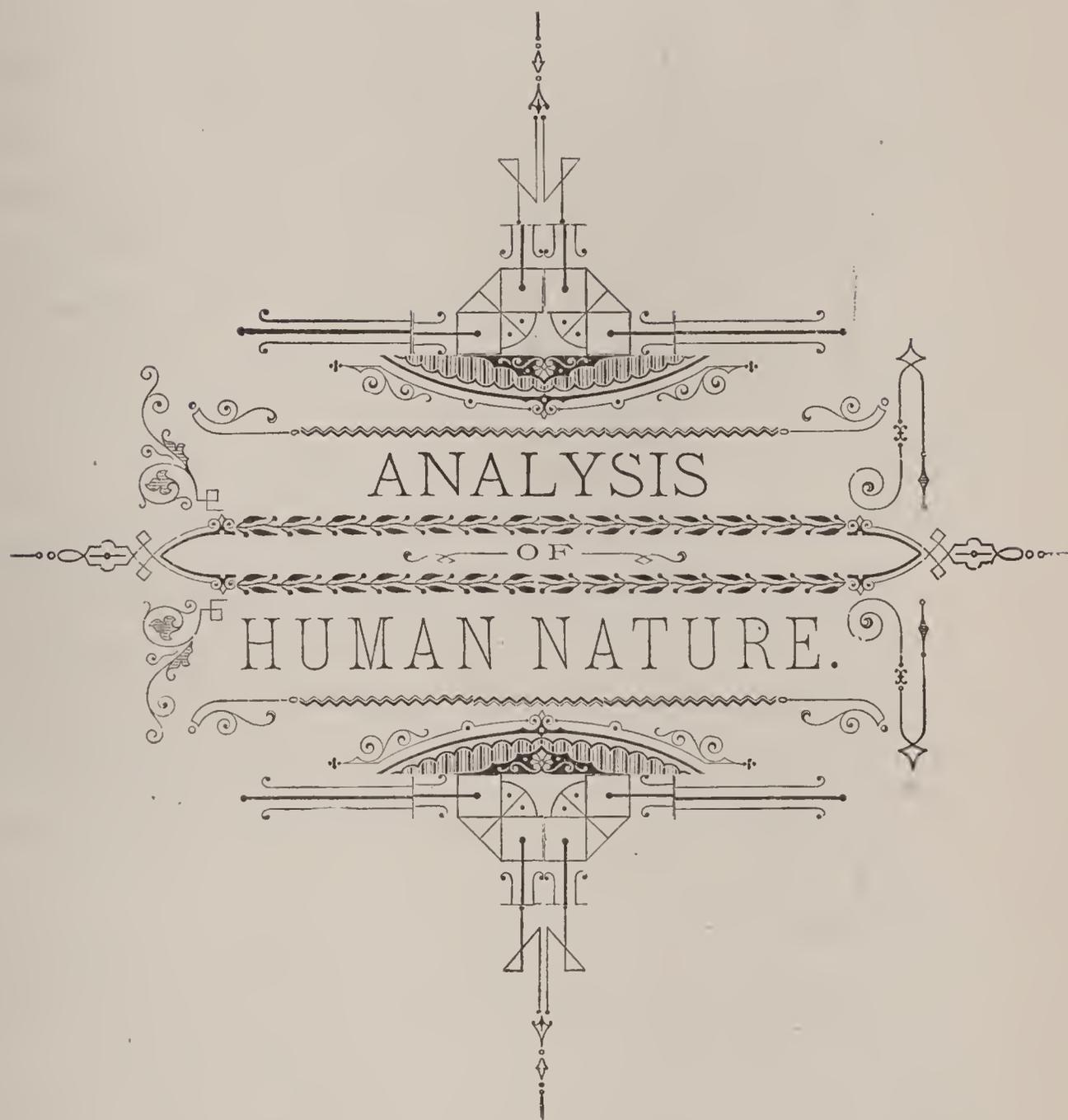
At last, after days of studious toil, all is familiar. The parts now assume their places with the readiness

of trained soldiers. The last screw is fastened, and the machine acts smoothly and harmoniously as a thing of life. We now understand every part and every motion, and the machine becomes our faithful servant.

As we studied the machine, so should we analyze and study every subject that presents itself. So the farmer studies what sort of crops he shall cultivate, the merchant what kind of goods will best please his customers, the doctor notes his patient's symptoms, and the lawyer the various aspects of his case in hand. By the same mental process the school boy solves his question, and in like manner man's nature will now be analyzed.

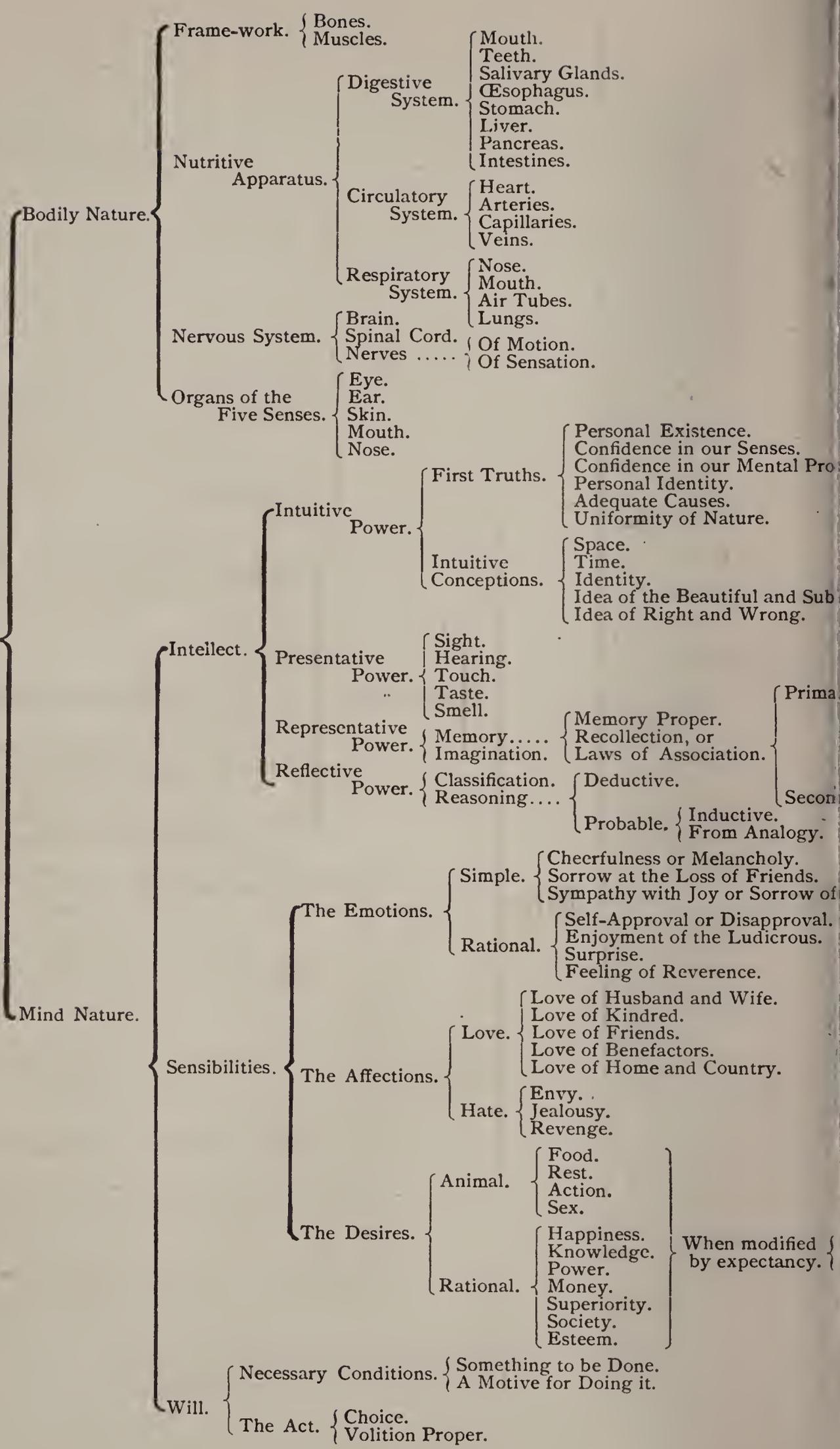
In studying the grain-thresher, it was a great convenience to have the belts all arranged together on one table and separately labeled; all the wheels and pulleys on another table, and all the shaftings on another; and it was well to have all the pieces concerned in hulling the grain marked with red labels; those concerned in cleaning it, blue labels, etc. Thus we much more easily learned the whole.

In making a written analysis of any topic, we need some arrangement to take the place of the tables and the labels. The brace system of analysis is simple, yet capable of great thoroughness. The subject under consideration is placed at the left hand, followed by a brace, { . All the leading parts or divisions of the subject are now written one above another at the right of the brace, and if desirable to subdivide any one of these parts, another brace is used at the right of it, and



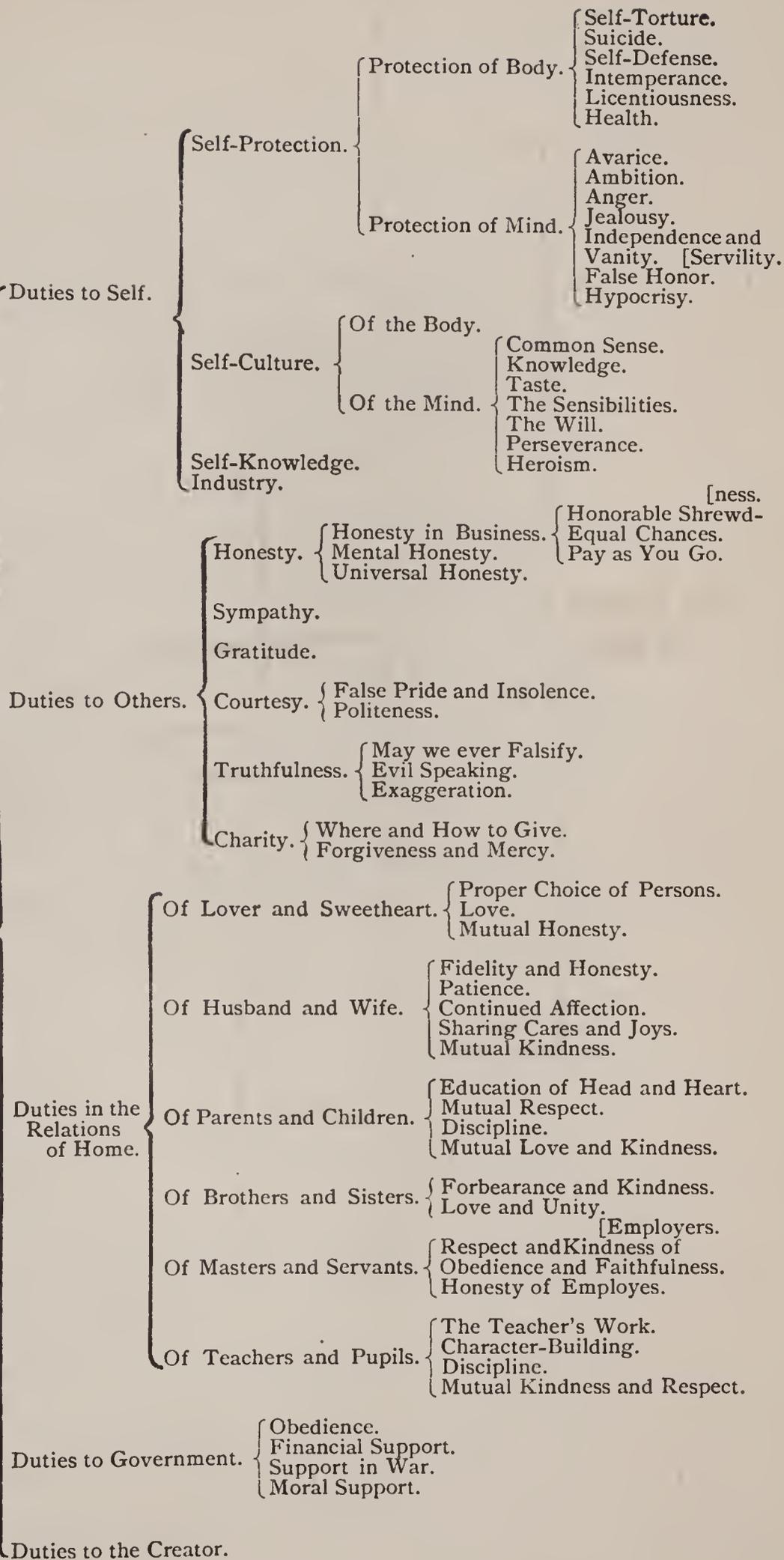
ANALYSIS
OF
HUMAN NATURE.

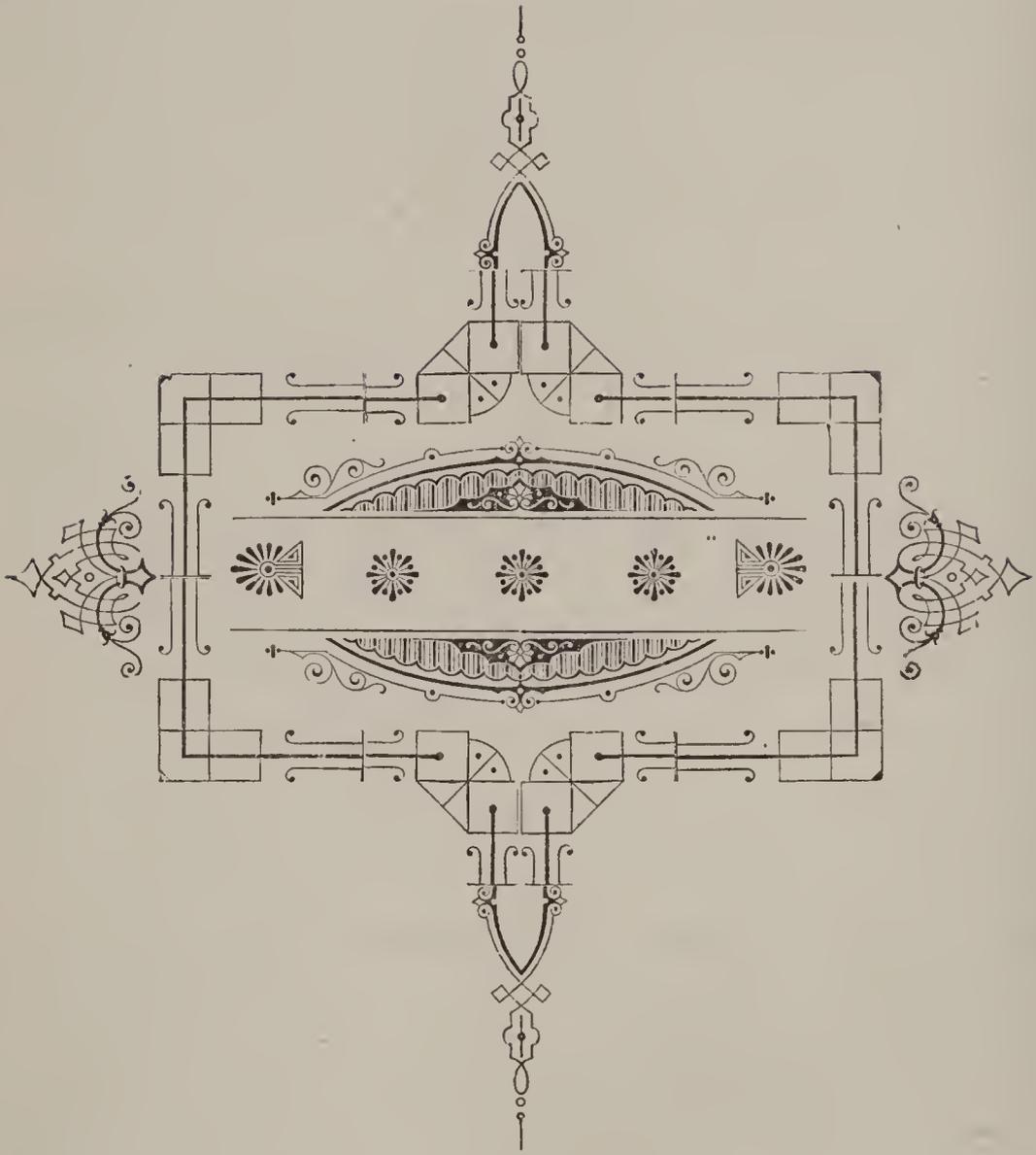
The Nature of Man.



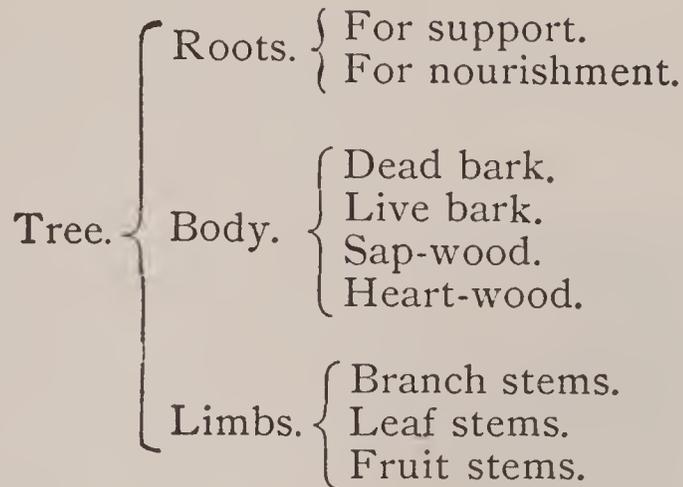
{ Resemblance.
 Contrast.
 Nearness of
 Time or Place.
 Cause and Effect.
 { Attention.
 Lapse of Time.
 Constitutional
 Differences.
 Professional
 Differences.
 Repetition.

Duty!





the process repeated. Here is an analysis of a familiar object, each brace being made large enough for its particular purpose :

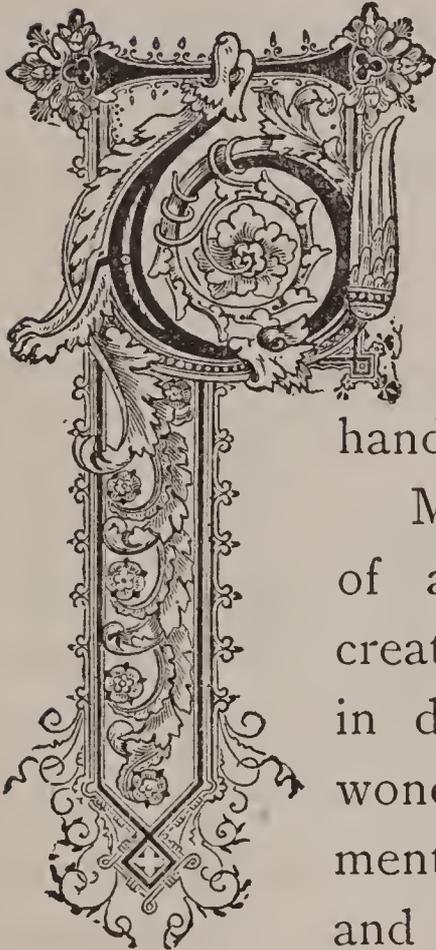


The whole subject is thus shown in parts, and the relation of each to each is seen at one glance.

The analysis of man's nature is here made complete for convenience, as it will be referred to in the pages following. In explanation of the use of the braces it should be said that, for instance, all the desires are included by a brace after them which points to hope and fear, because hope and fear are based wholly upon man's desires. Expectancy is inserted because it is according to the certainty of attaining his desires that he hopes or fears. So duty is presented following the whole nature of man, as a natural result or outgrowth of that entire nature. The large brace preceding the word "duty," therefore embraces the entire structure of man, while the analysis of duty follows again at the right. (See the analysis.)



BODILY NATURE OF MAN.



HERE is but one temple in the world, and that is the body of man. Bending before man is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.

Man was the last and most wonderful of all God's creatures. From those created before him, he differs very much in degree, if not in kind. His is a wonderful three-fold nature—physical, mental, and spiritual, each part distinct and having its own special duties to perform, yet all harmonious by working together, and forming a magnificent whole; the crowning glory of the universe. A full discussion of the physical nature does not fall within the design of the present book, but it is so intimately connected with the others that a few words regarding it are necessary.

A COMPLICATED MACHINE.

The human body is the most complicated machine ever devised; its intricacy is almost beyond belief.

Many of its parts are so small as to be entirely invisible to the naked eye. The pores of the skin are extremely minute tubes, about one three-hundredth of an inch in diameter, and about one fourth of an inch in length. It is estimated that the number of pores in the body is about seven millions; this would make nearly twenty-eight miles of tube employed in conducting the sweat to the surface. On an occasion of great solemnity, Pope Leo X. caused a young child to be completely covered with gold-leaf, closely applied to the skin, so as to represent, according to the idea of the age, the golden glory of an angel or seraph. In a few hours after contributing to the pageant of pride, the child died; the cause being simply that of stopping the exhalations of the skin. So important is even the apparently insignificant process of perspiration. There are other organs of the body whose functions the physiologists of two thousand years have been unable to discover. Yet we may be assured that these parts, minute and obscure as they are, have their appropriate share of labor in the economy of the system, and that they will perform this labor with perfect ease and accuracy, so long as they are not crippled by the shortsighted abuse of their master, the man.

THE FRAME.

A brief analysis of the body, calling attention to some of the more prominent parts, and the wonderful adaptations of means to ends, will follow. The first thing that attracts our attention in looking at anything

is its general shape, which is given it by its frame. The framework of the body is the bones and the muscles which play upon them. No mechanical principle has been discovered, by which the bones could have been made stronger and better adapted to their purposes. The long bones are hollow, because a tube of given weight is stronger than a bar of the same weight. They are larger at the ends than at the center, in order that more space may be given for the attachment of muscles and ligaments. They are spongy at the ends, to prevent the enlargement from increasing the weight. The skull is composed of several bones, instead of one. Each of these are made of an outside and an inside plate, with a porous layer between them. The bones are united partially by dovetailing and partially by smooth edges. All of which, combined with its shape, reduces the danger of fracture to the least, gives room for growth, and affords the greatest strength united with the least weight. The spinal column is in the form of a compound curve, because that form is best adapted to deaden the force of shocks. If it were straight, a very slight fall would produce concussion of the brain. Moreover, the compound curve is the most beautiful figure known to art. The column is composed of twenty-four bones, separated by layers of a spongy substance called cartilage, which arrangement gives great freedom and elasticity of movement.

In the muscles we find the same marks of wisdom as in the bones. Each muscle is exactly fitted to its purpose. Some of those in the arms and fingers, for

example, where celerity of movement is of more importance than power, are so arranged as to give the greatest possible speed to those members, while others in the back and elsewhere are planned with reference to strength, speed being a minor consideration. A man can utter perhaps fifteen hundred letters in a minute, the utterance of each letter requiring a contraction and a relaxation of the same muscle,—making a total of three thousand movements of one muscle in the short space of a minute. The muscles are usually attached to the bones by small cords called tendons, and so firmly that the bone will break rather than the tendon loosen from it.

NUTRITIVE APPARATUS.

But despite these wonderful adaptations, man's body would, like any other machine, wear out in a short time if it were not continually being repaired and replenished. The body is constantly dying and being born. A particle dies, is carried away, and its place is taken by a live new particle, fresh from the human laboratory. It is estimated that no particle which is in your system to-day will be there seven years hence. Some portions change much faster than that, as, for example, the finger-nails, which are completely renewed two or three times each year. This process of carrying off, renewing, and rebuilding, is carried on by the organs which are collectively known as the Nutritive Apparatus; of which there are three parts,—the Digestive

System, the Respiratory System, and the Circulatory System.

THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM.

The mouth takes the food the person has chosen, and holds it in position for the teeth to cut and grind it to a pulp. The salivary glands situated in the cheeks and under the tongue ooze out a fluid to moisten the mouth and mix with the food. Then the pulpy mass disappears down the œsophagus (commonly called gullet), the passage which leads to the stomach. The stomach has a contracting motion which turns the food about and mixes it with the gastric juice, which is here supplied. Finally the now much changed food passes out of the stomach into the intestines, and at once mixes with the fluid furnished by the liver, being again changed by this and minor juices. Then, as the food passes slowly along, very small vessels which open upon the inner surface of the intestines suck up the thoroughly digested food and carry it along in little canals. These canals open into each other and finally form one large canal which carries the fluid thus gathered up from the digested food and throws it into the large vein which carries it to the heart. Thus the work of the Digestive System is completed and the food to be used by the body is turned over to the System of Circulation.

THE CIRCULATORY SYSTEM.

The heart receives the blood coming from the body mixed with the fluid food coming from the Digestive

System, and sends the mixture to the lungs, whence, after important changes which will be explained in the Respiratory System, the blood now rich and pure is sent back to the heart. The blood is now sent out through the arteries, which divide, and sub-divide and carry it to all parts of the body. The arteries thus grow smaller and smaller, dividing themselves again and again, until every part of the body is supplied with blood and the arteries end in minute vessels called capillaries. The blood may now be said to ooze through the tissues, and it is here taken up by the veins which do not differ very greatly from the arteries, except that they run back toward the heart, increasing in size, and finally uniting in one canal and emptying the blood again into the heart.

As the blood makes this grand circuit each member of the body takes up from it whatever it may need: the bone one element, the muscle another, the skin another, the nerve another, and so on to the end. And its tour is not only one of distribution, but one of collection as well, for it gathers up all the worn out particles which are to be expelled in various ways. The French have very nicely called this wondrous fluid "*fluent flesh*," because, though liquid, it contains all the principles which enter into the composition of the body. So perfectly is the blood distributed, that you cannot puncture your flesh anywhere with a needle, without wounding one of the minute blood-vessels. Another thing that shows the wisdom and skill with which the body was contrived, is the fact that at least four

mechanical principles are used in propelling the blood through the arteries and veins, whereas in machines of human invention, use is very rarely made of more than one at a time. The first of these is the compression of the heart, the working of which may easily be seen by a very simple experiment. Take a hollow rubber ball and fill it with water; then compress it and the water will, of course, fly out, because there is no place for it in the ball. The second is the principle which is known in physics as capillary attraction. It is this that causes a whole towel to become wet in a short time when one corner of it is dipped in water. The third is the rushing in of the blood to fill up the vacuum left in the heart when it is emptied after each compression. This is the same law that draws the water up in a suction pump. The fourth is the weight of the blood, which, of course, aids the circulation only in those parts of the body which are above the heart.

THE RESPIRATORY SYSTEM.

It was seen that the blood came back to one of the four chambers of the heart from the various parts of the body, loaded with impurities. It had yielded many of its best elements to build up the body, and taken in the worn-out and useless matter, and its quantity had been increased by the fluid food thrown into it from the Digestive System. Now this mixture is not fit to go out to the body again at once. The load of impurities must be thrown off and it must undergo an important change. This change is effected by the

Respiratory (or breathing) System. The lungs receive this mixture of impure blood and bring it into contact with the air.

The pure air we breathe is one fifth oxygen, and this oxygen is the substance needed to purify the blood. Partly through the mouth, but mainly through the nose, the air is drawn; and passing down through the air-tubes (windpipe and its branches) it reaches all parts of the lungs. Here the walls of the little air-tubes and blood vessels are so thin that the impure gases of the blood pass through and unite with the air, while the oxygen passes into the blood, making it bright, red, and healthy. This air, now loaded with the impurities of the body is at once thrown out, and fresh air taken in.

This is the business of the Respiratory System, and it is plainly seen why pure air and free breathing are so necessary to health and life. These operations in the lungs are very rapid. The quantity of blood estimated in the grown person is about twenty-eight pounds, which performs its circulation in two minutes and a half; or, in other words, the circulating velocity of this fluid is so great that any given amount, on leaving the lungs, is distributed to impart heat, health, and activity to the body, as well as to remove impurities, and in the short space of two minutes and a half it returns again to the lungs, laden with these impurities, having effectually accomplished its vital mission.

Thus the digestive, the circulatory, and the respiratory systems, acting hand in hand, perform the work of

nutrition ; building up the body and keeping it supplied with nourishment.

NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The Nervous System is not thoroughly understood, for the reason that its work cannot be seen, heard, tasted, or felt. It is quite beyond the reach of sense, and can only be known by its effects. According to the theory which now prevails throughout the scientific world, however, the nervous system is the organism through which the mind acts ; it is the point of contact between the material and the immaterial. Just how the immaterial mind is enabled to work by means of the material brain, spinal cord, and nerves, is something no man knows. It is thought that the brain and spinal cord are the seats of thought, sensation, and motion, and that the nerves, which are of two kinds, sensory and motory, carry communications between these organs and other parts of the body. The nerves are distributed to nearly all parts, the skin being especially well supplied. The relative ease with which we feel external objects in different parts of the body has been determined by ascertaining the smallest distance of separation at which the points of a pair of needles could be felt as two. It is found that at the point of the tongue this distance is about one twenty-fourth part of an inch ; at the end of the third finger, one twelfth of an inch ; on the lips, one sixth of an inch ; end of the nose, one fourth of an inch ; the cheek,

the palm of the hand, and the end of the great toe, five twelfths of an inch; the knee and back of the foot, one and a half inches.

The nerves of sense are supposed to communicate the state of affairs at their extremities with the brain. As, for instance, the accepted theory of sound is, that the vibrations of the air, when it is set in motion by any shock, strike the drum of the ear and produce corresponding vibrations there, which are in some mysterious way carried to the brain by the auditory nerve. In like manner, the optic nerve conveys the image of any object reflected upon the retina of the eye to the brain, and thus we see the object; and the nerves of touch, the sensations at their outer limits, and we say the thing touched is rough or smooth, hot or cold. The motories convey orders from the nerve centers outward. The mind wills that the arm shall move, and forthwith it moves. A man puts a berry into his mouth. The nerves of taste detect a peculiar flavor, and the berry is at once rejected through the operations of the motories. The berry was rotten. This is an example of the immediate instinctive action of the nervous system. A more deliberate action of the same organs is to be found in every voluntary deed that we perform. The carpenter driving a nail is told by his optic nerve the exact location of the nail, and the motories carry orders to the arm to hit it; and the thing is done. The whole apparatus has been not inaptly compared to the telegraph system of a railway company. The nerve centers are the central office,

and the nerves are the wires stretching out in every direction. The operator at the outer station sends in his report of the condition of affairs, and receives in return his instructions from the central office as to how he shall act.

There are certain sets of nerves for certain branches of this work. One of the most important of these gives the life-force to all portions of the body. It is called the sympathetic, and exerts a controlling influence over the final processes of digestion, secretion, circulation, and nutrition. Every portion of the body is to a certain extent under its influence, as threads from this system of nerves accompany the blood vessels throughout their course. An important use of these nerves is to form a direct line of communication between all parts of the body, so that one organ can become aware of the condition of every other organ, and act accordingly. If, for example, disease or injury strikes the brain, the stomach by its sympathetic connection knows it; and as nourishment would add to the disease, it refuses to receive food, and perhaps vomits out what has lately been taken. Loss of appetite in sickness is thus in most cases a kind provision of nature to prevent our taking food when it would be injurious.

Then there are other sets of nerves which aid in the expression of all the passions, feelings, and emotions of the mind. When a person is greatly frightened we readily see the reason why he stands with his eyes intently fixed on the object of his fears, the eyebrows elevated and the eyeballs largely uncovered; or why

his steps are hesitating and bewildered, and his eyes rapidly and wildly searching something. These are the plain outward signs of the intense attention of his mind to the object of his fears; and show the powerful influence of this mental action. When we observe him farther there is seen a spasm in his breast; he cannot breathe freely; the chest remains elevated, and his breathing is short and rapid; there is a gasping and convulsive motion of his lips, a tremor on his hollow cheeks, a catching in his throat; his heart knocks at his ribs, but there is no force in the blood circulation, for the lips and cheeks are ashy pale.

These nerves are the instruments of expression, from the smile upon the infant's cheek to the last agony in death. It is when the strong man is subdued by this mysterious influence of spirit on body, and when the passions may be truly said to tear the heart, that we have the most afflicting picture of human frailty, and the most certain proof that it is the nerves we have been considering, that are thus affected. In the first struggle of the infant to draw breath, in the man recovering from a state of suffocation, and in the agony of passion, when the breast labors from the influence at the heart, the same set of parts is affected, the same nerves, the same muscles, and the same outward actions have a strict resemblance. How expressive is the face of man! How clearly it announces the thoughts and sentiments of the mind! How well depicted are the passions on his countenance! Tumultuous rage, devoted love, envy, hatred, grief, and every other emo-

tion, in all their shades and varieties, are imprinted there, in characters so clear that he who runs may read! How difficult, nay, how impossible, is it to hide or falsify the expressions which indicate the internal feelings! Thus conscious guilt shrinks from detection, innocence declares its confidence, and hope shines out with bright expectation.

Remembering, then, that the brain and nerves are the instruments of the thinking mind, and are also wound in with every process of life in the body, we can easily see the desirability of a well-balanced nervous system in a well-developed body. The points of weakness in such persons as Louis XV. of France, and the tremendous power and endurance of Napoleon Bonaparte, are evident. Neither is it difficult to understand how sudden excitement of the mind affects the body, causing great changes and sometimes death; or how continued grief may produce disease; or how any line of conduct of the person or his associates which continually disquiets his mind will gradually undermine the health. The old proverb, "A clear conscience giveth sound sleep," has indeed a scientific basis, and we cannot avoid seeing the vast importance of each human being living such a life as will give a moral feeling of satisfaction with himself and a hopeful trust in the future.

Another fact must not be overlooked. These various parts of the nervous system grow in size and strength with frequent use, or dwindle, or weaken with idleness the same as any other part of the body. As

the blacksmith's arm grows large and strong with steady use, so these. The larger and stronger any set of nerves may be, the more readily and easily will the mind use that set of nerves. Children may thus inherit from parents tendencies to certain bodily or mental conditions or lines of conduct, and therein is also shown the vital importance of a wise and life-long education and training of the mind and personal habits.

THE ORGANS OF SPECIAL SENSE.

There is no more striking evidence of thoughtful skill in the body than is to be found in the organs of the five special senses: sight, hearing, taste, touch, and smell. There is no optical instrument known to science which will accommodate itself so perfectly to the varying demands made upon it as the eye. Its intricate combinations of lenses, coats, nerves and absorbents are so nicely adjusted that it sees equally objects in the distance and those close at hand, furnishing to the mind a faithful and living picture of external things. The ear, too, and the nose, the mouth, and the skin, are all so contrived as to fulfill perfectly the design of the Maker. Their workings are totally beyond the range of our conceptions. How, for instance, the mere vibrations of the air are transformed into sound, is something of which we cannot even form an idea. Yet it is so. "More wonderful than any arch that ever sprung," says Talmage, "or any transept

window that ever illumed, or any Corinthian column that ever crowned, or any Gothic cluster that ever elaborated, is the human ear. Although the most skillful and assiduous physiologists of the ages have been busy in the study of its arches, its rotunda, its floors, its canals, its aqueducts, its vibrations, its convolutions, its intricacies, its resonance, it will take another thousand years to find what God did when He planned and executed the overmastering and infinite architecture of the human ear. The most of it is invisible to the human eye, and the microscope breaks down in its attempt at exploration. The cartilage which we call the ear is only the storm-door of the temple away down, hidden at the seat next door to the immortal soul. With all styles of ear specula, or magnifying glass, or reflector, scientists such as Helmholtz, and Corti, and De Blainville, and Hemen, and Ranke, and Buck have tried to walk the Appian way of the ear, but only two feet have ever traversed the myterious pathway—the foot of sound and the foot of God. There is a muscle which, by contracting, defends the ear against too loud noise, as the pupil of the eye contracts against too great light. The outer ear is defended by wax which, with its bitterness, discourages insects from entrance. The inside ear is imbedded in the hardest bone of the human system, a very rock of strength and defiance. The organ is capable of catching, according to one scientist, a sound of seventy-three thousand seven hundred vibrations in a second. The outside ear, open to catch all sounds, whether crash of

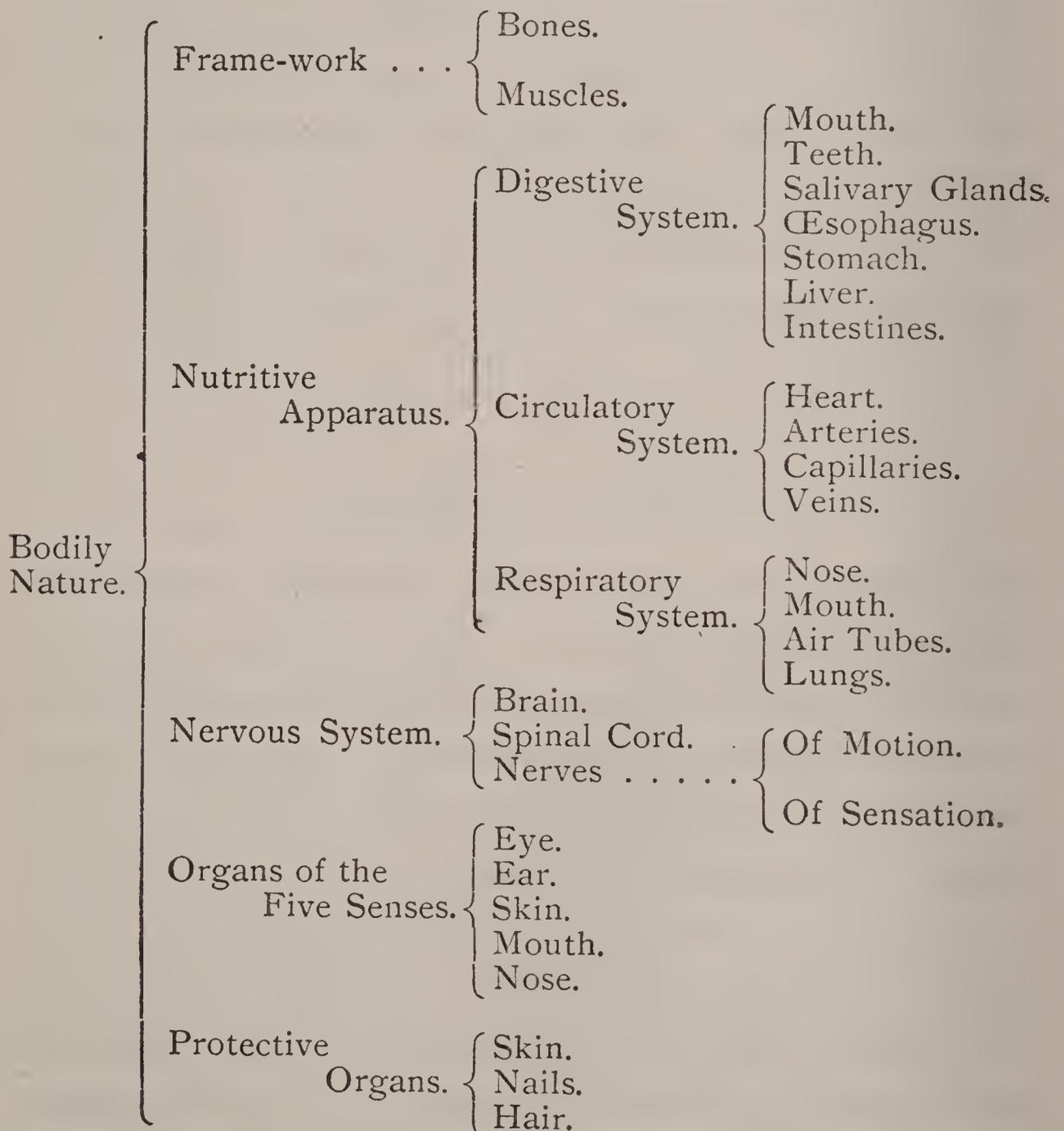
avalanche or hum of bee, but the door at the other side of the ear shut against all intrusion, and henceforth communication must go in only by divine machinery. The sound admitted to the middle ear finds the door of that second apartment closed, and can only advance by divine mechanism. Having passed into the third ear and swum the liquid, it takes the fine rail track of brain, branches, and passes on into sensation, and there the curtain drops and the gates come shut, and the voice of God seems to say to all human inspection: 'Thus far and no farther.' In this vestibule of the soul's palace how many kings of medicine and physiology have stood doing penance of study for a lifetime, and never got farther than the outward door of the vestibule! Mysterious home of reverberation and echo!"

PROTECTIVE ORGANS.

If the delicate nerves of touch were exposed to immediate contact with the objects of the external world, we should be seriously inconvenienced by the pain that would follow almost every movement. To prevent this, and also to lessen the danger of disease from the absorption of poisonous substances, the body is covered with a tough membrane called cuticle—a layer of the skin. So also the principal office of the nails and the hair is to protect the organs beneath from various external influences which might work them harm. But here again, as always, several pur-

poses are subserved by these organs. For instance, the nails, besides protecting the parts beneath and adding to the beauty of the hand, add greatly to the efficiency of the fingers in all operations requiring delicacy and fineness.

We may now present a complete analysis of man's bodily nature, as it has been here examined, showing at once all the parts and their relation to each other.



BSERVATIONS.

The body is the foundation of the mind; and if the foundation be badly placed or poorly built, or if originally good, it be allowed to deteriorate and become unsound, how can the house be a roomy, beautiful and safe structure? The house itself may indeed be well constructed, but it will always be upon the verge of a ruinous fall. The writer not long since saw, in a certain western city, a fine large mansion standing upon the top of a steep bluff. No one dared to use it, for the earth had crumbled away from its foundations. A large danger-signal was posted near it, and it stood there a suggestive picture of a man tottering to a physical wreck.

EFFECT OF A DISEASED BODY.

A sound mind in a diseased body is an anomaly. Sound intellect, sound physique, sound conscience—these three go hand in hand. The proper cultivation of each improves the other two. An unhealthy person is almost sure to be a peevish, childish one, worrying over every little obstacle that obstructs his pathway. It is almost impossible for such a one to perform bright, wholesome mental labor.

HEALTH.

“Life is not to live, but to be well,” says the Latin poet Martial. “O blessed health!” exclaims Lawrence Sterne; “thou art above all gold and treasure; ’tis thou

who enlargest the soul, and openest all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that hath thee hath little more to wish for! and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee." To the same purpose is the Arabian proverb: "He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything." How often we hear successful, but hard-worked, business men in our large cities declare that they would be willing to give up all their riches, if by so doing they could only regain the health they enjoyed as boys upon a farm.

EFFECT OF PHYSICAL CULTIVATION.

If every man, woman and child who may chance to read these words could be persuaded to resolutely and persistently cultivate and care for his three selves, bodily, as well as mental and spiritual, using all, but abusing none, certainly at the end of a year he would feel himself to be a very much better, stronger, and more capable person. Nearly all of the men whose names are handed down to us as the leaders of their various times have carefully watched over the condition of their bodies. Napoleon was an excellent sleeper, and he gave orders that he should never be disturbed at night by any good news, because it would interrupt his sleep and do much damage to himself and his management of the army. Longfellow took regular exercise, and when he died at the age of seventy-five years, he was as straight and vigorous as many a man twenty years his junior. It is said that one of the most

distinguished of our former presidents was accustomed to rise early in the morning and bathe in the Potomac before other people were out of bed. Goethe died when nearly eighty-three years old, a hale, hearty man, without "a trace of fat, or emaciation, or decay," although he did more and better work than almost any other man of his century: all of which is to be attributed principally to the excellent care he took of himself. He himself credited his great capacity for work to his equally great capacity for sleep.

STRENGTH.

A few examples of the wonderful power which the body attains when fully trained and developed, may not be uninteresting. Probably the most remarkable athlete the world ever saw, was the celebrated Greek, Milo. His great strength was gained by accustoming himself when young to bear burdens, gradually increasing their weight until he was able to sustain an enormous load. He was crowned victor at the Pythian games seven times, and at the Olympic six times, and only ceased to present himself when nobody would enter into a contest with him. The following are some of the feats he is said to have performed. "He could hold a pomegranate in his hand, with his fingers closed over it, and yet, without either crushing or even pressing on the fruit, could keep his fingers so firmly bent as to render it impossible for any one to take the fruit from him. * * * He could encircle his brow with a cord, and break this asunder by holding his breath and

causing the veins of his head to distend. He could hold his right arm behind his back, with the hand open and the thumb raised, and a man could not then separate his little finger from the rest. The account that is given of his voracity is almost incredible. He ate, it is said, every day, twenty pounds of animal food, twenty pounds of bread, and drank fifteen pints of wine. * * * One day, while attending the lectures of Pythagoras, of whom he was a disciple and constant hearer, the column which supported the ceiling of the hall where they were assembled was observed to totter, whereupon Milo, upholding the entire superstructure by his own strength, allowed all present an opportunity of escaping, and then saved himself. * * * His death was a melancholy one. He was already well advanced in years, when, traversing a forest, he found a trunk of a tree partly cleft by wedges. Wishing to sever it entirely, he introduced his hands into the opening, and succeeded so far as to cause the wedges to fall out; but his strength here failing him, the separated parts on a sudden reunited, and his hands remained imprisoned in the cleft. In this situation he was devoured by wild beasts." Ancient history and fable have furnished several other well-known examples of bodily strength, among them: Samson, the strong man of the bible; Hercules and Achilles, the heroes of Greek poetry, and that sturdy old Roman, Horatius Cocles who, with two companions, defended the bridge against a hostile army, until his comrades on the other side could hew it down, and then, severely wounded,

leaped into the river with all his heavy armor on and swam safely to the opposite bank. All are familiar with the astonishing feats of modern gymnasts, men who perform all imaginable evolutions upon the trapeze and horizontal bar, toss cannon-balls about with apparently as much ease as if they weighed but a few ounces, put up hundred-pound dumb-bells as high as they can stretch their arms, and similar feats almost without limit.

These examples show what can be accomplished by patient exercise, under favorable circumstances. Of course, all could not attain to so great a degree of physical power, because all have not the natural strength of constitution; nor, perhaps, would it be desirable, even if it were possible. But surely it is desirable for all, and possible for nearly everyone, to cultivate his body to such an extent that it will be equal to all reasonable demands he may make upon it. With that sure basis to stand upon, the mind may hopefully venture upon the longest and most difficult tasks.

CONCLUSION.

Much has been said and written of the expressiveness and dignity of man's bodily form and carriage. Let us imagine a human figure as if now standing before us, like the statue of the Apollo, sculptured by the intellectual Greeks, representing him as gazing on the smitten Python. We seem to see in this statue the image of a man who aspired to be godlike. At

length he stands triumphant over the temptation and the tempter, content in the feeling of a renewed and perfect humanity.

Passion and intellect are blended in calm unison; knowledge and affection are at peace; the attributes of feeling, thought, and action, are combined in one attitude, expressive of the delicate yet mighty strength of a living spirit. The mind reigns in that body by the force of his will, and appears as if conscious of being always resisted yet never vanquished; but, inspired by a knowledge of his right as a prince of almightiness, he subdues resistance and surmounts difficulties by perseverance in the use of that strength which increases continually with every new victory. Such is man when sustained by the divinity which stirs within him; the only creature on which the Creator has bestowed divine endowments.

Even if we regard man in his most uncultivated condition, where the intellect is left to the freedom of the elements, and educated only by the forces of corporeal necessity, we yet shall see much indication of his dignity. The wild barbarian awakes to action, and every movement speaks of thought. He is evidently influenced by a world within him, where reflection and anticipation present incessant business for his spirit, and he will not live in the solitude of his own preceptions, but he seeks the higher pleasure of sociality and fellowship. His ideal existence is as actual as that of his body, and crowded with emotions. Memory and imagination people a world of their own, in the busy

scenes of which he dwells more thoroughly and intimately than in that which is present to his outward senses. And he reveals his inner life by living language. He talks of what he feels, not only in words, but also in the lineaments of his face, and while he speaks he stretches out his hand toward some object which may illustrate his words, or interest his companion, and thus by the very act of pointing, at once declares himself superior in endowment to every earthly creature, except his fellow-man; for no other holds rational discourse, or even possesses that simple adjunct to human intelligence, the power of distinctly and designedly pointing, to direct the attention of another. We say then that the existence of a resident and superintending mind, a thinking principle, an intelligent spirit operating upon the body, in it, not of it, might be inferred from the external form alone; and the manner of every movement and expression of that form proves how perfectly it was adapted for the use of a guiding and dominant spirit, pervading, informing and employing it.

What is it that so skillfully touches this instrument? What is it that enjoys as well as actuates, receives as well as communicates, through this inscrutable organization? It is the soul, or spirit, without which this body were more unmeaning than a statue, and only fit for the decay to which it would tend. It is the spirit which animates the features, and causes them to present a living picture of each passion, so that the inmost agitations of the heart become visible in a moment, and

the wish that would seek concealment betrays its presence and power in the vivid eye, while the blood kindles into crimson along the brow. It is this which diffuses a sweet serenity and rests upon the visage when our feelings are tranquilized, and our thoughts abide with heaven, like ocean in a calm, reflecting the peaceful glories of the cloudless skies. This indwelling spirit of power blends our features into unison and harmony, and awakes "the music breathing from the face," when in association with those we love, and heart answering to heart, we live in sympathy, while memory and hope repose alike in smiles upon the bosom of enjoyment. It is a flame from heaven, purer than Promethean fire, that vivifies and energizes the breathing form. It is an immaterial essence, a being that quickens matter and imparts life, sensation, motion, to the intricate framework of our bodies; which wills when we act, attends when we perceive, looks into the past when we reflect, and not content with the present, leaps with all its aims and all its hopes into the futurity that is forever dawning upon it:





GENERAL ANALYSIS OF THE MIND.

IMPORTANCE OF MENTAL SCIENCE.



THE importance of mental science, says Mr. Haven, appears from its relation to other sciences: we find in nature a gradually ascending series. As we pass from the observation and study of the mineral to the forms of vegetable life, from the plant to the insect—and thence to the animal, in his various orders and classes, up to man, the highest type of animated existence on the earth, we are conscious of a progression in the rank and dignity of that which we contemplate. But it is only when we turn our attention from all these to the intelligence that dwells within the man, and makes him master and lord of this lower world, that we stand upon the summit of elevation and overlook the wide field of previous inquiry. Toward this all other sciences lead, as paths along the mountain side, starting at different

points and running in different directions, converge toward a common terminus at the summit. The mineral, the plant, the insect, the animal, in all their curious and wonderful organizations, are necessarily inferior to man; and the science of them, however important and useful, is subordinate to the science of man himself. So the human body, curious and wonderful in its organism and its laws, is nevertheless inferior in dignity and worth to the spirit that rules the body, and is the true lord of this fair castle and this wide and beautiful domain; and the science of the body, its mechanism, its chemistry, its anatomy, its laws, is inferior to the science of the mind, the divinity that dwells within.

PRESENT PURPOSE.

It shall be our endeavor to treat of the science of mind in such a way that even the untrained intellect can find no difficulty in comprehending the meaning. It is believed that this is within the range of possibilities, and that the technical wording usually employed in books upon the subject may be easily simplified at least in all the practical and important divisions of mental science.

THEORIES.

The thousand theories that have been advanced by thinkers from the earliest times to the present, however interesting to scholars, are of little practical importance to the common reader seeking information concerning himself and his mental nature. When the

cabinet-maker takes up a piece of wood, he does not speculate upon the atoms which may or may not compose it, or upon the origin of it and the reason of its existence, or upon what will become of it when it shall have passed out of its present state. All he cares particularly to know is, that the wood is hard, that it is straight-grained and can be easily worked up, that it is susceptible of a high polish, and can be utilized in making a useful and ornamental piece of furniture for some one's parlor. He wants to know the attributes of it, and not its ultimate nature (a thing which nobody knows). So in regard to himself, the inquiring person wants to know that he has will-power, reason, memory, that there is something in him which is impressed by whatever is beautiful or sublime, that there is another something in his nature which takes cognizance of the good and the bad. And finally, it is of the utmost importance that he should know of what utility these manifold faculties and capabilities are: that he should know how to use and improve them, and to raise himself higher in the scale of being by means of them.

DIFFICULTY.

Owing to the invisibleness of mental actions, they are much more difficult to comprehend and classify, than those of the several physical sciences, where most things are open to examination by means of the five senses. Still, a little thought will enable us to divide all mental processes into three great divisions. The subdivisions will not always be quite so easy.

THE ANALYSIS.

Suppose I am listening to a public speaker. I hear him, I comprehend the thoughts to which he gives utterance, I judge of their truth or falsity; these thoughts excite other thoughts in me; I reflect upon what he is saying. All these are acts of the Intellect. But they are not the only acts of which I am conscious. The speaker is eloquent; in glowing terms he denounces a certain line of conduct, and holds another up to admiration; I am moved, as we say, or affected, by what he says; I grow excited, my blood runs faster, and my whole being feels the exhilarating effect of the speaker's eloquence. This is feeling, and the general faculty of the mind in which it originates, is called Sensibility. Nor is this yet all. Spurred on by what the orator has said, or better, by the feelings he has excited, I resolve to do certain things, to pursue a certain course. The power which thus enables me to resolve is called the Will. It will be found upon reflection, that all the manifold kinds of mental activity of which we are capable may be reduced to one or another of these three general classes: 1. Those of the Intellect. 2. Those of the Sensibility. 3. Those of the Will.

ANOTHER CLASSIFICATION.

This is what is known in metaphysics as a *subjective* classification. There is another, corresponding to it, called an *objective*. It divides the qualities belonging

to objects which call forth the activity of the mind into three classes: The *true*, the *beautiful*, and the *good*. Intellect deals with the truth or falsity of objects; Sensibility, with their beauty or ugliness; and Will with their goodness or badness. For our purpose the former classification is best suited, and our first divisions of the Mind are now presented. The small brace standing at the end of a word, as is seen in this analysis, is used to show that the subject so indicated is to be still further analyzed, or subdivided, in the pages following:

The Mind, or Mental Nature.	{	The Intellect. {—.
	{	The Sensibilities. {—.
	{	The Will. {—.

These three divisions will each receive separate attention.





THE INTELLECT.

FIRST QUESTIONS.



BEFORE we proceed to discuss the distinct faculties of the intellect, there are a few other matters which demand our attention. They are Consciousness, Attention, and the Continuousness of Mind's Activity.

CONSCIOUSNESS.

Whether or not we are conscious of everything that passes within our minds is the subject of a dispute among the philosophers, there being celebrated men ranged on either side of the controversy. Those who claim that we are not always conscious of what is passing in our minds, base their arguments on cases like the following. A man will walk, avoiding all obstructions, making all necessary turns, etc., and at the same time be talking, reading, or meditating upon some subject, and apparently paying no attention to

the act of walking. A skillful piano-player will with no seeming thought play a piece, even a piece of some difficulty, and at the same time keep up a running conversation with persons in the room. One case is mentioned, of a young lady who performed before her tutor a long and very difficult piece with perfect accuracy, but seemed very much agitated during the whole performance, and at its close burst into tears. She had been absorbed all along in the death-agonies of a favorite canary bird. A short-hand reporter in the English House of Lords had been engaged for several hours in taking the depositions of the witnesses in an important case, when finally, overcome by weariness, he sank for a few moments into a state of unconsciousness, yet continued to take the report of the words as they were spoken. When he read his report over he had no recollection of the lines written during this time, though they were written as legibly and accurately as any other portion. It frequently occurs, that when a person is reading, perhaps aloud, his attention is attracted by some particular thought and he will follow up this new train of ideas, and yet be reading with perfect accuracy and distinctness all the while. And coming back to his book, he finds that he has lost all connection, and that a space of several lines or pages is to him as if he had never read it. Sometimes even, a person falls asleep reading, and passes through the same experience. An English mail-carrier, a portion of whose journey lay through a meadow, was accustomed to travel this distance asleep, but invariably

awoke when approaching a certain foot-bridge. It is well known that upon long marches, foot-soldiers frequently sleep and still keep their places in the ranks, and cavalry-men often sleep in their saddles.

These points are answered by those who believe in the uniform self-consciousness of mind, as follows: 1. Such actions as walking, reading aloud and playing on a musical instrument, become after sufficient practice, almost, if not wholly, automatic; that is, they, as it were, perform themselves. The mind has nothing to do with them more than simply to start and stop them. It is said that Franz Liszt, the great pianist, sits down daily at his instrument, and for several hours practices the scales, at the same time reading from a book placed upon the music rack before him. He claims that the fingering has by long practice become entirely automatic, and does not require any attention at all. I will, say they, to go to my dinner; the mind starts the body. I pass along the crowded street, turning aside and avoiding people, climbing steps, or whatever else may be necessary, taking no especial thought about the matter, unless something unusual should transpire, until I reach my destination. My body moves itself by force of habit, much as a wheel, when put in motion, will revolve for a while without the application of any more power to it. 2. The fact that the short-hand reporter could not afterward recollect what had transpired during the period of so-called unconsciousness, does not necessarily indicate that he really had no consciousness of the events at

the time. The fault is in the memory, rather than in the consciousness. The acts performed in taking the report, if, indeed, they were not quite automatic, were nearly enough so that they made but a very faint impression upon the weary brain, so faint that they could not afterward be recollected. These are the arguments pro and con; as to which is the true opinion, it is, perhaps, safest to conclude that self-consciousness never entirely ceases.

ATTENTION.

The word attention signifies the power which the mind has of voluntarily giving heed to some particular object, to the exclusion of others. It is also used with the same meaning as "heed" in the last sentence. It is one of the most important functions of the Will, but must be briefly mentioned here, as it enters into so many of the mind's working powers. Its operations are so well known that they scarcely need illustration. One or two examples of its effects, however, will be given. I walk along the street and meet hundreds of people. I pay no attention to them, and I should not recognize one of them if I were to see him three minutes later. Suddenly my attention is attracted in some way to a person I am about to meet. I notice him, scan his form and features. I shall know that man wherever and whenever I may see him in the future. Two men sit in the reading-room of a large public library, reading: The one has cultivated his power of attention, the other has not. The former reads

steadily, heeding not his surroundings; presently he gets through with his book or article and knows all that is in it. The latter spends half the time in looking around the room to see what other people are doing, and gains no profit whatever from his reading.

It will be seen that the power of attention is the very basis of all sound intellectual character. It, more than any other one thing, distinguishes the thorough, cultivated student from the listless, careless reader who knows not what he reads. It is what gives the general, amid all the distraction and confusion of a great battle, the power to sit quietly upon his horse and dictate dispatches and orders so carefully worded that they cannot be mistaken. How important this is, is evidenced by the various battles which have been lost, or where great and needless slaughter has taken place, merely because an order has been misunderstood by somebody. It is what enables the business man, surrounded by the bustle of factory, store, or office, to write clear-headed letters, or mature his plans for future action. Without this power there is little hope for success in any sphere of life. A man must be able to think coolly and accurately, surrounded by all manner of distracting circumstances, if he would rise to higher planes of existence—nay, if he would even maintain his present condition.

CONTINUOUSNESS OF THE MIND'S ACTIVITY.

Does the mind ever absolutely cease working? It is an interesting question, and one often asked. It has,

of course, its seasons of great exertion, and its seasons of comparative inactivity; but, that it ever gives itself entirely up to rest, is scarcely to be believed. Doubtless it is in sleep that it makes its nearest approach to absolute rest, but there are many facts which go to prove that even then its quiet is not perfect. The only reason we have for supposing our brains to be inactive during sleep, is that we cannot generally recall our thoughts after we waken. But does that furnish any substantial grounds for such a conclusion? Is it not often impossible for us to remember what we have been thinking about an hour or two before? We know that we have been occupied with a delicious reverie, have been actively thinking all the time, and thousands of ideas have thronged the chambers of our brains. But what were those ideas? What was the nature of that reverie? We cannot remember; it has all slipped away from our grasp. Our inability to remember is then no proof that we have not thought. What positive proof is there that we have thought? All the phenomena of dreams are evidence to that effect. We often know after wakening that we have dreamed, and can recall the substance of them. Often we are conscious of having dreamt, but upon what subject we do not know. And again, sometimes we are unable to recollect dreaming at all, though it is known to others that we have had the most violent of nightmares. Somnambulists, or sleep-walkers, are rarely able to remember that they have been out of bed, or had anything but the most peaceful sleep; and

yet they may have climbed to the roofs of houses and walked in the most dangerous places, or they may have fought duels, or solved problems, or written speeches, or painted pictures, during their sleep. Again, you may tickle or otherwise disturb a sleeping person and he will probably move, and even groan and mutter something, showing that his mind is cognizant of what is going on. Yet he will not waken, and when he does awake of his own accord, he will not have the faintest recollection of what has occurred. From all these facts we conclude that the mind is never entirely at rest, but toils or sports ceaselessly from birth till death.



ANALYSIS OF THE INTELLECT.



AS we shall deal with the Intellect first, it will be well to subdivide its powers at this point. Conditional to all mental activity are certain things which are classed together under the head of Intuition, because they are native, intuitive—not derived from observation or reflection. Such, for example, is the confidence which we have in the testimony of our five senses. If a man did not believe that things were as he saw them, his mind could not act upon the things seen. Or, again, if he had no confidence in his mental operations, of what value would all his thinking be to him? He could base no practical actions upon it.

It would be of no use to toil for the acquisition of knowledge, for he never could be sure that his memory was not playing him false. There is also man's natural confidence in the fact that he exists, and several other primary qualities of mind going to make up Intuition, which will be the first element (see diagram, page 65) of the Intellect treated.

There are things about us in the external world—hills, streams, woods, houses, birds, flowers, trees, all sorts of things. Of the presence of all these we

become aware by seeing, hearing, touching, tasting or smelling them. This, then, is the first power of the Intellect; we will call it the power of Presentation, because it presents to the notice of the mind everything external that comes to it at all.

A thing which has once been before the mind in any way is remembered, and can frequently be recalled at pleasure, can be recollected, can be represented to the mind. But not only can actual existing things of which the mind has at some time been cognizant be thus represented, but we may also represent to ourselves ideal things and scenes which never had existence. For example, I may imagine that I see before me a form of the most radiant loveliness, the like of which I never saw. This power of representing to ourselves things which are absent is called Representation. This power of re-presenting actual things to the mind is memory; that of ideal (imaginary) things is imagination. The study of these branches of Representation, however, belongs in future pages.

Again, we have the power of thinking over the objects presented or represented to the mind, reflecting upon them, analyzing them, classifying them, comparing them, and deducing conclusions from the relations which they sustain to one another. This faculty we will call the power of Reflection.

The four faculties just described, namely, Intuition, Presentation, Representation, Reflection, constitute the intellectual powers of man. It takes both Sensibilities (heart-feelings) and Will to make up the complete

mind, but by intellectual powers is meant the knowing, thinking, reasoning powers of the mind. To see, to know, to judge, these are the things to be done by the powers of Intuition, Presentation, Representation and Reflection.

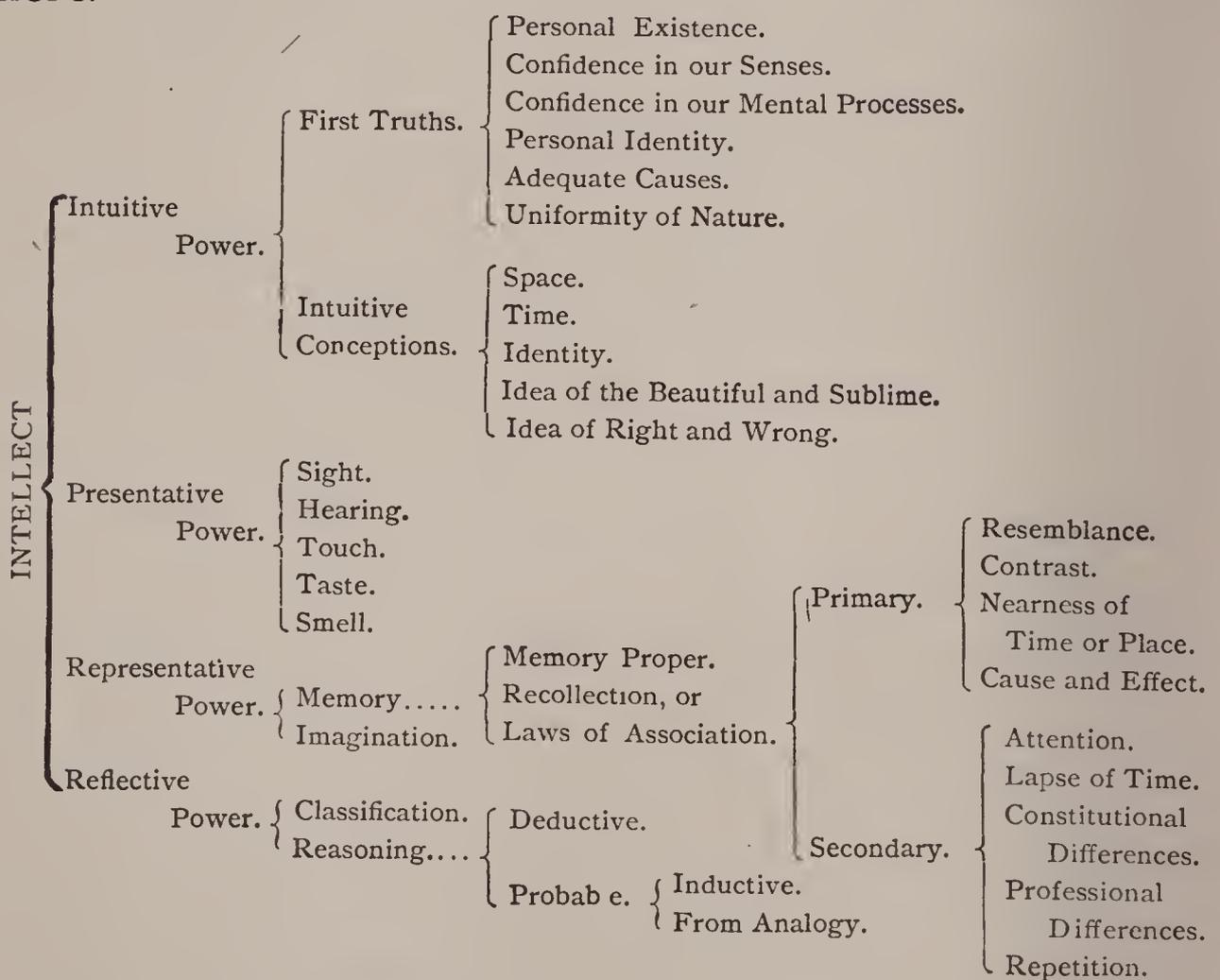
Result of the foregoing examinations, expressed in tabular form :

Intellect.	{	Power of Intuition. {—.
		Power of Presentation. {—.
		Power of Representation. { Memory. {—. Imagination
		Power of Reflection. {—.

The other two divisions of man's mental nature, Sensibilities and Will, will be examined in their order. In the subdivisions of some of these we will tread upon ground that is full of by-paths disputed by persons whose beliefs vary all the way from nihilism (a belief in no thing as certain) and materialism to those who hold what religious people call strict orthodox views. Nothing could be farther from our purpose than to enter upon these paths, and it must also be remembered by the reader at all times that, as has been said in the earlier pages of the work, it is not intended to enter into minute philosophical discussions. The aim of these studies is to present a method as thorough and complete as the best researches will afford, but at the same time simple enough to be

practical for common use by even uneducated persons. A very large majority of American readers have not had the privileges of a college training, yet their lives are just as precious, and they are as deeply interested in their own personal welfare as any one. Indeed, they represent the mass of the people, the real force of the world, and it is for these earnest seekers after a fuller knowledge of their own natural powers and elements of character that this book is intended.

A complete analysis of the Intellect is presented here.



INTUITION.



WE derive most of our conceptions, and most of our knowledge of facts and principles, from observation and subsequent thought. The five senses are, as will be shown, the avenues through which far the greater part of what we know comes to us, directly or indirectly. Still, there are some truths or principles which lie below all thought and observation, without which no process of reasoning could be constructed. The existence of some of these truths has been denied by a few authorities, and their origin has been disputed over by others. They have, however, been very generally admitted to be true, and have been credited to Intuition (see analysis, page 73) as their source. That is, they have been regarded as native to us, born with us, and not dependent upon thought, experience, or anything else. Some of the tests by which these first truths, as they are called, may be distinguished from other truths, are these: they are universally believed and acted upon by sane people; they can be neither proved nor disproved by processes of reason, for there is nothing more manifestly true than themselves; even those who deny them in theory, act upon them in practice; the opposites of

them are absurd. They appear early in life, before the cultivation of the reason. "We comprehend that the thing is, but not how or why it is."

PERSONAL EXISTENCE.

When we see anything, we are aware, not only of the object, but also of ourselves as seeing it. If we touch a desk with our fingers, we not only feel the desk, but we feel also that we have fingers which touched it. When we remember a fact in history, we are conscious of a mind which does the remembering, as well as of the fact remembered. Thus we know that we do really exist and have minds and bodies, and no amount of sophistical reasoning can convince us to the contrary.

CONFIDENCE IN OUR SENSES.

There was once widely prevalent among philosophers the doctrine that nothing but mind exists; that the tree which affords me protection against the burning rays of the sun, the house in which I live, the sky and stars above me, the earth upon which I tread, nay, my own body even, are illusions; that they have no real existence, but are only conceptions of the mind. Surely no sensible man ever believed such a ridiculous doctrine—practically believed it, I mean. Else why did these very philosophers write books on non-existent paper for non-existent eyes belonging to non-existent people, to read? Why did they take in pay for the books imaginary money, wherewith they might buy

imaginary clothes to cover imaginary bodies, or imaginary food to feed those same bodies which were not? Why does a man who has no existence love his child, which also does not exist? No; we do exist, and the trees, and the earth, and the ocean, and sky, and all the other material things we see about us also exist, although we cannot prove it, except by the evidence of the senses. It is a fundamental fact, then, than which nothing is truer, that our senses, sight, hearing, touch, etc., are reliable and must be depended upon.

CONFIDENCE IN OUR MENTAL PROCESSES.

Another of these primary truths is that our mental processes are reliable. If, for example, I remember a thing as having taken place, I have all confidence that it did take place just as remembered. If certain data are given, and from them I draw a conclusion, I must believe that conclusion to be involved in the data. It is very difficult, and rightly so, to convince any one that the actions of his mind have in any way been incorrect.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

It is estimated that the body is entirely renewed once in about seven years, and along with other parts of the body, the brain changes. Still, there is a mysterious something, which, in spite of these changes, preserves our identity. It would do no one any good to tell us that we are not the same persons that we were ten years ago, for notwithstanding all arguments,

however cogently reasoned, and notwithstanding all these visible external changes, we feel and know that we are still the same. If a man injured me ten years ago, and I desired revenge, I should hardly be deterred from taking revenge by the consideration that no particle of what was his body at that time now existed in the same form, and that my own system had undergone similiar changes. I should probably act at once upon my conviction that he and I were both the same individuals that we were at the time the injury was committed. It is in accordance with the same principle that we make preparations for the future; but for this, there would be no need of such things as prudence and foresight. I believe that I am the same identical person, today, tomorrow, always.

ADEQUATE CAUSES.

It is a principle of universal application that every effect must have had a cause, and that every cause will have an effect. The things in this world are linked together in great chains, of which each individual link is both a cause and an effect, and is connected on the one hand with its own cause, and on the other with its own effect. Therefore, whenever we see anything, or learn of any event, we immediately conclude that it must have had a cause, and furthermore, that it must have had an adequate cause. To use the words of another, "We infer the skill of one workman from works indicating skill, and the vigor of another from works indicating strength. We infer from every work, not only

a cause, but a cause which, in both degree and kind, is exactly proportioned to the effect produced. From a chronometer which varies only a second in a year, we infer exquisite skill in the artist; and from the construction of the pyramids of Egypt, the united strength of a multitude of men. We never supposed for a moment that the minute skill of the artist raised the pyramid, or that the united force of the multitude constructed the chronometer; still less, that these monuments of art started into their present condition without a cause. We infer with absolute certainty in both cases an adequate cause; that is, a cause distinguished in the one case by design and mechanical power, in the other, by design, adaptation and exquisite skill."

UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

We feel absolutely sure that Nature is uniform in all that she does. Like causes, under like circumstances, always produce like effects. Having learned that alcohol has certain properties, as, for example, that it is a preservative, and that it will intoxicate, whenever I see a fluid which from its general appearance I know to be alcohol, I conclude at once, without experimenting with it, that this fluid has all the properties which I have before discovered to belong to alcohol. Knowing that in past years January has been cold and July hot, I feel perfectly justified in predicting that next year, and the year after, January will be cold and July will be hot. It is from his belief in this principle that the farmer throws good seed into the ground—

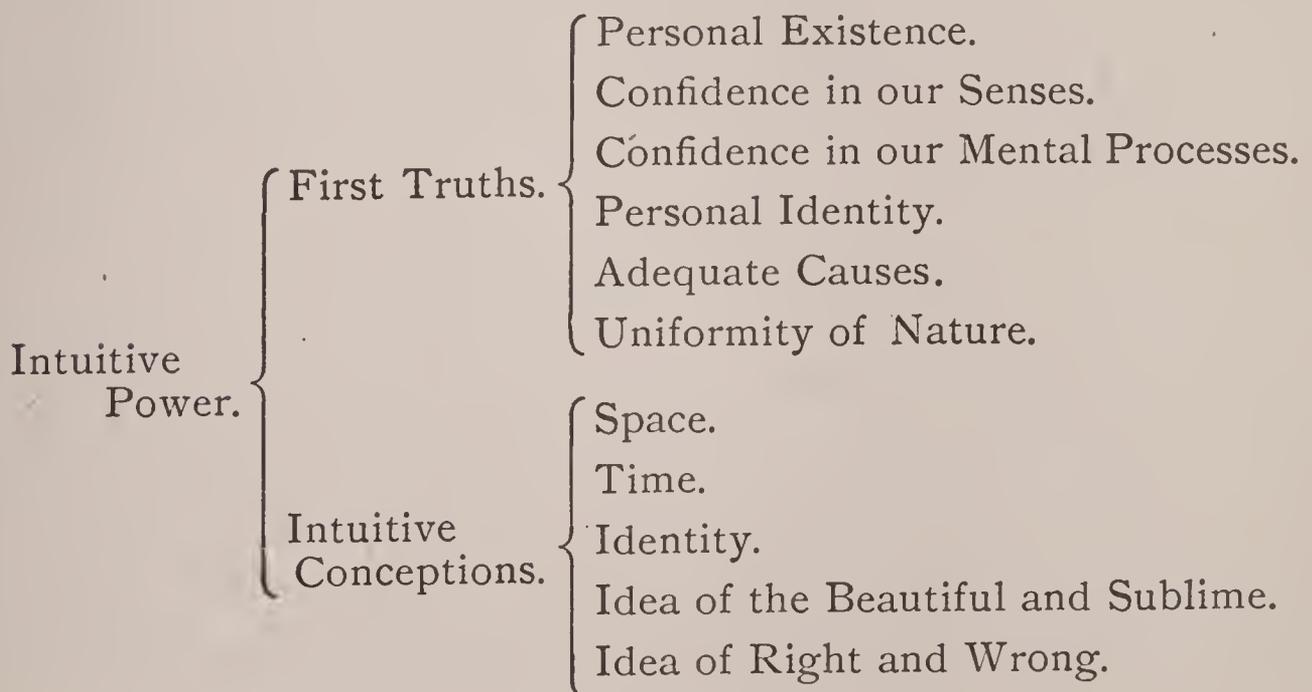
an apparent waste. Relying upon this principle the carpenter drives nails into wood, the smith heats two pieces of iron and hammers them together, the mason lays one stone upon another, the sailor trusts his life to his vessel. In fact, our every action is based in greater or less degree upon this principle, that the actions of nature are uniform.

When we take into view a large scope, many things which ordinarily seem to us to be entirely accidental and unregulated, are seen to be uniform and regular. We have no means of calculating the age at which a certain person will die; yet we can tell the average age at which a thousand persons will die very accurately. It has even been shown that the number of suicides can be very closely approximated, as the rate of suicides is quite uniform. It is impossible to foresee how many of the children of a certain family will be males and how many females; yet in a large population, as that of a city, the proportion of males and females varies but little, being the same from generation to generation. If a man is known to have been always strictly honest, the chances are a hundred to one that he will be honest in a given future contingency. Such is our confidence in the uniformity of Nature. These six subjects: personal existence, confidence in our senses, confidence in our mental processes, personal identity, adequate causes, and uniformity of nature, may be classed as one branch of the Intuitive Power under the name of First Truths. (See analysis, next page.)

INTUITIVE CONCEPTIONS.

Besides these primary truths, there are certain conceptions which seem to differ somewhat from all others, and which have been attributed to intuition, and will be classed as Intuitive Conceptions. Such are the conceptions of space, time and identity. There are ideas necessary to our knowledge of the existence and duration of the material things around us. Here also some high authorities place our ideas of the beautiful and sublime, and of right and wrong. Strictly speaking, they are capacities of the mind through which judgment and reason reach such knowledge; all minds have by nature, both the ability to hold these ideas, and the innate mould which shapes their general form and tendency. The growth of the idea of the beautiful and sublime, and that of right and wrong will in a future chapter receive the attention due them.

Analysis of the Intuitive Power:—



PRESENTATIVE POWER, OR THE FIVE SENSES.

THEORIES.



EARLY all of our knowledge comes to us ultimately through the medium of the five special senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. All matters pertaining to these five senses have been much vexed questions from the earliest times to the present. Some of the doctrines that have been held by eminent philosophers are certainly amusing to persons not familiar with such discussions. For instance, it has been held, and that not very long ago, and by no less men than Hume and Fichte and Hegel, that there is no reality outside of the mind; that I may think I am writing at my desk, but that it is a mere appearance, and that in reality there is probably no paper, no pencil, no desk. Others, again, a more numerous and not less able sect, have maintained that while, of course, the mind could not take cognizance of matter, yet the matter really existed, and a sort of image of it was the thing presented to the mind by the different senses. Besides these sects in all their various schools, there is another which asserts that matter is real and does exist, and that we do

recognize it with the mind, and that our humble and much-abused senses are quite reliable. This seems to be the most common-sense view that could possibly be taken, and so, without stopping to give lengthy reasons, we may enroll ourselves with the Realists, and proceed to describe a few of the many very curious things which present themselves in connection with the five senses.

NOTABLE FACT.

A notable fact, this of our having five distinct and separate senses, each fitted to perceive certain qualities of matter, none infringing upon the offices of the others, and yet all capable of so high a degree of cultivation that if either of its two principal ones is destroyed the others, to a great extent, supply the deficiency.

It seems almost superfluous to dwell upon the importance and value of the five senses, and yet it may, perhaps, be worth while to try to conceive for a few moments what would have been our condition had we been less perfectly made in this respect.

SIGHT AND HEARING.

The three senses, touch, taste and smell, minister principally to the wants of the body; the other two, sight and hearing, are the servants of the highest functions of the mind. Without them, how dreary and blank would be our existence! All communication

with the world would be cut off. Our social capacities and desires would be but means of the most cruel torture. We should all be in the condition of Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," or worse, for we could not even take refuge among spiders and mice. Surrounded by millions of our fellow-men, we could look none of them in the face, exchange a kindly word with none of them. Most desolate indeed would be our lot. The most glorious scenes of nature would have no meaning for us. For us the Alps would have no beauty, the mighty rush of Niagara no sublimity. We might stand in the midst of the most terrific storm, with no feeling of its majesty; the glare of the lightning unseen, the crash of the thunder unheard. All the triumphs of nature and art in the production of whatever is grand or beautiful would be in vain; we could not hear the music and the poetry, and we could not see the painting or sculpture. The particular uses of sight and hearing are as various as the occasions of life; they can not be enumerated at all. So far as the qualities of matter are concerned, sight has for its duty the perception of color, extension, form and distance, while hearing takes notice of sound.

TOUCH.

Touch acts as a safeguard to the body in various ways. Perhaps it is the sense which tells us of the degree of heat and cold and warns us to dress ourselves accordingly. It tells us when anything is wrong in our

clothing, and thus prevents radical injury to the body from ill-fitting shoes, tight waists, etc. It informs us, or helps to inform us, of the hardness, softness, shape and dimension of things with which it comes in contact. It is eminently a practical sense and does not seem to afford us much of what can be called pleasure, though to be sure there is a low degree of pleasure in touching any soft delicate fabric or structure of any kind.

TASTE AND SMELL.

Taste and smell were given us principally to aid us in the selection of proper food. The beast in the fields seldom eats poisonous vegetables, because his keen senses tell him of their noxious character. It is so with us in a state of nature. Had we not, by constant abuse, deadened the activities of these two senses, they would never let anything pass down our throats which could in any way be injurious to our health. The little child likes his bowl of bread and milk, but will not touch the highly flavored dishes which we older ones relish. An amusing and somewhat humbling request of a little three-year-old boy serves a fair example. A group of persons, including the child's parents, were eating ice cream. The little fellow was given a taste, but did not like it, and presently said, "Warm it, papa; it's too cold." The child's taste was pure and uncorrupted. Aside from the usefulness of the taste and smell in warning us against unhealthy food, they are

the source of a great deal of pleasure. The joys of the table are no insignificant share of the joys of life—with some people they are entirely too large a share. The sweet, delicate perfumes of the flowers that strew the earth, form a source of the purest pleasure. Who that has ever been on a farm in summer time can fail to remember the delicious odor of the new-mown hay, or that of the breath of cattle as they return in the evening from their day's browsing upon clover fields?

These five senses are classed together as making up that power of mind which presents to the mind a knowledge of the outside world, and is therefore called the Presentative Power, or Presentation.

Presentative Power.	{	Sight.
		Hearing.
		Touch.
		Taste.
		Smell.

DISTANCE.

Some of these perceptions are more or less complex, being composed of a simple sensation, combined with and supplemented by acts of judgment. Thus, I have said that distance was determined by the sight. The process is something like this: I see a man; the size is known to me; comparing the real size as I knew it, with the apparent size as the image of the man is presented to my mind, I form a judgment as to the

probable distance between the man and myself. And *vice versa*, the distance being known, we estimate the size by a process quite similar. The operation is generally performed so quickly that we are scarcely conscious of it, but that the mind really does go through some such process, is amply proven by such facts as these. Travelers in Colorado often start to walk to some object seemingly only a short distance from them, but which is in reality several miles away. Here is the reason: the object, we will suppose it to be a tree, is of known size; the air of Colorado being much purer and dryer than that of most parts of the world, does not intercept the view, and the tree is seen as distinctly as it would be elsewhere at a short distance. The traveler judges in accordance with his experience gained in other places—hence the deception. On the other hand, in damp, foggy weather, objects seen seem to be at more than their actual distance from us. Men in the street, seem, when looked upon from the top of a very high building, like mere boys; sailors, at the top of the masts, present the same appearance. Captain Parry, the celebrated Arctic explorer, tells this circumstance, which illustrates the same principle. Looking over a uniform surface of snow, there was nothing with which to make comparisons, hence, distance and size of objects were unknown, and no reliable judgment could be formed. “We had frequent occasions,” says he, “in our walks upon the shore, to remark the deception which takes place in estimating the distance and magnitude of objects—when viewed over an unvaried sur-

face of snow. It was not uncommon for us to direct our steps toward what we took to be a large mass of stone, at the distance of a half mile from us, but which we were able to take up in our hands after one minute's walk. This was more particularly the case when ascending the brow of a hill."

SIZE.

"In our judgment of vision by the magnitude of objects, again," says Dr. Abercrombie, "we are much influenced by comparison with other objects, the magnitude of which is supposed to be known. I remember once having occasion to pass along Ludgate Hill, when the great door of St. Pauls' was open, and several persons were standing in it. They appeared to be very little children; but, on coming up to them, were found to be full-grown persons. In the mental process which here took place, the door had been assumed as of ordinary size, and the other objects judged by it. Had I attended to the door being much larger than any door that one is in the habit of seeing, the mind would have made allowance for the apparent size of the persons; and, on the other hand, had these been known to be full-grown persons, a judgment would have been formed of the size of the door. On the same principle, travelers visiting the pyramids of Egypt have repeatedly remarked how greatly the notion of their magnitude is increased by a number of large animals, as camels, being assembled at their base."

CULTIVATION OF THE SENSES.

Whether it is the sense itself which is improved, or whether it is only the power of attention to the impression made upon the sense, it is difficult to say. Quite likely it may be a combination of the two. But, be that as it may, it is certain that in their practical manifestations all of our senses are capable of being wonderfully cultivated. The most remarkable examples of a high degree of cultivation in the various senses, are in the cases of persons who have been compelled by a lack of some one sense to make up the deficiency by an increased power in the others. I have heard a blind man play upon the piano, playing two tunes at the same time, or even playing one tune upon the piano and another upon the organ, both at the same time. His playing of one piece at a time upon the piano, was, so far as I could judge, perfectly accurate; but there was no soul or expression, his whole attention, apparently, being absorbed in the problem of striking the proper notes, without being able to see the key-board. In this and all similar cases (they are not rare), the performer seems to have acquired a remarkable ability to tell by the combined action of hearing, touch, and an unnamed muscular sense, the location of his fingers. Dr. Moyse, blind, could tell black cloth by the smell of it. Others have been able to distinguish colors by the touch; black, as one individual said, having the greatest degree of harshness, and blue the least. Dr. Aber-

crombie tells of two blind men who were much esteemed as judges of horses. One of these, in giving his opinion of a horse, declared him to be blind, though this had escaped the observation of several persons who had the use of their eyes, and who were with some difficulty convinced of it. Being asked to give an account of the principle on which he had decided, he said that it was by the sound of the horse's step in walking, which implied a peculiar and unusual caution in his manner of putting down his feet. The other individual, in similar circumstances, pronounced a horse to be blind of one eye, though this had also escaped the observation of those concerned. When he was asked to explain the facts on which he founded his judgment, he said he felt the one eye to be colder than the other. Dr. Rush tells of two blind young men, brothers, of the city of Philadelphia, who knew when they approached a post in walking across a street, by a peculiar sound which the ground under their feet emitted in the neighborhood of the post; and they could tell the names of a number of tame pigeons, with which they amused themselves in a little garden, by only hearing them fly over their heads. I have heard of blind men who could form a pretty good estimate of the height of a building, by sound. Mr. Saunderson, a blind man, could distinguish by the sense of touch the genuine from the spurious in a series of Roman medals. In our asylums for the blind, the unfortunates are taught to read, and that quite rapidly, from books

in which the letters are raised in the paper so as to be felt by the fingers.

THE DEAF.

The deaf and dumb learn to talk quite readily by means of signs made on the fingers, and denoting the various letters of the alphabet. Deaf people frequently acquire the ability to understand persons who are talking by watching the motions of their lips. A most wonderful and curious case of that kind was related by Prof. Cohn, of the Chicago School of Languages. He says that a deaf lady who was entirely ignorant of German became his pupil. She could speak her native language—English—and could understand it by watching the lips of the speaker, but she had little idea of being able to learn a foreign tongue in that way; still she tried it and succeeded perfectly, being able in due season to understand, and, if I remember the Professor correctly, to speak the German language without ever having heard a word of it. Several instances have been known of persons affected with that extreme degree of deafness which occurs in the deaf and dumb, who had a peculiar susceptibility to particular kinds of sounds, depending apparently upon an impression communicated to their organs of touch or simple sensation. They could tell, for instance, the approach of a carriage in the street, without seeing it, before it was taken notice of by persons who had the use of all their senses. Persons whose business it is to test wine or tea can distinguish by the taste between all

the different varieties and qualities of those drinks. It is said that a gentleman in France lost all his senses except that of touch in one side of his face, and that his friends were able to communicate with him by tracing characters upon that portion which still retained the power of feeling. The wonderful extent to which the North American Indians have carried the education of their senses is familiar to all. Sounds and sights which would altogether escape the ears and eyes of the ordinary white man are full of significance to the Indian. He can pick his way through the pathless woods or over the boundless prairies by certain indications in the trees and plants, which tell him the points of the compass. The slightest crackling of a twig or rustling in the grass is sufficient to put him on his guard. He can put his ear to the ground and hear the tramp of the horses of a hostile force long before they come into sight, and hear it plainly enough to distinguish it from that of a herd of buffalo.

FALSE PERCEPTION.

It often happens in diseased conditions of the organs of sense, and sometimes when they are healthy, that false perception occurs. Things seem to be larger or smaller than they are, or of different color, or things appear to be where they are not, or there is a sensation of sound when really no sound exists at the time. There are a hundred different phases which these illusions may take. Only a few examples will be given. The following is from Dr. Darwin: "I covered a paper

about four inches square with yellow, and with a pen filled with a blue color, wrote upon the middle of it the word BANKS in capitals; and sitting with my back to the sun, fixed my eyes for a minute exactly on the center of the letter N in the word. After shutting my eyes, and shading them somewhat with my hand, the word was distinctly seen in the spectrum, in yellow colors on a blue ground; and then on opening my eyes on a yellowish wall at twenty feet distant, the magnified name BANKS appeared on the wall written in golden characters." A gentleman who had been looking intently at a print of the virgin and child, was surprised to see, on looking up, at the other end of the room, a female figure, life size, holding a child. The figure was the exact counterpart of the print at which he had been looking. Another gentleman seemed to see a woman approaching him. He knew at the time that the figure was an illusion, as he could see objects directly behind her. Finally, upon his moving his body forward slightly, the figure disappeared. A gentleman recovering from sickness heard one evening a particular strain from a bugle. For about nine months this sound was never out of his ears, during all of which time he was in a very precarious state of health, and it was only with the re-establishment of his strength that the sensation left him.

OBSERVATIONS.

The five senses, all working in healthful unison, enable the mind to correct the impressions of one

sense by those of the others in such a manner as by their united operation to obtain full and accurate intelligence concerning the surrounding world. The well known case which the philosophic Cheselden has related affords a decisive experiment, agreeing, as it does, with many others, in proof that the information derived from the sense of sight requires to be corrected by information from different sources, but that when the habit of seeing is established under this correction, vision continues to suggest the true relation of objects to each other.

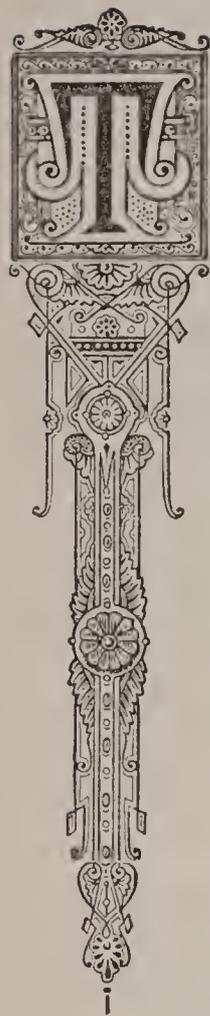
A young man who had no remembrance of ever having seen was treated by a surgeon and received his sight, but when he first saw he could not judge of distances, but thought all visible objects touched his eye, as what he felt touched the skin. He expected that pictures would feel like what they represented, and was amazed when he found those parts which by light and shadow appeared round and uneven, felt flat like the rest, and asked which was the lying sense, feeling or sight. When shown a miniature of his father, he acknowledged the likeness, but desired to know how so large a face could be expressed in so small a compass, saying it seemed as impossible to him as to put a bushel into a pint. The things he first saw he thought extremely large, and upon seeing larger things, those first seen he conceived less, not being able to imagine any lines beyond the bounds he beheld. He could not conceive that the house could look larger than the room he was in. He said every

new object was a new delight. On first beholding a large prospect his pleasure was beyond expression, and he called it a new kind of seeing. These details prove that sight does not originally inform us respecting the real distance or magnitude of objects, but that we learn these things from the experience and help of our other senses; therefore the mind exercises an independent judgment in comparing their impressions, a power which the senses themselves could never have conferred. The basis of this independent judgment by the mind is Intuition, and in the reasoning faculties, which will be explained in their proper place.

The practical lesson from facts concerning the use of our senses is simply the propriety of taking care to employ them suitably, to preserve and improve them, since our social comfort and influence, as well as our intellectual advancement, depend in this world on their integrity. Their destruction is the exclusion of knowledge and wisdom at their chief entrances. Delicacy of perception is essential to acuteness of intellect; but perception is perfected rather by the will-power in the habit of attention while using the senses than by keenness of sensation.



REPRESENTATION.



THE mind has the power of calling up past thoughts, feelings, events, and images of things once seen. This power is, in a general way, called memory, but it is more than memory, for not only are things once seen, afterward called up again, but we can change the arrangement of these images in our own minds. Remembering how a horse looks and the appearance of a cow, we can imagine how a creature would look having a cow's head on a horse's body, thus using the images of real things to create in the mind an image of a thing that never was. This faculty, generally engaged in calling up pictures in the mind of real things once seen, is imagination. A powerful imagination is the gift of the poet who combines ideas in new and beautiful forms, and holds in his mind the scenes of earth in pictures so vivid and so striking that his descriptions of them thrill us; and the most ordinary mechanic who builds upon a new plan must see in his mind the image of the frame of his building, and a picture of the structure very nearly as it will look when completed.

So, memory and imagination work together, con-

tinually representing to the mind whatever it has once learned through Intuition, and the five senses, or Presentative power. Memory and imagination, then, form what we may call Representation, or the Representative Power of the mind.

MEMORY.

Memory is a complex, not a simple faculty. I hear a story told, and my mind retains it; that is Memory, properly speaking. Afterward I recall the story, think it over again in detail, recalling each particular; that is Recollection.

DURATION OF MEMORY.

What is the nature of Memory? How long does it last? Is it perpetual, or only temporal? These are questions to which the philosophers have given quite different answers. As to its nature, the best idea is conveyed in the definition given above. Memory is simply the power that the mind has of retaining the impressions made upon it. But how long does it retain them? *While life lasts.* In some way, no one knows how, every thought, sight, sound, feeling, action, leaves its impress upon the mind. The presumption is that the impress stays there. It would require positive proof to show that it is effaced. Such proof does not exist; on the other hand, many circumstances have been observed which confirm the opposite doctrine.

It is well known that many persons who have been rescued when at the point of drowning, report that

within a very short space of time their whole lives seemed to rise up before them; and that all their actions, good and bad, came thronging about them. Day records the following as having been related to him by the subject of the narrative: "He had been entrusted with the safe-keeping of a package of valuable papers by a relative when about taking a long journey. On the return of his friend he was utterly unable to recall where he had placed the package. The most diligent and careful search as well as every effort of recollection failed to discover the desired package. Years after, when bathing, he was seized with cramp and sank. He rose and sank again; and, as he was just sinking the third time, a companion succeeded in reaching and rescuing him. During the momentary interval between his disappearing the third time and his being seized by his companion, his whole life in its minute incidents passed in review before his mind; and among them the fact of his secreting the package and the place where he had concealed it. He proceeded immediately to the spot, where he found, just as he had placed it, what he had so long sought in vain."

COLERIDGE'S STORY.

Coleridge tells the following anecdote in his *Biographia Literaria*. The occurrence took place in a Roman Catholic town in Germany about 1797. "A young woman of four or five and twenty, who could neither read nor write, was seized with a nervous fever, during which, according to the testimony of all the

priests and monks of the neighborhood, she became possessed of an evil spirit. She continued incessantly talking Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, in very pompous tones and with most distinct enunciation. The case had attracted the particular attention of a young physician, and by his statement many eminent physiologists and psychologists visited the town and cross-examined the case on the spot. Sheets full of her ravings were taken down from her own mouth, and were found to consist of sentences, coherent and intelligible, each for itself, but with little or no connection with each other. Of the Hebrew, a small portion only could be traced to the Bible; the remainder seemed to be in the Rabbinical dialect. All trick or conspiracy was out of the question. Not only had the young woman ever been a harmless, simple creature, but she was evidently laboring under a nervous fever. In the town in which she had been resident for many years as a servant in different families, no solution presented itself. The young physician, however, determined to trace her past life step by step; for the patient herself was incapable of returning a rational answer. He at length succeeded in discovering the place where her parents had lived; traveled thither, found them dead, but an uncle surviving, and from him learned that the patient had been charitably taken by an old Protestant pastor at nine years old, and had remained with him some years, even till the old man's death. Of this pastor the uncle knew nothing, but that he was a very good man. With great difficulty, and after much search, our young med-

ical philosopher discovered a niece of the pastor's, who had lived with him as his housekeeper, and had inherited his effects. She remembered the girl; related that her venerable uncle had been too indulgent, and could not bear to hear the girl scolded; that she was willing to have kept her, but that, after her patron's death, the girl herself refused to stay. Anxious inquiries were then, of course, made concerning the pastor's habits, and the solution of the phenomenon was soon obtained. For it appeared that it had been the old man's custom, for years, to walk up and down a passage of his house into which the kitchen door opened, and to read to himself in a loud voice, out of his favorite books. A considerable number of these were still in the niece's possession. She added that he was a very learned man and a great Hebraist. Among the books were found a collection of Rabbinical writings, together with several of the Greek and Latin fathers; and the physician succeeded in identifying so many passages with those taken down at the young woman's bedside, that no doubt could remain in any rational mind concerning the true origin of the impressions made on her nervous system." The girl had heard him from the kitchen years before, and now in her excited mental condition she repeated things she never understood, and in quite regular order. A very similar instance is that of the Countess of Laval, who, when sick, frequently spoke in a language that her servants were unable to understand. A nurse from her native province, Brittany, was engaged, and recognized the strange

idiom as her native tongue. Yet when well and awake, the Countess did not understand a word of that speech, so completely had she, to all appearances, forgotten it.

OUR OWN EXPERIENCE.

Cases like these might be given in great number. But they do not form the only support for this view of memory. Every one has observed the same thing in himself in a less degree. Scarcely a day passes, but that some incident of which we have not thought for years comes up to our minds. Memory has taken the passing moment, fixed it upon the canvas, and hung the picture on the soul's inner chamber, for her to look upon when she will. You see in a newspaper the name of some old acquaintance, and what a flood of thoughts comes over you. Thousands of dead hopes and disappointments, joys and sorrows, are revived and live again. You pass through a town which you visited years ago, and your whole life in the place is exhibited in panorama before you. You sit dreaming dreams before the fire, and your boyhood home appears—all the woods and streams, the meadows and hills, every nook and cranny in the old house and barn, the place where you stubbed your toe and fell one Sunday morning, the naughty things you did and the whippings you got for them, the prizes you won at school, the kisses you used to throw at the freckle-faced girl at your left when the teacher wasn't looking, the notes you wrote when you got a little older—also when the teacher wasn't looking—the proud aspirations of your early

manhood, how you were going to spurn difficulties from your pathway and carve out an immortal name for yourself, how one by one these aspirations and longings were laid aside, and you became the sober-sided dray-horse of a man you now are. All these things show themselves, do they not? And when the dream that began so gayly ends, it finds your eyes dim and your cheeks wet.

COMPARISONS.

Writers have found many material things to which they have compared the mind. It has often been likened to a wax tablet whereon things were written. It has been said to be a clean, white piece of paper in infancy, on which all events and thoughts were recorded and blots were made, until death. Plato compares it to a pigeon house where one keeps the birds he has caught until he needs them. So, he thinks, we put away the ideas we acquire, and when we want them we go to our pigeon house and take whatever we are in need of. Here is another simile. The mind seems to me like a piece of paper whereon are written in invisible ink every thought, every action, every desire, every passion or emotion, every mental experience of what kind soever, to stay as long as life shall last. We may not see it, may not suspect its presence, but just as a little heat applied to the paper will bring into view the words written in invisible ink, so the right kind of stimulus will invariably produce the record of our past lives. We never forget. How

careful we ought to be that these things which *must* be remembered, may be worthy of memory! Coleridge even suggests that the judgment-book of Scripture may be no other than the replacing of our earthly body by a celestial one, by means of which this invisible ink may be brought out, and all our deeds and thoughts, good and bad, stand plainly recorded in our own memories.

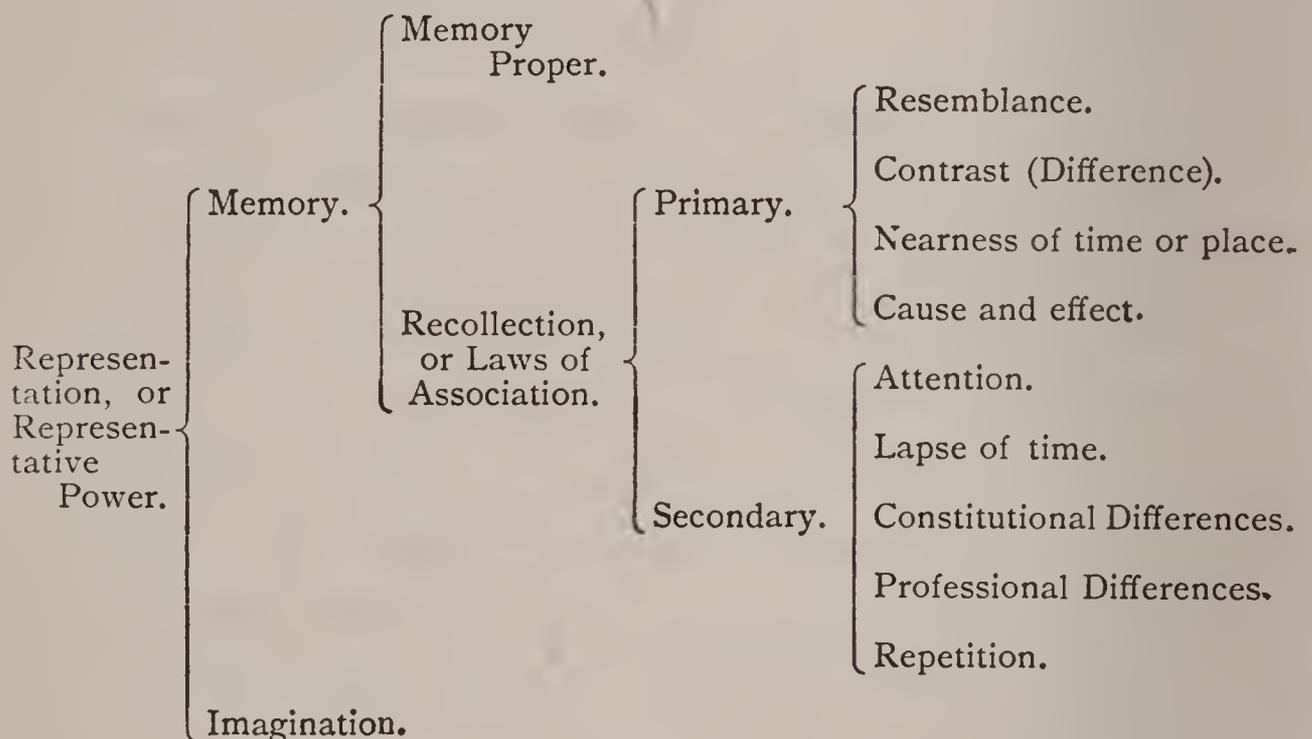
RECOLLECTION.—LAWS OF ASSOCIATION.

Recollection, as we saw above, is the recalling to mind, either voluntarily or involuntarily, of something in the past which has been remembered. We cannot directly call up before our minds anything from memory. The process adopted by the Will here is always an indirect one. I think of one thing, and that leads me to think of another, and that of another, and so on indefinitely. Our whole thought is a series of chains of less or greater length, each having for its first link some perception which has changed the course of our ideas.

The different ways in which things that naturally suggest each other are related, have been called the Laws of Association. There are several classifications of these laws, but the following includes the more important ones, and will fill our purpose. Resemblance, contrast, contiguity, or nearness in time or place, cause and effect,—these four are called the primary laws of association.

There are in addition several secondary laws which in various ways modify the operations of these. The principal secondary laws are attention, lapse of time, constitutional differences, professional differences, and repetition.

We may now present a complete analysis of memory by diagram. As Imagination is the only branch needed to complete the Representative Power, it will occupy its proper place in a complete diagram and be treated next after the completion of memory.



PRIMARY LAWS OF ASSOCIATION.

RESEMBLANCE.

One of two things that are alike is almost sure to suggest the other in our minds. If I should see a house to-day like one I lived in several years ago, I should certainly think of my former home. The sight of a person having some peculiarity which an acquaint-

ance also has, will recall the acquaintance. Hobbes relates that he was in a company where the conversation was upon the Civil War in England, when suddenly some one asked the value of a Roman denarius. No question, seemingly, could be less pertinent to the subject of conversation. But Hobbes says that after a little thought he was able to retrace the steps which the questioner's mind had taken. The chain was something like this: The civil war suggested the personal history of King Charles; that led to the traitorous conduct of those who delivered him to his enemies; that to the treason of Judas Iscariot, who received thirty pieces of silver for betraying the Lord. The Romans were in possession of Jerusalem at the time, and hence the connection between the thirty pieces of silver and the Roman coin called the denarius. I have somewhere read that Longfellow used to remember the street number — No. 39 — of the house in Boston in which Miss Appleton, afterward his wife, lived, by associating it with the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England.

“Resemblance operates,” says Upham, “as an associating principle, not only when there is a likeness or similarity in the things themselves, but also when there is a resemblance in the effects which are produced upon the mind. The ocean, for instance, when greatly agitated by the winds, and threatening every moment to overwhelm us, produces in the mind an emotion similar to that which is caused by the presence of an angry man who is able to do us harm. And in

consequence of this similarity in the effects produced, it is sometimes the case that they reciprocally bring each other to our recollection. Dark woods, hanging over the brow of a mountain, cause in us a feeling of awe and wonder, like that which we feel when we behold approaching us some aged person whose form is venerable for his years, and whose name is renowned for wisdom and justice. As we are so constituted that all nature produces in us certain effects, causes certain emotions similar to those which are caused in our intercourse with our fellow beings, it so happens that, in virtue of this fact, the natural world becomes living, animated. The ocean is said to be in anger, the sky smiles, the cliff frowns, the aged woods are venerable, the earth and its productions are no longer a dead mass, but have an existence, a soul, an agency. We see here, in part, the foundation of metaphorical language, and it is here that we are to look for the principles by which we are to determine the propriety or impropriety of its use."

CONTRAST.

The power of contrast in suggestion is scarcely less potent than that of resemblance. The palace suggests the hovel; the wealth of the Vanderbilts and Rothschilds comes to our minds together with the poverty of so many we see around us daily; the valley recalls the mountain; the desert, the fertile plain; a flood reminds us of a drouth. In reading, we constantly find joined such ideas as these: joy and sorrow, pleasure

and pain, day and night, sickness and health, the cradle and the grave, life and death, famine and plenty, liberty and slavery, luxury and want. All this shows the natural tendency of the mind to contrast dissimilar things.

CONTIGUITY, OR NEARNESS OF TIME AND PLACE.

This is, of the four, perhaps the most widely influential cause of recollection. If the civil war of America is mentioned, your mind instantly travels backward, and you think over those stirring times. The names and deeds of Grant, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, Johnston, McClellan, Farragut, Lincoln, Davis, and dozens of others, come thronging up before you. You receive again the tidings of the terrible slaughter at Bull Run, Vicksburg, Shiloh and Gettysburg. In short, you live it all over again in memory. The singular power which local association often possesses is well illustrated by the following anecdote, which a physician tells of himself: "Walking in the street lately I met a lady whose face was familiar to me, but whom I could not name. I had at the same time an impression that I ought to have spoken to her, and to have inquired for some relative who had been my patient; but, notwithstanding repeated efforts, I could not recognize her, and passed on. Some time after, in passing along the road a few miles from town, my eye caught a cottage to which I had been taken about six months before to see a gentleman who had been carried into it in a state of insensibility, in consequence

of being thrown from a gig. The sight of the cottage instantly recalled the accident and the gentleman who was the subject of it, and at the same instant the impression that the lady whom I had passed in the manner above mentioned was his wife. In this case no recollection was excited by the sight of the lady, even after repeated and anxious attempts; and I believe I should not have recognized the patient himself had he been along with her; whereas the whole was recalled in an instant by the sight of the cottage." Here is another story, believed to be authentic. It illustrates not only the force of local memory, but also the duration of memory as discussed above: A lady, in the last stage of a chronic disease, was carried from London to a lodging in the country. There her infant daughter was taken to visit her, and, after a short interview, carried back to town. The lady died a few days after, and the daughter grew up without any recollection of her mother till she was of mature age. At this time she happened to be taken into the room in which her mother died without knowing it to have been so. She started on entering it, and when a friend who was along with her asked the cause of her agitation, replied: "I have a distinct impression of having been in this room before, and that a lady who lay in that corner and seemed very ill leaned over me and wept." The following is to the same effect. It is taken from Ribot's book on the diseases of memory: "A clergyman, endowed with a decidedly artistic temperament (a fact worth noting), went

with a party of friends to a castle in Sussex, which he did not remember ever to have previously visited. As he approached the gateway he became conscious of a very vivid impression of having seen it before, and he seemed to himself to see not only the gateway itself, but donkeys beneath the arch and people on top of it. His conviction that he must have visited the castle on some former occasion made him inquire of his mother if she could throw any light on the matter. She at once informed him that, being in that part of the country when he was about eighteen months old, she had gone over with a large party and taken him in the panier of a donkey; that the elders of the party having brought lunch with them had eaten it on the roof of the gateway, where they would have been seen from below, while he had been left on the ground with the attendants and donkeys." This is the branch of memory which should receive most careful attention by those who desire to cultivate this faculty. The study of any subject to be remembered should be continued by the student until he sees it distinctly in parts, the relative importance of these parts, and the order in which they come; that is, which stands first and which comes last in making up the whole.

It is this association of place and time that makes us desire to visit the spots hallowed by great deeds or the presence of mighty men. It is what gives Rome so much magnetism to draw the educated people of the whole world. One feels a strong emotion of delightful awe when standing in the Roman Forum, where

Cicero, Cæsar, Cato, and all the other wondrous Latin orators and statesmen spoke and worked. It is no common feeling one would have in treading the very stones Virgil and Horace have trod. That is also what makes Westminster Abbey, to all lovers of English literature and history, the most interesting spot on the globe. It is what draws travelers in Germany to the little town of Weimar, where lived the poets Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland, and where preached the great reformer Luther.

It is also what causes the peculiar pleasure attending any reference to our younger days. Dr. Rush tells the following pleasant story: "During the time I passed at a country school in Cecil County, in Maryland, I often went on a holiday, with my schoolmates, to see an eagle's nest upon the summit of a dead tree, in the neighborhood of the school, during the time of the incubation of the bird. The daughter of the farmer in whose field the tree stood, and with whom I became acquainted, married and settled in this city about forty years ago. In our occasional interviews, we now and then spoke of the innocent haunts and rural pleasures of our youth, and among others, of the eagle's nest in her father's field. A few years ago, I was called to visit this woman when she was in the lowest stage of typhus fever. Upon entering the room, I caught her eye, and with a cheerful tone of voice said only, 'The eagle's nest.' She seized my hand, without being able to speak, and discovered strong emotions of pleasure in her countenance, proba-

bly from a sudden association of all her early domestic connections and enjoyments with the words which I uttered. From that time she began to recover. She is now living, and seldom fails when we meet, to salute me with the echo of—‘The eagle’s nest.’”

The herdsmen in the Swiss Alps have a number of simple tunes called *Ranz des Vaches*, which they sing or play on the alp-horn. The effect of hearing any of these tunes in foreign lands is to produce so great a degree of home-sickness that the bands of Swiss regiments in foreign service have to be forbidden to play them, in order that the soldiers may not in that way be rendered unfit for the performance of their duties

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The cause suggests the effect, and, on the contrary, the effect suggests the cause. The sight of a knife with which we have been hurt, reminds us of the wound. The mere name of an article of food which has at some time made us sick, will produce a qualm at the stomach. A torn garment makes us think of a nail on which it was probably torn. John Locke relates the following in his “Essay on the Human Understanding.” “A friend of mine knew one perfectly cured of madness by a very harsh and offensive operation. The gentleman who was thus recovered, with great sense of gratitude and acknowledgement, owned the cure all his life after as the greatest obligation he could have received; but whatever gratitude and

reason suggested to him, he could never bear the sight of the operator; that image brought back with it the idea of that agony which he suffered from his hands, which was too mighty and intolerable for him to endure." The following is of a somewhat pleasanter nature, found in the same essay: "It is of a young gentleman, who, having learned to dance, and that to great perfection, happened to have an old trunk standing in the room where he learned. The idea of this remarkable piece of household stuff had so mixed itself with the turns and steps of all his dances, that though in that chamber he could dance excellently well, yet it was only whilst that trunk was there; nor could he perform well in any other place, unless that or some such other trunk had its due position in the room. If this story shall be suspected of being dressed up with some comical circumstances, a little beyond precise nature, I answer for myself, that I had it some years since from a very sober and worthy man, upon his own knowledge, as I report it: and I dare say, there are very few inquisitive persons, who read this, who have not met with accounts, if not examples, of this nature, that may parallel, or at least justify this."

SECONDARY LAWS OF ASSOCIATION.

ATTENTION.

It is a fact well known to every one, that the degree of attention which we pay to a thing at the time it occurs, very much affects the probability of our recol-

lecting it. Two persons attend the same lecture — one listens attentively, and after the lecture is over, can follow the course of thought from beginning to end; the other allows his mind to wander hither and thither, and he is able to recollect only an occasional idea.

LAPSE OF TIME.

The longer the time that has elapsed since any occurrence, the fainter the remembrance of it will be. There is an apparent exception to this rule in the case of the old person who remembers the things that happened in his boyhood, and forgets those of his middle and old age. But it is really no exception. The fact is simply that the first and last laws combined is stronger than the second alone. (See analysis, page 96.) Children are more strongly influenced by the things that meet their senses than older people who have learned, either voluntarily or otherwise, to practice the Horatian maxim of *nil admirari* (to wonder at nothing). Besides, all through their lives they have been fondly thinking about those early days, and talking about them, and thus by habit have made the recollection of them an essential part of their existence. A beautiful example occurs in the life of Niebuhr, the celebrated Danish traveler. When old, blind, and so infirm that he was able only to be carried from his bed to his chair, he used to describe to his friends the scenes which he had visited in his early days with wonderful minuteness and vivacity.

When they expressed their astonishment, he told them that as he lay in bed, all visible objects being shut out, the pictures of what he had seen in his travels continually floated before his mind's eye, so that it was no wonder he could speak of them as if he had seen them yesterday. With like vividness the deep intense sky of Asia, with its brilliant and twinkling host of stars, which he had so often gazed at by night, or its lofty vault of blue by day, was reflected in the hours of stillness and darkness on his inmost soul.

CONSTITUTIONAL AND PROFESSIONAL DIFFERENCES.

Constitutional differences and professional differences act in precisely the same manner. Several men look at the same large tree. One tries to find out what kind of a tree it is, and what are its habits of growth; another wants to know how much firewood or lumber it will make; another, whether it will receive polish and make handsome furniture, and still another is content to admire its towering height, broad-reaching limbs and beautiful foliage, without seeking to know anything else about it. Men are apt to recollect whatever appertains to their own calling in life. The lawyer remembers the legal decision; the doctor remembers the account of a remarkable disease; the farmer remembers whatever relates to grain and stock; the engineer, anything relating to the strength and use of materials.

REPETITION.

The only one of the five laws mentioned which remains to be considered is repetition. Of this perhaps the most familiar illustration is the process of committing to memory. The lines finally get so that they seem to run off our tongues without effort on our part. Especially is it a very common experience that when we get started on a stanza, we can complete it without difficulty, but a break occurs at the end of the stanza or paragraph. The reason is that we commonly commit stanza by stanza, and do not practice so much upon joining one to another. A distinguished theatrical performer, in consequence of the sudden illness of another actor, had occasion to prepare himself, on very short notice, for a part which was entirely new to him; and the part was long and rather difficult. He acquired it in a very short time, and went through it with perfect accuracy, but immediately forgot every word of it. Characters which he had acquired in a more deliberate manner he never forgets, but can perform them at any time without a moment's preparation, but in regard to the character now mentioned there was the further and very singular fact, that though he has repeatedly performed it since that time, he has been obliged each time to prepare it anew, and has never acquired in regard to it that facility which is familiar to him in other instances. When questioned respecting the mental process which he employed the first time he performed this part, he says that he lost

sight entirely of the audience, and seemed to have nothing before him but the pages of the book from which he had learned it, and that if anything had occurred to interrupt this illusion, he should have stopped instantly.

IMPORTANCE OF MEMORY.

We can scarcely conceive what the condition of man would be had he no memory. The past would be more completely beyond our reach than the future is now. The most exquisite delights would perish as we enjoyed them. We should be robbed of all the bright hours which friendship, love and family affection can give us. Our own fathers and mothers would be strangers to us, and we to them, when we met. We could not even know ourselves, for the body is constantly changing, and the only way I know I am the same being that I was fifteen years ago is by my internal consciousness of the fact; that is, by memory. We could not converse, because the instant a thing was said it would be forgotten; nay, more than that, there could be no such thing as a language to serve as the medium of conversation, for no one could remember the word which stood for a particular idea. Indeed, what idea would be possible? My idea of a horse is of an animal that I have observed to have four feet, a mane, a long neck, to be strong, capable of bearing burdens, etc., etc. But without memory I should only see a peculiar object which I had never before, to my knowledge, seen, and about which I knew absolutely

nothing and could learn nothing. Such, then, is only a faint image of what man would be without memory. He could better afford to spare almost any other faculty which he possesses. As it is, how great is the happiness we derive from it! Have we at any time seen a beautiful picture, a majestic building, a fine landscape, a lovely human face, a glorious sunset—it abides with us forever. The songs that we have heard on other days go sounding through our souls again, and are the solace of many a weary hour. The golden hours of youth, which all poets so fondly sing, are ever present with us in memory. Those who are old and feeble, or sick, or blind, find their chief pleasure in living over again the days of their strength and activity. We con the books of all ages, and gather from them grand thoughts of sages and martyrs, which cheer and encourage us on our way. The deeds of heroes who have gone before give us inspiration to more strenuous exertions and nobler aims.

Hail, memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And place and time are subject to thy sway!

—*Rogers.*

RELATION TO GENERAL MENTAL POWER.

It is a very common impression that an unusually good memory is incompatible with great intellectual strength. I believe, however, that there is very little,

if any, ground for this prevalent opinion. It is often the case that extraordinary endowment in one thing is found connected with some degree of weakness in other things. Thus, Blind Tom, the celebrated Negro musical prodigy, is said to be almost an idiot in every thing outside of music. Probably a great memory is no more apt to be united with a mind generally weak, than is a great talent for music, or mathematics, or rhetoric, or any other particular thing. A man certainly could not be very highly endowed who had an unusually weak memory, for it lies at the very basis of all mental processes. So many cases are on record, however, of powerful memories joined to weak general faculties, that a gift in that way can not be considered a reliable criterion of mental ability. The following examples will illustrate and enforce what has been said on this subject.

On one occasion an Englishman called upon Frederic the Great, of Prussia, in order to exhibit to him his remarkable memory. As a test, Frederic summoned Voltaire, who read aloud to the King a poem of considerable length, which he had just completed. Meanwhile the Englishman was secreted where he could hear every word, although Voltaire could not see him. After the reading the King remarked to Voltaire that he could not possibly be the author of the poem, since a foreigner was present who could repeat it from beginning to end. The Englishman was called and repeated the poem without missing a word. Voltaire was astounded, and so vexed that he tore his manuscript up. Then

the matter was explained, and he wrote his poem down again from a second repetition by the Englishman.

In the church of St. Peter, at Cologne, the altarpiece is a large and valuable picture by Rubens, representing the martyr and son of the apostle. This picture having been carried away by the French in 1805, to the great regret of the inhabitants, a painter of that city undertook to make a copy of it from recollection; and succeeded in doing so in such a manner, that the most delicate tints of the original are preserved with the most minute accuracy. The original painting has now been restored, but the copy is preserved along with it; and even when they are rigidly compared, it is scarcely possible to distinguish the one from the other. Cicero, speaking of the celebrated Roman orator, Hortentius, says that "Nature had given him so happy a memory, that he never had need of committing to writing any discourse which he had meditated, while, after his opponent had finished speaking, he could recall, word by word, not only what the other had said, but also the authorities which had been cited against himself." It is related of the same person that he once sat by the side of an auctioneer during the day, and in the evening told from memory who had bought each article and how much he had paid for it. These statements, being compared with the record kept by the clerk of the sale, were found to be correct in every particular. Themistocles could call by name every one of the twenty thousand Athenian citizens. Pliny says Cyrus knew the name of every soldier in his army.

Dr. Wallis, of Oxford, on one occasion at night, in bed, proposed to himself a number of fifty-three places, and found its square root to twenty-seven places, and, without writing down numbers at all, dictated the result from memory twenty days afterward. It was not unusual with him to perform arithmetical operations in the dark, as the extraction of roots to forty decimal places. The distinguished Euler, blind from early life, had always in his memory a table of the first six powers of all numbers from one to one hundred. On one occasion two of his pupils, calculating a converging series, on reaching the seventeenth term found their results differing by one unit at the fiftieth figure, and in order to decide which was correct, Euler went over the whole in his head, and his decision was found afterward to be correct. Magliabechi, librarian of the Duke of Tuscany, had one of the most remarkable memories of modern times. To test his memory, a gentleman of Florence lent him at one time a manuscript he had prepared for the press, and some time afterward went to him with a sorrowful face and pretended to have lost his manuscript by accident. The poor author seemed inconsolable, and begged Magliabechi to recollect what he could and write it down. He assured the unfortunate man that he would, and, setting about it, wrote out the entire manuscript without missing a word. He had a local memory also, knowing where every book stood. One day the Grand Duke sent for him to inquire if he could procure a book which was very

scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, "it is impossible; there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Seignior's library at Constantinople, and is the *seventh book on the seventh shelf, on the right hand as you go in.*" Napoleon, Pascal, Leibnitz and Carlyle, all had very strong memories. Macaulay had, perhaps, the best possessed by any eminent English "man of letters." He once said that if "Paradise Lost" were wiped out of existence he could replace it from memory.

GOOD MEMORIES AND POOR INTELLECTS.

The examples thus far given are of good memories united with other powers correspondingly well developed. There are many curious cases of strong memory showing itself in persons whose general faculties were weak, or at best only medium. There was a young Corsican who could, without hesitating, repeat thirty-six thousand names in the order in which he heard them, and then go through the list, reversing the order. A young woman of some twenty years, partially insane, could name the counties with their respective county-seats, of every state in the Union. She was also remarkably quick in certain kinds of computation. The following are taken from Ribot's "Diseases of Memory"; he himself borrows them from various sources. An idiot could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat with unvarying accuracy the name and age of the deceased, and the mourners at

the funeral. Out of the line of burials he had not one idea, could not give an intelligible reply to a single question, nor be trusted even to feed himself. Certain idiots, unable to make the most elementary arithmetical calculations, repeat the whole of the multiplication table without an error. Others recite, word for word, passages that have been read to them, but cannot learn the letters of the alphabet. Drobisch reports the following case of which he was an observer: A boy of fourteen, almost an idiot, experienced great trouble in learning to read. He had, nevertheless, a marvelous facility for remembering the order in which words and letters succeeded one another. When allowed two or three minutes in which to glance over the page of a book printed in a language which he did not know, or treating of subjects of which he was ignorant, he could, in the brief time mentioned, repeat every word from memory exactly as if the book remained open before him. An idiot, in a fit of anger, told of a complicated incident of which he had been a witness long before, and which at the time seemed to have made no impression upon him.

QUICK LEARNERS.

It is frequently the case that a person who learns readily has not a very tenacious memory, and on the other hand that one who is somewhat slow in gathering ideas holds them fast when once he has grasped them. Occasionally, however, we find a man whose memory is both quick and firm. Such a man was Macaulay.

He read with wonderful rapidity, and could always recollect what he had read. It is related that he was once riding in a coach when the conversation turned upon a certain new book which one of the party had with him. Macaulay had not seen it. The one with whom he had been talking dropped into a doze for a few moments, and Macaulay picked up the book and looked through it. When the gentleman awoke he was surprised to hear Macaulay enter into a somewhat elaborate criticism upon the book, quoting long passages from it to enforce his views. "I thought you had not read the book," said he. "I had not," was the reply; "but I read it while you were sleeping."

INFLUENCE OF DISEASE.

The effects of disease upon memory are extremely various and curious. A few examples will be given of the different ways in which disease acts, without dwelling upon the laws which are supposed to govern these effects; first, because they are not well understood, and second, because even if they were definitely settled, they are too complex and obscure to be available for our present purpose. A number of instances have already been given in the two sections relating to duration of memory and contiguity of place, which also illustrate the matter now under consideration.

An Italian gentleman, mentioned by Dr. Rush, who died of the yellow fever in New York, in the beginning of his illness spoke English, in the middle of it French, but on the day of his death he spoke

only Italian. A Lutheran clergyman, of Philadelphia, informed Dr. Rush that Germans and Swedes, of whom he had a considerable number in his congregation, when near death always prayed in their native languages, though some of them, he was confident, had not spoken these languages for fifty or sixty years. Dr. Gregory was accustomed to mention in his lectures the case of a clergyman, who, while laboring under a disease of the brain, spoke nothing but Hebrew, which was ascertained to be the last language he had acquired. An English lady, mentioned by Dr. Prichard, in recovering from an apoplectic attack, always spoke to her attendants in French, and had actually lost the knowledge of the English language; this continued about a month. Dr. Beattie speaks of a gentleman, who, having received a blow on the head, lost his knowledge of Greek, but seemed not to have lost anything else. A disease or injury sometimes leaves the memory of things happening before the trouble uninjured, while no trace remains of the period beginning with the injury. On the other hand, the precise opposite sometimes occurs, the patient having a perfect recollection of the injury, but not of his past life. A young clergyman, when on the point of being married, suffered an injury of the head by which his understanding was entirely and permanently deranged. He lived in this condition till the age of eighty; and to the last talked of nothing but his approaching wedding, and expressed impatience for the arrival of the happy day. A respectable surgeon was thrown from his horse

while riding in the country, and was carried into an adjoining house in a state of insensibility. From this he very soon recovered, described the accident distinctly, and gave minute directions in regard to his own treatment. In particular, he requested that he might be immediately bled; the bleeding was repeated at his own desire, two hours after; and he conversed correctly regarding his feelings and the state of his pulse with the medical man who visited him. In the evening he was so far recovered as to be able to be removed to his own house, and a medical friend accompanied him in the carriage. As they drew near home, the latter made some observation respecting precautions calculated to prevent unnecessary alarm to the wife and family of the patient, when, to his astonishment, he discovered that his friend had lost all idea of having either a wife or children. This condition continued during the following day, and it was only on the third day, and after further bleeding, that the circumstances of his past life began to recur to his mind. Again, sometimes, the patient completely loses memory of a certain period, as in the following case: "A young woman, married to a man whom she loved passionately, was seized during confinement with prolonged fainting, at the end of which she lost all recollection of what had occurred since her marriage, inclusive of that ceremony. She remembered very clearly the rest of her life up to that point. * * * At first she pushed her husband and child from her with evident alarm. She has never recovered recollection of this period of

her life, nor of any of the impressions received during that time. Her parents and friends have convinced her that she is married and has a son. She believes their testimony, because she would rather think that she has lost a year of her life than that all her associates are imposters. But conviction and consciousness are not united. She looks upon husband and child without being able to realize how she gained the one and gave birth to the other."

After attacks of apoplexy it quite frequently occurs that persons lose memory of words and names while they yet have a clear conception of the things and persons represented by them. One gentleman knew his friends as well as ever, but he could not name them. Walking one day in the street he met a gentleman to whom he was very anxious to communicate something respecting a mutual friend. After various ineffectual attempts to make him understand whom he meant, he at last seized him by the arm and dragged him through several streets to the house of the gentleman of whom he was speaking, and pointed to the name-plate on the door. Another could not be made to understand the name of an object if it was spoken to him, but understood it perfectly when it was written. His mental faculties were so entire, that he was engaged in most extensive agricultural concerns, and he managed them with perfect correctness, by means of a remarkable contrivance. He kept before him, in the room where he transacted his business, a list of the words which were most apt to occur in his intercourse

with his workmen. When one of these wished to communicate with him on any subject, he first heard what the workman had to say, but without understanding him further than simply to catch the words. He then turned to the words in his written list, and whenever they met his eye he understood them perfectly. These particulars I had from his son, a gentleman of high intelligence. Another frequent modification consists in putting one name for another, but always using the words in the same sense. An example of this also occurred in the gentleman last mentioned. He uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshead and the association which led to this appeared to be obvious. In the early part of his life he had been in Virginia, and connected with the trade in tobacco; so that the run of his thoughts from snuff to tobacco, and from tobacco to a hogshead, seemed natural.

LAW GOVERNING FORGETFULNESS.

The law governing the loss of memory of signs, that is, forgetting all the ways we have of telling others anything, seems to be pretty well ascertained. Amnesia (loss of memory) of language and signs progresses from proper names to substantives, then to adjectives and verbs, then to the language of the emotions, and finally to gestures. This destructive movement does not take place at random; it is governed by a vigorous principle—from the least organized to the most organized, from complex to simple, from the least automatic to the most automatic. When forgetfulness of signs is

complete and recovery begins, do they return in inverse order to that in which they disappeared? Illustrations are rare. I find, however, a case recorded by Dr. Grasset of a man who was seized with complete inability of expressing his thoughts, either by speech, by writing, or by gestures. After a time the faculty of expression returned little by little, first manifesting itself through gestures, then through speech and writing.

With one example of loss of memory so complete that re-education was necessary, this part of the subject will be closed. A clergyman, of rare talent and energy, of sound education, was thrown from his carriage and received a violent concussion of the brain. For several days he remained utterly unconscious, and when restored his intellect was observed to be in a state similar to that of a naturally intelligent child. Although in middle life, he commenced his English and classic studies under tutors, and was progressing satisfactorily when, after several months' successful study, his memory gradually returned, and his mind resumed all its wonted vigor and its former wealth and polish of culture.

FAILURE OF MEMORY IN AGE.

One of the best known phenomena of memory is the gradual failure of it in old people as they increase in age. The loss of it seems to be generally in about the same order as in disease: proper names first, and then other things. Some very curious incidents have,

on account of failing memory, happened to distinguished persons. A few of these will be given for the interest they possess. When Linnæus was getting old (he died at the age of seventy-one) the reading of his own books gave him much pleasure. Sometimes while reading them he would cry out, forgetting that he was the author, "How beautiful! What would I not give to have written that!"

One day some one recited to Sir Walter Scott a poem which pleased him, and he inquired the author. It was one of his own.

It is said that Emerson, after attending Longfellow's funeral, was unable to remember whose it was. It will be remembered that Emerson himself died only a little over a month later than his brother poet, at the advanced age of nearly seventy-nine years.

A lady was driving out with the poet Rogers, then ninety years old, and asked him after an acquaintance whom he could not recollect. "He pulled the check-string, and appealed to his servant: 'Do I know Lady M.?' The reply was, 'Yes, sir.' This was a painful moment to us both. Taking my hand, he said, 'Never mind, my dear, I am not yet compelled to stop the carriage and ask if I know you!'"

MEMORY IN ANIMALS.

Some animals appear to possess memories almost as tenacious as that of man. The mocking bird remembers the tunes it hears, and repeats them. The parrot acquires a small stock of words, which it often uses very

appropriately. All kinds of domestic animals learn to know their masters and their homes, and most of them can be taught various tricks. Horses have been known to observe how gates were opened, and remember the process well enough to perform the operation themselves. Both dogs and cats will open doors that are fastened by latch. A soldier of Pondicherry, who commonly carried to one of these animals [elephants] a certain measure of arrack every time that he received his pay, having one day drank more than common, and seeing himself pursued by the guard, who threatened to conduct him to prison, took refuge under the elephant and slept there. It was in vain that the guard attempted to draw him out from this asylum; the elephant defended him with his trunk. Hours after the soldier, become sober, was struck with terror to find himself lying under an animal of this enormous bulk. The elephant, who, no doubt, perceived his consternation, caressed him with his trunk to remove his fears, and made him understand that he might depart freely.

An English friend not long ago told me a story which he heard in his boyhood. It well illustrates the remarkable power of memory in dogs. A gentleman in England owned a fine large dog, of which he was very fond. One day the animal was missing. Rewards were offered, but no trace could be found of him, and the search was finally given up. Many years afterward the gentleman was traveling in a distant part of the country, and stopped over night at

a small inn. During the night he was wakened by a slight noise, and found in the room two burglars and a large dog. The men were talking of killing him. He sprang out of bed, and the dog was about to attack him, when suddenly it stopped, looked at him, and then turned against the burglars. With its assistance he succeeded in defeating the robbers and putting them to flight. Upon striking a light, the dog proved to be the one he had lost so long before, and which had never forgotten him.

ARBITRARY ASSOCIATION.

As we recollect only by means of association, attempts have been made ever since very early times to utilize the principles of association in forming systems of mnemonics (contrivances to hold facts in the memory), by the aid of which we might be able to recollect whatever we wished without much difficulty. Various expedients scarcely deserving the name of system are commonly resorted to, as for instance, tying a string around the finger, turning a ring so that the set shall be next the palm of the hand, associating a person whose name you wish to remember with some friend or eminent person with whose name you are quite familiar. From the same principle is derived the idea of putting things into the form of a song, as, for example, the many geography songs, grammar songs, the logic songs, which all ex-students remember, about Barbara and Celarent, and especially the very well

known verse running: "Thirty days have September, April, June, and November," etc.

What is probably the oldest system of mnemonics, or artificial memory, is attributed to the Greek poet Simonides, who lived in the fifth century before Christ, a description of which is adapted from an English encyclopedia: "You choose a very spacious and diversely arranged place—a large house, for instance, divided into several apartments. You impress on the mind with care whatever is remarkable in it; so that the mind may run through all the parts without hesitation or delay. Then, if you have to remember a series of ideas, you place the first in the hall, the second in the parlor, and so on with the rest, going over the windows, the rooms, to the ornaments, and several objects of furniture. Then, when you wish to recall the succession, you commence going over the house in the order fixed, and in connection with each apartment you will find the idea that you attached to it. The principle of the method is, that it is more easy for the mind to associate a thought with a well-known place than to associate the same thought with the next thought without any helps whatever. Orators are said to have used the method for remembering their speeches. The method has been extensively taught by writers on mnemonics in modern times.

OBJECTION TO THESE SYSTEMS.

But there is a very grave objection to all these systems of artificial memory. However efficacious

they may be in preserving matters for recollection — and in a well-disciplined mind I do not believe such a system could find any place, or do any good — the matters so committed to memory are always thereafter associated with the objects in connection with which they were placed. Who wants the figures of tables and chairs and rooms flitting about among his ideas of some fine oration that he has heard, or some great book that he has read? We should prefer to have our memories of these things a little less in quantity rather than to have them degraded by trifling associations.

CULTIVATION OF MEMORY.

But may the memory itself be cultivated to such a degree that there will be no need of these artificial systems? It may. We possess no faculty which may not be very much increased in power, and memory is one of those most susceptible of improvement. The rules for its cultivation can be very readily derived from what has been said above under the various sections on the laws of association. There is also a likeness with the physical powers which will help to make this matter plain. The man who exercises any set of muscles will have those muscles stronger than the man who does not. As exercise makes the bones, muscles and lungs strong, so the first and all-important thing to be attended to by the person who wishes to improve his memory is exercise. This statement can be enforced by an unlimited number

of facts; a few, however, will suffice. It is a common remark that people have not so good memories now as they did have before the invention of printing. The reason is, that they can now get books and papers cheap, and there find whatever they want to know; hence they do not take the trouble to fix things firmly on their minds. The same remark is true, and in a still higher degree, of students and literary men. Being constantly employed with books and paper and pencil, they know better than others where knowledge of all kinds is stored, and hence have less necessity for recollection. And if anything must be kept in mind, a note is usually made of it. For these reasons they have not generally so good memories as business men.

Thurlow Weed, who had a remarkably tenacious and ready memory, related, not very long before his death, how he got it. He said that when he commenced life as an editor and politician, the chief obstacle he had to combat with was an extremely poor memory, which could not retain faces, names, dates, engagements, or anything else. The method he adopted for its improvement was to try to recall at night as much as possible of the day's doings. At first he could recollect but very little, but he persevered, and soon began to notice a slight betterment. The idea now occurred to him that this might be made more interesting and profitable if, instead of thinking the day over to himself, he should tell his wife what had happened. So she became his confessor, and

continued to serve in that capacity until her death. He improved till he could tell her everything,—whom he had met, and what had been said, the editorials he had written, what he had eaten for dinner, all the little incidents of the day; and the process was not only interesting to both of them, but highly profitable as a drill for his memory.

The first and chief rule for the improvement of the memory is, therefore,—exercise it! And in all drills for the memory the two important points are attention and repetition.

ATTENTION.

Cultivate a habit of close attention to whatever happens about you. An hour of close, vigorous application, is worth two hours spent in a rambling, listless survey of any subject. It is said by those who have tried it, that the “half-day system” of teaching little children in the primary schools is a complete success. It is claimed that the child learns more in the half day than he did before in the whole day. The reason is that the time spent in the school room is so short that his active, earnest attention can be gained for the whole period, while when he has to stay in the room all day, he gets languid and weary, and pays attention to nothing. Acquire the habit of correct association. Trace the relations existing between the new fact and the facts with which you were already acquainted. Turn the matter over in your mind until you are sure you understand it in all its bearings and phases. Do

not be content with a half knowledge of it; know it all.

REPETITION.

Recall it as often as possible; keep it before the mind until it gets fixed in its position by habit. Then there will be little difficulty in recollecting it whenever you wish, by any one of the dozen chains of association to which you have attached it.



IMAGINATION.



PERHAPS the best key to the meaning of the word imagination, is the derivation of it. It comes from the Latin word *imago*, image, or picture. So, imagination is the imaging or picturing power of the mind. It differs from memory, as has already been pointed out, in this, that memory only recalls feelings, ideas, or facts, which the mind has before experienced, or learned, while the imagination pictures new scenes and creates new combinations. It is not necessary that the object should have existed in the mind before. We may imagine things that never had existence, nay, that never could have existence. The power is, however, often called into use in remembering something which we have seen or heard, or in some other way come into contact with. Thus, I may have seen a fine building somewhere, ten years ago, and I now remember many of its more striking features, but I could scarcely recall the small points. Imagination comes to the aid of recollection, and the result is a picture in my mind of the building, complete and beautiful, varying slightly in all likelihood, from the original building, but approximating very closely to it.

The imagination may be said, in its widest sense, to mean the same as invention, denoting that faculty of the mind by which it either "bodies forth the form of things unknown," or produces original thoughts or new combinations of ideas from material stored up in the memory. The fancy may be considered that peculiar habit which presents to our choice all the different materials that serve the efforts of the imagination. This faculty is the great spring of human activity, and the principal source of human improvement. As it delights in presenting to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those which we are acquainted with, it prevents us from ever being completely satisfied with our present condition or with our past attainments, and engages us continually in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment, or of some higher excellence. "The truth of it is," says Addison; "I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing in life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience."

THE FOUNDATION OF ART.

This is the power which makes the painter, the poet, the musician, the sculptor, the architect. It is the power which transforms the homely things we see about us into wondrous forms of beauty. It presents us fairer scenes than ever were known, mountains more lofty and rugged, storms that lash the sea into a wilder fury, and blind us with a more vivid glare of lightning, lakes calmer and bluer and brighter, forests more somber and silent and sad. The humble cottage dis-

solves, and in its stead rises a gorgeous palace, stretching away column after column into the distance. High in the air towers its mighty dome; its pillars are of Parian marble carved into forms marvelously fair. Golden fountains throw aloft the richest, brightest sparkling wine. The walls and floor and ceiling are filled with pictures made by hands more skilled than Raphael's or Michael Angelo's. Sweet odors of many flowers pervade the atmosphere. Angelic forms float about, singing songs more thrilling than ever mortal heard; and amid all this varied loveliness, the kingliest kings and the fairest dames of history and romance stroll arm in arm together.

DEITIES.

Imagination gives to Heaven its charms, and to hell its horrors. Imagination peopled the woods and streams of Greece and Italy with nymphs and fauns. It made craggy Mount Olympus the home of royal Jove and his court of gods. It gave to the rude Scandinavians of the North their strong-god, Thor, with the mighty hammer. It has filled the mountains and plains of Europe with a delightful race of fairies. It is always and everywhere clothing cold, hard fact with grace and loveliness, multiplying the enjoyments of life a hundred fold. "By imagination," says Addison, "a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature."

THE ARTIST AGAIN.

It is needless to tell of what use the faculty of imagination is to the artist; for to whatever form of art he may devote himself, imagination is, and must be, the soul of his every undertaking. By imagination alone could the unknown sculptor have conceived that marvelous statue of Apollo, which has been the wonder and delight of the thousands upon thousands of visitors who have thronged the Vatican during the last three hundred and seventy-five years. Reason and memory and judgment all would have been powerless for such a task. Where else but in his imagination could Raphael have seen his "Madonna" and "Transfiguration?" Or Milton, old and blind, have seen his Eden? Or Beethoven, completely deaf, have heard his majestic symphonies and sonatas? Or how else but by the aid of a soaring imagination could Christopher Wren have planned the great St. Paul's cathedral, the glory of London?

OTHERS THAN ARTISTS.

But artists are not the only class of mental workers who must depend upon imagination for a large part of their power. The historian must not only know many facts about the age of which he is to write, but he must have an imagination capable of arranging those facts, and filling up the gaps between them, so as to present a complete and living picture of the age. His Cromwell must not be "a wretched politico-metaphysical

abstraction," a mere bundle of ambition, hypocrisy, cruelty and fanaticism, mixed in such and such proportions. He must be to the historian and his reader a real flesh and blood, bone and sinew, nerve and brain man—a man walking among his fellow-men, toiling with them, meeting obstacles and overcoming them, possessed of human affections and human weaknesses, gloomy and despondent at times, again filled with a sustaining confidence in the righteousness of his cause. This he must be, yet this he cannot be without a great effort of the imagination on the part of the historian to transport himself into Cromwell's age and see him and his surroundings just as they were. The readers of history, or science, or fiction, and the observers of pictures, and statuary and buildings, must be endowed with strong imagination, in order that they may be able to comprehend and appreciate the works they see. The unimaginative person can perceive no beauty or nobility in the finest works of art.

The inventor, or mechanic, or philosopher, must have imagination enough to enable him to look forward and see what his completed plan or system will be, and to what results it will lead. The orator needs imagination, that he may embody his strong thoughts and arguments in words that shall reach straight home to the hearts of his hearers.

THEORY.

There are several matters of theory upon which it would not be profitable for us to dwell. For instance,

there is a dispute as to whether the faculty of imagination is a simple or a complex one; another, as to whether it is partly voluntary or wholly spontaneous; another, as to whether it is always passive in its nature or sometimes active and sometimes passive. All these questions, interesting enough in themselves, but not entering into the plan of this book, may be found discussed in any good treatise upon psychology.

EXCESSIVE IMAGINATION.

We have pointed out some of the uses of the imagination; it is sometimes abused, and becomes even detrimental to the possessor. Some persons — not very many — are so highly gifted with this faculty, that they can find no satisfaction for their æsthetic natures in the realm of reality, but are compelled to live constantly in the unreal, among creations of their own. Such a person is unfitted for life among the coarser natures that surround him, and when he mingles in the bustling, pushing affairs of the world, as every one must sometimes do, he often gets sadly jostled and buffeted about. Such men were Rousseau, and Shelley, and Keats. Those who find themselves so constituted, ought to restrain their luxuriant imaginations and try to cultivate a more matter-of-fact way of looking at things. They should mingle freely in society, and take an active part in business life. Not that they should destroy or maim their heaven-given faculty, but they should protect it against assault by an armor of practical philosophy. Such imaginations are

exotic in this nineteenth century of ours — and indeed in any century — and need to be carefully housed against the chill northwest storms that may blow down upon them from the “practical,” unfeeling, money-getting world.

CULTIVATION.

But, as was said above, such persons are rare. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand should cultivate rather than restrain their powers of imagination. And the question now comes, how? Read the works of the world's greatest poets and orators. Read them, I mean, not with the eyes and mouth only, but with the mind and heart as well. Enter to the utmost limit of your power into the world they lived in and strove to represent. Get out of yourself and the United States, and the nineteenth century, and back into the manners and time and place which the poet or speaker wishes to exhibit to you. “Whoever wants to understand the poet, must go into the poet's land,” says Goethe. If you are reading history, strive not only to comprehend the facts and remember them, but try also to get back into the time which you are studying, and live in it. Macaulay said he owed his surprising knowledge of the minutiae of history to his practice of day-dreaming, fancying himself a subject of one of the Henrys, say, and hunting up all the details of life in that age — where the streets and public resorts of London were, what men were leaders at that time, and how they looked, what sort of clothes

people wore, what kind of houses they lived in, and a hundred other items. It is said that he became as familiar with the life of ancient Athens and Rome as most men are with that of their own country and generation. A person trying to cultivate his imagination can also gain great good from an attentive study of great works of art and the beautiful scenes which nature furnishes us. Works of art worth looking at may not be accessible to us, but no one is so poor, no one lives in so flat and uninviting a country, that he may not almost any morning or evening see sights which, if properly regarded, will surely elevate him, and give him more exalted ideas and keener feeling of beauty.

A higher effort will be required to produce imaginative works of your own. Many persons can appreciate poetry and imaginative prose who could not write it themselves. In the one, fancy has only to follow in the path that has been made before her; in the other, she has to cut out her own way through the jungles with no guide or helper—quite a different task. But the effort, if made, will be found to be not an unprofitable one. It will introduce into your life pleasures that you had not dreamed of before, higher and purer than those you had known.

MEN REMARKABLE FOR IMAGINATION.

Michael Angelo (1474-1563) was of noble descent, the families of both his father and mother having long been prominent in Italy. He won early renown by his

skill and originality in painting and sculpture. He spent a great part of his long life in the service of various popes, and his most celebrated works are his paintings made for them in St. Peter's, which greatest of all churches is a monument also of his surpassing genius as architect. The city of Florence owed much to his skill in civil engineering. In almost everything to which he gave his mind, he outstripped his predecessors, and left models not yet equaled. And yet the pope kept him employed for years in constructing roads, and other tasks, which might better have been left to minds of less power. His life was pure, and his reputation unsullied by baseness. He refused all remuneration for building St. Peter's, regarding it as a service to the glory of God.

John Milton, after Shakespeare the greatest poet of England, was born December 9, 1608. He was very carefully educated, completing his course for the Master's degree at the University of Cambridge, and supplementing that by several years of hard study at his father's home. His life divides itself into three periods of not far from twenty years each, during the first of which, his student period, he wrote several exquisite short poems, full of all the luxuries a young and powerful imagination could bestow. During the second, he was busily engaged in the political disputes growing out of a civil war. During the third, after restoration of monarchy, blind from excessive study, a political fugitive, compelled to hide from officers seeking his life, he retired within himself, and wrote

out of the depths of his soul that great poem, "Paradise Lost," which verily "the world will not willingly let die."

Dante, the greatest poet of Italy, and one of the greatest of the world, was born of high family, in Florence, in the year 1265. He received as good an education as that age and country afforded, and passed through the various grades of public life, until, at the age of thirty-five, he rose to the highest dignity the city could confer. Now began his trouble. Italy was in the midst of her Guelph-Ghibelline troubles at that time, and by a sudden turn in affairs, Dante, among others, was driven out of his native city. Indeed, at one time he was sentenced to be burned alive, if found. He never returned to Florence, but wandered about from one place to another until his death in 1321. During this long exile, he wrote his wonderful poem, "The Divine Comedy" — "this poem of the earth and air. This mediæval miracle of song," this "voice of ten silent centuries," as Carlyle calls it.

Other men who have had unusual powers of imagination are Goethe and Schiller, the two greatest poets of Germany; Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of the world; Spenser and Shelley, each of whom has been styled "the poet's poet." Then there are the powerful orators, men who move multitudes by their eloquence; and eloquence must always depend upon the imagination for life-like and forcible descriptions and illustrations. Indeed, it is safe to say that every truly great mind has a vivid imagination.

HIGHEST USES OF IMAGINATION.

It is the divine attribute of the imagination that it cannot be repressed or confused; that when the real world is shut out, it can create a world for itself, and with a witch-like power can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of a dungeon.

When the imagination takes only the primary elements of things seen and combines them into entirely new forms, it may fairly be called a creative faculty. This is its highest power.

In the work of a dramatist, or a novelist, the characters they write about may be, and generally are, specimens of persons the writers have seen; or they may be combinations by the mind from the original elements of human nature, perhaps true to that nature, perhaps not. So, too, in invention. The mind may use partial combinations; or, as in the case of Whitney's cotton gin, the desired end being known, it may frame an original and wholly new combination for its accomplishment. In these ways imagination works, every manner of material being plastic under its eye, and it is easy to see that its importance to human progress can scarcely be overestimated.

And not only with general progress is the imagination intimately connected, but also with individual happiness. We have sometimes seen persons with strong and active imaginations, that seemed to work chiefly to a suspicious tendency. Out of some look or

casual expression of a friend, having no real reference to them, they would frame guesses that would make them wretched and throw them off into a coolness of friendly feeling for which none of their associates could account. Nothing can be more unhappy. Anything but a suspicious temper combined with an active imagination, for the comfort of the person himself, or of those connected with him. How different this should be! It should rather be the business of the imagination to embellish life with trustful and happy pictures, and add to its cheerfulness and hope.

But perhaps the greatest power of imagination over life comes from the creation by it of what are called ideals, not of art, but of character and conduct. Ideals are representations of that which is perfect, or which we esteem to be. They are a setting before ourselves of lines of conduct such as belong to the higher and better parts of our nature. This all can do, and he who does not do it, and hold himself to them, is but drift-wood driven hither and thither by the circumstances in which he may be placed. The man who does it is like a vessel bearing on to its port. He has an ideal, an end, a purpose. He is aiming at excellence. For a person thus to form the ideal of a perfect life, and to shape his course steadily with reference to it, is a great thing. It is a great thing, both for himself and for society; it is what is now needed in opposition to the loose doctrines that are coming in upon us. The moralists tell us that the only real man is the man who sticks to reality, and that our business is to live

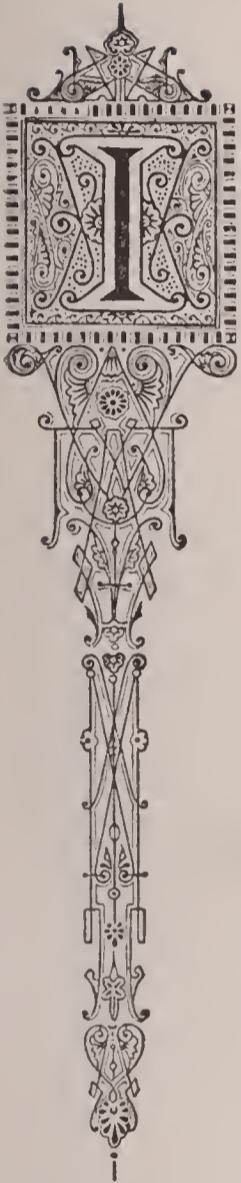
as well as we can, and then trust God for the rest. This is certainly a truth, if he lives as well as he can. But the vital question is whether the man who stands on the ground which is usually called morality is trying to climb higher, higher; whether he is endeavoring to develop himself; and whether his view of what his own life and character ought to be is such that he is led to the continual improvement both of his inner nature and that part of him which other folks see. "Living as well as we can" usually consists in a sort of loose compliance with the civil laws of the land—which is so far right; in a sort of mild obedience to neighborhood custom and rules—which is so far right; in a sort of general avoidance of the rougher forms of indulgence which public sentiment condemns—which is so far right; in an observance of those courtesies on which the ease of dealing with our fellows so much depends—and that is right. As for the rest, it is said that a man should be a good father, a good husband, a good neighbor, a good citizen, and a good business man. But when you say that this is about all you can expect of a man, you violate a fundamental law of human nature. Indeed, the law of all nature tends to the casting away of things used and the reaching up for things higher. This is progress, and he who attempts to halt in Nature's march will be but trodden down to perish.

The healthy imagination is found to be continually engaged in picturing more perfect things. This is its great work. In the clear light of the other branches

of the intellect, warmed into a glow by a sympathetic sensibility and held steady by a wise will, it should fill a high place in every human character.



THE REFLECTIVE POWER.



IN various ways, but principally through the medium of the five senses, we gain a knowledge of a vast number of detached facts and objects, having, as we learn them, no especial connection with each other, and hence being of comparatively small value to us. They are merely the food of the mind; they furnish the material which the Reflective or thinking power may work upon and convert into solid mental substance.

OUR CHIEF FACULTY.

This power of abstract thought, reflection, is the most exalted of all our intellectual faculties. It is the one that in the main distinguishes man from the lower animals. Without entering just now into a discussion of the time-honored question as to whether the difference is one of kind, or one of degree only; whether animals do really reason at all or not;—it will probably be granted by almost any one that animals do not possess the power of reasoning to any great extent. In most other respects, man is surpassed by many of his inferiors in the animal world.

The ox is stronger than he ; the stag is fleeter ; the fox is more cunning ; the bull-dog has more physical courage ; the bird has a sweeter voice ; the hound has the sense of smell more acute ; the eagle has a keener eye ; and so on to the end. But there is one power, and that the highest, which man has above the brute, and which, despite his inferior physical prowess, makes him more than a match for any of them, and that is this power of thinking, reasoning, reflecting.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND MAN.

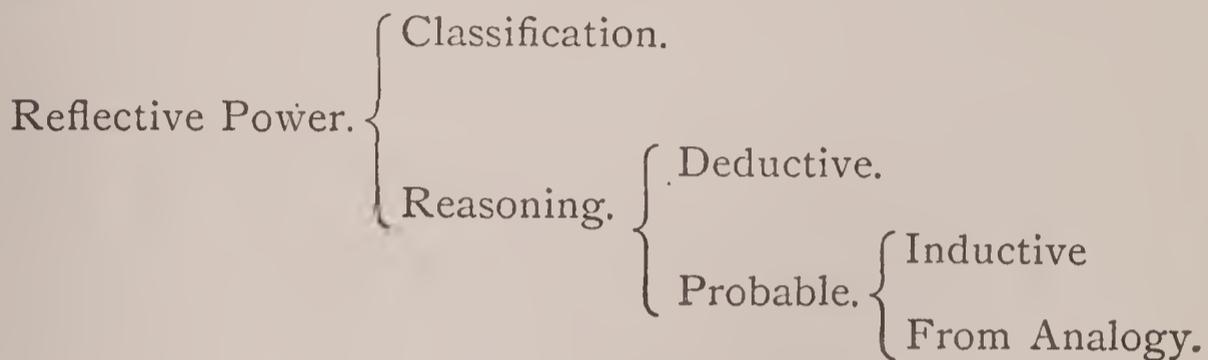
It is the relative fineness of this same faculty that raises one man above another. In what else consists the superiority of the architect over the hod-carrier ? of the general over the private soldier ? In better bone and sinew, better lungs and stronger stomach ? Not at all.

“Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ?”

Upon the meat of thought, good Cassius ; it is not in brawn, but in brain, that Cæsar is greater than you. That very ordinary body which gives you so much sport, sustains a head thronged with mighty thoughts. There is the reason why he can “bestride the narrow world, like a Colossus.”

The power of thought, or Reflection, divides itself into two branches. First, that of classifying all that the mind knows ; and second, reasoning upon the things

known. Then there are two kinds of reasoning, deductive and probable; and probable again presents itself in two forms. But this is all best shown by the usual diagram, or analysis, of the subject.



CLASSIFICATION.

If a merchant doing a large business were to put down this account on one slip of paper and that account on another, and throw all his letters, accounts, price-currents, bills, receipts and other business papers into one big box, of what value would they be to him? He would still have them all, but he could not use them. He must make out some sort of a classification of these things, and then give to each its appointed place, where he knows that he can find it whenever it is wanted. In that way only can he prevent his gatherings of various documents from becoming an obstacle and a hindrance, rather than a help, to his farther progress. So it is with the mind. If it has no place to put its rapidly gathering facts and experience, they will finally clog its way and load it down with their enormous weight. The mind must first classify its knowledge and put it away upon the proper

shelves; then it may commence its process of reasoning, and so create new materials; just as the merchant, having all his possessions properly arranged, may use them, and thereby get new wealth.

RELATION TO SCIENCE.

A hasty glance will be sufficient to show that this faculty of putting together, or classifying, is the starting point of all science. Without it there could be no general ideas; everything would be particular. We could not have much, if any, language. All such words and conceptions as horse, dog, house, tree, man, city, in short, all common nouns, would be swept out of existence. Instead of the general name and idea—man—there would only be an infinite number of individual men, who must be thought of as individuals or not at all. It would plainly be impossible for us to keep in mind the names of so many distinct objects. But, very wisely, the Creator has implanted in us a natural tendency to classify and generalize the many experiences of life. Let us try to imagine the effect which it has upon science. We will suppose a man to be set down for the first time in the world, and surrounded by members of all the tribes of animals that are known to exist upon the earth. At first it would be merely a matter of amazement to him. He could see no connection among the various beasts before him. Presently, however, he would notice that while they were not

alike, yet many of them had points of similarity. For example, a very large number, not resembling one another in much else, would be seen to have four feet. Others have wings, and can fly; others swim, and still others crawl on the ground. Then he would form the classes of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and snakes. Taking now the quadrupeds by themselves, he would soon see that there were several different kinds. Some have horns; these would after a while be further classified into cattle, sheep, goats, deer, etc. Others, having certain features peculiar to themselves, would later be called horses, zebras, donkeys, etc. And so the process of division would continue until the minute classification of modern zoology was reached.

But not only does the process of division go on; its opposite is also taking place. The first step mentioned was of this kind. After a considerable lapse of time it would be discovered that the quadrupeds and birds and monkeys and some others had at least one thing in common which was not possessed by the worms and mollusks, namely, a back-bone. Hence there would be formed one grand family comprising all which had back-bones; and so on until the unit, animal, was reached. Now, after these thousands of classes have been formed, when a new bird, or reptile, or other animal, is discovered, the zoologist examines it and finds what its characteristics are, and names it accordingly. If there should be no class already formed whose characteristics are the same as those of

the specimen in hand, a new class must be made. In this way were formed all the sciences—physical, mental, and moral. First, always, a vast collection of unarranged, poorly understood facts, then classification more and more complete, and hypothesis, and theory, and proof, and thus—science.

TESTIMONY.

The range of our individual experience is quite restricted. Only a few of the millions of things constantly transpiring about us come to our personal notice. We saw none of the events which happened in the distant past. We must then get an enormously large portion of our knowledge through other persons, that is, by testimony; and it becomes important that we should know the principles by which we may judge of the reliability of testimony. Are we to believe everything that any one tells us? Are we to shut ourselves up and credit nothing that we ourselves have not seen or cannot understand? Or is there an average somewhere between these extremes, which, using due diligence, we may find and hold fast to? It is evidently our natural tendency to place much confidence in whatever is told us. The child believes everything, no matter how marvelous, but the man is wary and cautious, even skeptical. Where now is the truth?

It is plain that there are two things to be taken into consideration in judging of the probable truthfulness of any particular statement—the narrator and the narration.

THE NARRATOR.

We are naturally much more ready to believe a statement when made us by one whose reputation for veracity is good than we should be if our informer were commonly addicted to falsehood. This effect of reputation is heightened by personal experience. If we have been told something remarkable by a person before, and it has proved to be true, we are strongly inclined to trust him a second time, and with every renewal of this experience our confidence in him gets more complete. On the other hand, a man by whom we have once been deceived will get but little credence afterward, and especially if the deception has been practiced often or in weighty matters, we shall regard with great suspicion anything he may say. It is in accordance with this well-known principle that witnesses in court have their "reputation for truth and veracity" so strictly inquired into.

If two or more persons of good character, without in any way colluding for that purpose, unite in a statement agreeing upon all the principal points, we place much more confidence in them than we should in any one of them. If the story is such that no possible benefit could accrue to the teller from its belief, we are inclined to credit it; doubly so if it is one which will rather result in pecuniary loss, disgrace, or other misfortune; conversely, if gain is evidently to be derived by the party from the story,

if it is believed, we are apt to be very cautious about accepting it as truth.

Again, we may have all possible confidence in a person's honesty, but little in his ability. In general, we will sooner believe anything upon the testimony of a shrewd, capable man, than upon that of a child or an idiot. The only exceptions to that rule are those cases in which the honesty and sincerity of the man might for some cause be open to suspicion. It is often the case that the witness is himself deceived. He may be superstitious; he may have a very vivid imagination; he may be timid; many things may conspire to make him think he sees and hears what he really does not. It may also be the case that though his honesty and ability are both above suspicion, his opportunities for knowing the thing of which he speaks may have been defective, and hence his information may not be complete and trustworthy. Before placing unconditional reliance upon any narration, we should satisfy ourselves, then, not only of the honesty and disinterestedness of our informant, but also of his ability to understand the event he tells of, and his full opportunity to know it thoroughly.

THE NARRATION.

Aside from the character of the witness, there is another element of great importance to us in making up our verdict of truth or falsity, viz., the character of the thing witnessed. We believe something upon an

amount and quality of evidence which would be totally inadequate to convince us of the truth of other things. For example, I should require but the word of one person, and that person need not be one of good character for truthfulness, to make me believe that a certain old, decrepit, sickly man that I knew, had died; because the thing is probable in itself; I have long been expecting such tidings. I should ask more reliable testimony before yielding my belief to a report that a young man, whom I saw but an hour ago, apparently in the full bloom of health and activity, had suddenly dropped dead; because such an event, though not at all impossible, is unlooked for and improbable. A very much higher — an extremely high — degree of evidence would be necessary in order to convince me that the Mississippi river had instantaneously and without any warning risen many feet and demolished the entire city of St. Louis; because it is not only quite out of the range of probabilities, but I should think impossible, that any such thing should take place. If a thing seems to us improbable, that is, if we have never seen or heard of anything like it before, we ought to be very cautious about accepting it as true. At the same time, there is a possibility of carrying our doubting too far. We should recognize the fact that not everything is known to us; that many things which seem to us absolutely incredible, would, to persons of more extended knowledge, be very simple and plain. There is a frequently quoted story about a Siamese king, who was told by a Dutchman, traveling

in Siam, that in his country water frequently got so solid that an elephant might walk on it. "I have believed," said the king, "many extraordinary things which you have told me, because I took you for a man of truth and veracity, but now I am convinced that you lie." Had the king ever heard of ice, he would not have been surprised at the traveler's assertion. We are all prone to fall into this fatal mistake of valuing too highly the little knowledge and experience which we happen to possess. When the King of Siam rejected, as an incredible falsehood, the account of the freezing of the water, if there had been at his court a philosopher who had attended to the properties of heat, he would have judged in a different manner, though the actual fact of the freezing of water might have been as new to him as it was to the king. He would have recollected that he had seen various solid bodies rendered fluid by the application of heat; and that upon the abstraction of the additional heat, they again became solid. He would thus have argued the possibility, that by a further abstraction of heat, bodies might become solid which are fluid in the ordinary warmth of climate in his own country. In this manner, the fact, which was rejected by the king, judging from his own experience, might have been received by the philosopher, judging from his knowledge of the powers and properties of heat—though he had acquired this knowledge from events apparently far removed from that to which he now applied it. This illustration shows that a phenomenon may seemingly be opposed

to everything that we have experienced, and yet be in perfect accordance with natural laws which, were our mental eyes keen enough, we could see at work beneath the facts that we know.

A peculiar credit is commonly given to statements made in books, off the platform, and in other public ways; why is this? I suppose that the reason is that a statement publicly made is more likely to meet denial, if false, than one made in private. Hence, if no denial is heard, it is concluded that there was room for none, and full confidence is given. By taking into consideration all the laws of belief above mentioned, we may be able to grade pretty correctly the amount of confidence which we are to place in any assertion, from absolute, unquestioned belief, to the most decided unbelief. The complete intellectual man will carefully guard himself from a tendency to ignorant credulity on the one hand and narrow-minded skepticism on the other; they are equally pernicious in their effects, and alike betray an uncultivated mind.

DEDUCTIVE REASONING.

Deductive reasoning is the process of deducing particular facts from general principles. Thus, it has been found, by observation, that horned animals are invariably cud-chewing animals. The cow, the sheep, the goat, the deer, all chew their cuds. Now suppose we should find an animal new to us, some kind of antelope for example. We see upon its forehead the horns which we have learned to regard as a badge of most

ruminating animals, and we at once conclude that it, too, is in the habit of chewing its cud. From the general principle that all horned animals chew their cuds, we have deduced the particular fact that this new antelope, which has horns, chews its cud.

It will perhaps be both interesting and profitable to give a few specimens of mistakes which are commonly made in deductive reasoning. Here is a fallacy of that class known as arguing in a circle. "The Bible being the word of God, must be true. The Bible declares that there is a God, therefore God must exist." That argument (one commonly used by the by), if stated in full, is something like this:

First step.	{	The Bible is the word of God.
		The word of God must be true.
		Therefore the Bible must be true.
Second step.	{	What the Bible says is true.
		The Bible declares that God exists.
		Therefore God exists.

Now the trouble with the argument is this. In the first step we assume that there is a God and that what He says must be true, and that the Bible is His word, and from these three assumptions, none of which we have any right to make, prove that the Bible is truth. In the second step we start with the conclusion reached in the first step, and prove from it that God exists. That is, we prove the Bible by God, and then turn around and prove God by the Bible.

The world within and around us swarms with evidences of the existence of God, but this is not one

of them; and it is unfortunate that some over-zealous defenders of the faith have resorted to such fallacious arguments as the above to prove what does not need more proof. The keen eye of the skeptic detects these falsities, and he proceeds in great glee to tear them down, thinking that thereby he saps the foundations of the building. Not so; he has only torn away the ugly scaffolding that had been put up by some awkward workmen, and which obscured the view of the mansion.

There is an anecdote of Charles II. and Milton, which forms an excellent illustration of the fallacy known by the logicians under the name of *non causa pro causa*, that is, a fallacy which consists in the assumption of one thing as the cause of another, when perhaps it is not. Think you not, said the king, "that the crime which you committed against my father must have been very great, seeing that Heaven has seen fit to punish it by such a severe loss as that which you have sustained?" (Milton had lost his sight as the immediate result of intense labor on his "Defense of the English People for the Beheading of Charles I.") "Nay, sire," Milton replied; "if my crime *on that account* be adjudged great, how much greater must have been the criminality of your father, seeing that I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head!" The fault in the king's argument of course lies in assuming that Milton's blindness was a punishment inflicted by Heaven for the part he had taken in abetting the execution of Charles I.

From the time of Aristotle down almost to the present time, Deductive reasoning has held the post of honor. This it has not deserved. Though very curious and very useful in many ways, in its two thousand years of life it has not done half as much for the advancement of mankind as its young rival, Inductive reasoning, has within the last two hundred. Its principal use now is as a supplement and corrective of the inductive method. It has sometimes been claimed that deduction never originated anything, and is therefore useless. I cannot go quite so far as that, however. If it has not absolutely created new ideas, it is constantly bringing out into relief those which, though contained in others, were invisible. Besides, it acts as a powerful corrective of induction and analogy in the wild flights which they sometimes take. I will close this subject with the following fine eulogy and illustration from Dr. Brown. "The truths at which we arrive by repeated intellectual analysis, may be said to resemble the premature plant which is to be found inclosed in that which is itself inclosed in the bulb, or seed, which we dissect. We must carry on our dissection more and more minutely to arrive at each new germ; but we do arrive at one after the other, and when our dissection is obliged to stop, we have reason to suppose that still finer instruments, and still finer eyes, might prosecute the discovery almost to infinity. It is the same in the discovery of the truths of reasoning. The stage at which one inquirer stops is not the limit of analysis in reference to the object, but the limit of the analytic

power of the individual. Inquirer after inquirer discovers truths which were involved in truths formerly admitted by us, without our being able to perceive what was comprised in our admission. There may be races of beings, at least we can conceive of a race of beings, whose senses would enable them to perceive the ultimate embryo plant inclosed in its innumerable series of preceding germs; and there may, perhaps, be created powers of some higher order, as we know that there is one Eternal Power, able to feel, in a single comprehensive thought, all those truths, of which the generations of mankind are able, by successive steps, to discover only a few that are, perhaps, to the great truths which they contain, only as the flower, which is blossoming before us, is to that infinity of future blossoms enveloped in it, with which, in ever renovated beauty, it is to adorn the summers of other ages."

Besides deductive, there is, under the head of probable reasoning, both inductive reasoning and reasoning from analogy.

INDUCTIVE REASONING.

The word inductive means bringing in, while deductive means leading out. We have seen how deduction gets a single fact out of a general rule; we will now find how induction brings single facts into a general rule. Inductive reasoning is the name which the logicians give to all reasoning from experience, from the particular to the general, from fact to principle. Thus, to vary an example used a page or two back: We know

that the cow chews its cud; the deer does the same; and the sheep, the goat, the antelope, the buffalo, in all their varieties. Reasoning from these particular facts which are known from experience, we conclude that it is a general rule that all animals which have horns on their foreheads are cud-chewing animals. The corner stone of this vast system of inductive reasoning is the belief which we all have, that Nature is uniform in all her workings—that the same cause will under the same circumstances, invariably produce the same results. We all believe that, and cannot avoid believing it. Whether this confidence in Nature's sameness is intuitive, planted in our breasts at birth, or only acquired by experience, has already been discussed (See Intuition, page 73). Applying this, we put together all the facts we know of a certain kind and draw therefrom a principle, or, if you please, a general fact. For instance, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Smith, and Mr. Brown, and Mr. Thompson, all of whom I knew, have died. So have Cæsar, and Napoleon, and Richard, and Alexander, and hundreds of others of whom I have heard. I never heard of anybody who lived more than nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and of but very few who lived more than one hundred years. Hence, I conclude: 1. That all men are sure to die at some time or other; and 2. That they will probably die before reaching the age of one hundred years. All the experimental sciences—and pretty much all science is, or ought to be, at least, experimental—are principally based upon this kind of reasoning.

We justly place much reliance upon conclusions reached in this way; and yet they are very liable to be fallacious. We are likely to reason with an insufficient foundation of facts and experience, and thus arrive at false results. The incident of the Siamese King and the traveler, mentioned above, is a case in point.

Suppose that there was a man who had traveled all over Europe and North America, but knew nothing of the countries south of the Equator. Somebody tells him that there is a land where at noon you must look in the north to see the sun. He would probably say, "I have seen a great many countries; in them the sun was always in the south at noon. Nature is uniform, therefore there is no country which has the sun in the north at noon." The argument is wrong, simply because the man's experience was not broad enough to justify his assumptions.

Mr. Haven puts the case of a native of Central Africa who had never seen or heard of any other than black men. He might reason in some such way as this: I have seen many hundreds of men; they were all black; nature is uniform, therefore all men are black. This conclusion is, of course, untrue, yet the reasoning is sound, so far as the African's knowledge extends. That is the danger we are all in—of thinking that we have enough of knowledge upon which to build a course of reasoning, when in reality we have not.

But due caution being exercised, there is no other system of thought which has done so much good in

the past, or is calculated to do so much good in the future, as this of induction. Before it came into general use among learned men, science was a myth. Scholars were engaged in searching after the philosopher's stone to convert the baser metals into gold, or in predicting the fates of men by means of the planets, or, at best, they occupied themselves with fruitless quibbles over insignificant points of philosophy. They were arguing as to whether matter really existed at all, when they might much better have taken its existence for granted, and tried to find out its properties, in order that they might subject it to the uses of civilized man. But during the last two centuries, under the benign influence of inductive reasoning, Europe and America have become one vast laboratory, wherein the Watts, Cartwrights, Fultons, Whitneys, Morses, Howes and Edisons have labored, experimenting, thinking, and finally sending forth inventions which have revolutionized the commercial and domestic life of the world. Our houses are more convenient; our streets are better lighted; our mails come sooner; five hundred miles now are less than fifty miles a few years ago; our grain is cut and threshed, and our clothes made, by machinery. For all these blessings, and hundreds more, we have to thank experiment and inductive reasoning.

REASONING FROM ANALOGY.

Analogy is a word which has several meanings, one of the most common of which is simple likeness or sim-

ilarity. Reasoning from analogy is reasoning from similarity, or resemblance. It is somewhat like the process of induction, but is, in general, less accurate and certain. It forms, however, a very valuable adjunct in the investigation of any subject. It is often the starting-point of those "lucky guesses" which have played so important a part in the scientific world.

Here is an example of reasoning by analogy as applied to the science of astronomy. The planet Mars is of much the same shape as the planet Earth. Its seasons are of about the same proportionate length as those of Earth. It apparently has land and water, and an atmosphere. In all these respects it is like Earth; probably it may be like her in the further particular of being inhabited by beings like us.

If analogical reasoning is often the source of great good, it is also often the origin of great evil. Suppose that there is in a prison a convict having black hair, dark eyes, a Roman nose, long fingers, and thin body. Another person possessing the same general features is seen, and we say this man is like the convict, in that he had black hair, black eyes, Roman nose and thin body; probably he is like the convict also in that he will steal. This line of argument appears somewhat ridiculous when written out in full; and yet, it is precisely the process to which we subject every new acquaintance. We often determine the reception of a stranger upon grounds quite as inadequate as the above. We should exercise great caution in the use of these species of argument.

Analogical reasoning is generally only probable, but it may become almost certain. The rule of probability may be roughly stated thus: The more points of known resemblance there are, the greater will be the probability that there is resemblance in some other respect. If the two objects are known to be alike in eight particulars and unlike in one, the chances are eight to one that they will be found to resemble each other in some other point. On the other hand, if there is but one point of resemblance to five points of non-resemblance, the chances are five to one against similarity in any given point as yet undecided.

CULTIVATION OF REFLECTION.

Since the thinking power is one of such wonderful, untold and unmeasured importance, a person would suppose that all men would be anxious to cultivate and improve it in themselves; and yet, to use the words of Carlyle, "not one in the thousand has the smallest turn for thinking; only for passive dreaming and hear-saying, and active babbling by rote. Of the eyes that men do glare withal, so few can *see*."

While there are, of course, differences in the natural abilities of persons in this respect as in all others, it is believed that but very few people are put into this world without a capability for thought which, if properly trained, would make them powerful men and women. A skillful gardener can make an abundant

livelihood off two or three acres of ground—a better living than many a shiftless farmer gets from a hundred acres. “A little farm well tilled” is far preferable to a large one poorly tilled. A mind of little natural strength, if cultivated and pushed to the utmost limits of its capacity, is a greater power in the world than a mind of much natural force which is allowed to run wild without training or direction. The principal defect in the early steam engines was not that enough steam could not be generated, but that about three fourths of what was generated was wasted. A very small modern engine, utilizing all its steam, would evidently do more work than one of the old ones which was much larger, but could not apply more than one fourth of its steam to the driving of machinery. Let no one be discouraged, then, because Mother Nature seems to have been somewhat niggardly in dealing with him; let him rather try to overcome all difficulties, and he will come out the stronger for the effort. Such difficulties can be overcome, provided only that energy be not lacking. I once knew a young man who, when a child, had fallen into a boiling caldron of some substance which destroyed both hands, taking them off just above the fingers, and had removed one foot at the instep; yet he was a fine writer. He was a teacher of penmanship, and an excellent croquet and ball player, holding the pen, mallet, or bat, and catching the ball with his wrists more skillfully than most persons can do with their hands. The same persistent effort that overcame these

obstacles would have been sufficient to counterbalance great natural disadvantages.

HOW TO IMPROVE THE POWER OF THOUGHT.

Use your faculties of observation. Keep your eyes and ears open. Pay close attention to whatever comes before you. If you are on a journey, see everything; and not only see it, but see it accurately. If you are reading a book, do not merely run over the pages in a mechanical way, but read carefully, dwelling on every sentence until you are sure you know all that it contains, and understand it, for, as a great thinker has said, "one does not possess what he does not understand." Associate as much as you well can with those who are wiser than yourself, and gather all the information you can from their conversation. Thus you may get knowledge, a large store of facts upon which to build your reasoning; and thus you may also get something else of even greater value than the knowledge,—right intellectual habits.

Trace the relationships existing among the facts you have learned. Here is something: it must have had a cause. Find out what that cause was and in what way it must have operated to produce the effect before you. Follow out the resemblances and differences between this fact and others. All this is an exercise of reason, and this power, like all others, is strengthened by exercise.

Accustom yourself to examine into statements and arguments made in your hearing. It is not meant that

you shall go so far as to believe nothing without first investigating for yourself, but make a practice of scanning things closely, and following lines of argument critically, not only the arguments of others, but your own as well. When a doctrine or a plan is suggested, try to follow it out to the end and picture to yourself what would be the result of it if put into practice.

The examples following will show to what extent the thinking power can be trained, even when a person has not the advantages of books and learned companions.

Owing partly to his organization, doubtless, as well as to his mode of living, from his childhood up, the senses of the Indian are extremely acute. It is related, in modern times, that a hunter, belonging to one of the western tribes, on his return home to his hut, one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. After taking observations on the spot, he set off in pursuit of the thief, whom he tracked through the woods. Having gone a little distance, he met some persons of whom he inquired whether they had seen a little old white man with a short gun, accompanied by a small dog with a short tail. They replied in the affirmative; and upon the Indian assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had never seen. The Indian replied thus: "The thief I know is a little man, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison

from the height I hung it standing on the ground; that he is an old man, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; that he is a white man, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be short, by the mark the muzzle made in rubbing the bark of the tree where it leaned; that his dog is small, I know by his tracks; and that he has a short tail, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust, where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat." Another story of the same sort, which illustrates the wonderful acuteness which a man's powers of observation and reasoning may attain, is the following: "A dervis was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him. 'You have lost a camel,' said he to the merchants. 'Indeed, we have,' they replied. 'Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?' said the dervis. 'He was,' replied the merchants. 'Had he lost a front tooth?' said the dervis. 'He had,' rejoined the merchants. 'And was he not loaded with honey on one side, and wheat on the other?' 'Most certainly he was,' they replied; 'and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can, in all probability, conduct us to him.' 'My friends,' said the dervis; 'I have never seen your camel, nor even heard of him, but from yourselves.' 'A pretty story, truly!' said the merchants; 'but where are the jewels which formed a part of his cargo?' 'I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels,' repeated the dervis. On

this, they seized his person and forthwith hurried him before the Cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever be adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft. They were then about to proceed against him as a wizard, when the dervis, with great calmness, thus addressed the court; 'I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no marks of any human footsteps on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg, from the faint impression that particular foot had produced upon the sand. I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured, in the center of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies, that it was honey on the other.'"

It is known to almost every one that Sir Isaac Newton was led to the discovery of the great laws of gravitation, which holds things to the earth and keeps earth, moon, stars, and all other parts of the universe, in their proper places, by the very simple occurrence of an apple falling to the ground. Thou-

sands of people had seen that before, but had not regarded it as a thing worth noticing. Newton thought about it, and the result the world knows.

The following account of the invention of the powerloom is from Knight's History of England: "Edmund Cartwright, a clergyman, bred at University College, Oxford, a poet and critic, was at Matlock in 1784, when, in a mixed company in which were some persons from Manchester, the talk was about cotton—how the want of hands to weave would operate against the spinning mills. Cartwright knew nothing of machines or manufacture; he had never even seen a weaver at work, but he said that if it came to a want of hands, Arkwright* must invent a weaving mill. The Manchester man maintained that such a notion was impracticable. Cartwright went home, and, turning his thoughts from weaving reading matter for the magazine, the 'Monthly Review,' labored assiduously to produce a loom that would weave cloth, without hands to throw the shuttle. His children remember him as walking about as if in deep meditation, occasionally throwing his arms from side to side, and they were told that their father was thinking of the action of the shuttle. Such has been the progress of an idea casually impressed upon the active mind of a scholar who was previously conscious of no aptitude for mechanical pursuits." The invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney was made under

*Arkwright was a barber by trade, who had lately made some great improvements in spinning.

similar circumstances. James Watts, whose improvements in the engine completely revolutionized the use of steam as a motive power, "solved the problem upon which he had been long intent" during a solitary walk.

SOME NOTABLE INVENTORS.

Elias Howe, inventor of the sewing machine, was one of a family of eight children, and was put to work by his father at a very early age. For a number of years he worked as a mechanic in various establishments, until finally, when he was not yet twenty-five, his health broke down, and he was compelled to abandon work. By this time he was married and had a family of three children dependent upon his exertions for bread. About this period the need began to be felt of a machine that would make quicker and easier the slow, wearisome process of sewing. Howe began to reflect upon the problem, and in July, 1845, he had so far perfected the machine that he was able to make two suits of clothes with it. He was at that time twenty-six years old. The sequel to this story is a sad one. Being unable to persuade any one in America to adopt the machine, he finally went to England on an engagement at fifteen dollars per week. The exactions of his employer being too severe, Howe sent his family back to his father in America, while he remained in England to seek work. Not finding it, he pawned his machine and letters patent for money to pay his fare across the ocean, and started home. On landing, he learned that

his wife was dying of consumption, and as he could not walk so far—from New York to Cambridge, Massachusetts—he was compelled to wait for a remittance of money from home, where he arrived just in time to witness her death. Meanwhile, other men had been making sewing machines slightly different from his, and he had thus become famous. Help was procured, and he instituted suits for infringement of patent, which were successful, and a brighter day dawned. He died wealthy, after a life of very great hardship, aged forty-eight.

George Stephenson, inventor of the locomotive engine, was born in England in 1787. His parents were in the poorest circumstances, his father being a fireman with wages amounting to three dollars per week, and having a wife and six children to support. George was put to work as soon as he could do anything, making first five cents a day, then fifty cents a week, and at the age of sixteen getting three dollars a week, the same as his father. At the age of eighteen, he commenced to attend night school, and made good progress. Meanwhile, he spent all his spare time during the day in studying the engine with which he worked, taking it to pieces and learning all he could about its parts. As a result of his study, he was rapidly promoted from one position to another, and won the complete confidence of his employer, Lord Ravensworth. He further exercised his skill in mechanics by repairing the clocks of the neighborhood. I have called Stephenson the inventor of the locomo-

tive: he was not really the inventor, for it was already in existence, but he was the first to make it of practical utility. Having told his employer that he thought he could make a locomotive which could be profitably used instead of horses, he was furnished with money and set to work on the problem. In a short time—1814, he commenced in 1813—he completed an engine which would draw eight loaded carriages of thirty tons each, at the rate of four miles an hour. In 1825 the first public railway was opened and Stephenson drove an engine on it that drew ninety tons at a little more than eight miles an hour. In 1830 he had made an engine called the “Rocket,” which ran thirty miles an hour. If my memory serves me well, this “Rocket” was one of the leading curiosities of the great railway exposition held in Chicago in the summer of 1883. He now established at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a large factory for the construction of engines. He died in 1848, leaving a large fortune, the result of a strong combination of industry and intelligence. His son, Robert, also won great renown as an engineer, having built a number of railroads and celebrated bridges.

A name which is almost as familiar as Washington's is that of Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor—the greatest, probably, that ever lived. But as he is still young, and has only become famous within the past few years, comparatively little information concerning his life is accessible to the general public. He was born in 1847, in the state of New York, and removed with his parents to Michigan when but a small boy. When

he was about eight or nine years of age he commenced his career as newsboy, and at the age of twelve he obtained exclusive right to sell newspapers on a certain division of the Grand Trunk railway. While thus engaged, he procured the necessary outfit of press, type, etc., and establishing an office in the corner of the car, published "The Grand Trunk Herald," a venture which was quite successful. Tiring of this, he exchanged his printing materials for a chemical apparatus, performing experiments at leisure moments on the train. But an accident occurring by which the car caught fire, he was compelled to desist from his scientific pursuits. When the war began, 1861, he displayed his enterprise by telegraphing the news ahead, and having it placed on bulletin boards, thus arousing the curiosity of the people and making larger sales of his papers. His next step was to become a telegraph operator, and he was soon acknowledged to be one of the most expert men in the service. He was rapidly promoted, going from Port Huron, Michigan, to Indianapolis, and thence to Cincinnati, Louisville, Memphis, and Boston, successively. During the years that he spent as operator, he was constantly experimenting and thinking out new devices for the use of telegraphers. In 1869, being then only twenty-two years old, he went to New York, taking a number of inventions with him. Since that time he has given his attention entirely to the discovery of appliances for the convenience of mankind. Up to 1878, nearly one hundred and fifty patents had been issued to him for improvements in

telegraphic instruments. In addition he has invented the telephone, electric light, phonograph, electric pen, etc. He is also working at an electric locomotive, and it seems probable that at no very distant day, we shall be able to seat ourselves in one of Pullman's elegant palace cars, and be whirled off through the country at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour, without smoke, cinders, dust, or jar, and with comparatively little danger, a very paradise of travel. Edison lives in a beautiful home at Menlo Park, New Jersey (forty minutes' ride from New York city), where he has a large laboratory, fully furnished for experiment. Here he spends his time in study, working often until very late in the night. He is now only thirty-six years of age, and with his wonderful energy and genius, his great knowledge of electrical phenomena, and his almost unbounded facilities for work, we may reasonably hope that he will accomplish in the future yet more than he has already achieved.

Other celebrated inventors are Goodyear, of vulcanized indian-rubber fame; McCormick, of the grain-reapers; Morse, of the telegraph; Fulton, of the steamboat; Arkwright, of the spinning-jenny; Davy, of the safety-lamp; Gutenberg, of the art of printing, and so many others that it would be useless to name any more. Among the great philosophical thinkers have been Aristotle and Plato, of Greece; Descartes, Cousin, Comte, Pascal and Condillac, of France; Kant, Hegel, Fichte, Leibnitz and Schelling, of Germany; Bacon, Locke, Hamilton, Hobbes, Stew-

art, Spencer, Mill and Berkeley, of Great Britain. Among the more recent scientists are Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Agassiz, Humboldt and Haeckel; all of them mighty in the realm of reason.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the chief use of a cultivated reflective power is to make people great or noted in the line of science or learning. One of the finest examples of the clear, decisive and masterly force of a close thinking mind is seen in the life of Florence Nightingale. Her fame rests mainly on her heroic labors as a nurse when the British army was in the direst need of such service, and while it shows the supremacy of sympathy, the part played by her mental ability is certainly none the less evident, for it was the latter that made her success possible. Born in 1823, the daughter of William Shore Nightingale, of Embly Park, Hampshire, and Leigh Hurst, Derbyshire, England, her early life was spent as is common to one in her position. While yet a child her whole being seemed moved by a very warm interest in the welfare of others; and the poor, the sick, the distressed, if found in her father's neighborhood, were sure of aid and kindness from the hands of the young English maiden. All the lessons, tasks and studies of her early life were interspersed with these kindly undertakings and acts of sympathy. She was a close, careful, thinking student, and became highly educated and brilliantly accomplished.

When the army in the Crimean war was almost overwhelmed with disaster and sickness, and the call



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

came to England for especial help to care for the sick and wounded soldiers, Miss Nightingale offered to go and organize a nursing department. She left her comfortable home to brave the dangers and hardships that were terrifying to the stoutest hearts, and with a company of chosen assistants was soon brought to the scenes of suffering and death. Here the training of her thinking powers showed itself. Her ready mind was able to grasp the entire situation of things; the needs, the dangers, the resources. Her sharp systematic thought mastered each emergency; and, though finally prostrated with fever, the result of her extreme exertions, she refused to leave her post. Hundreds of soldiers lived to bless her labors.

After her return to England she put her wide and valuable experience into well-written books upon the various branches of the art of nursing the sick. She made lengthy, careful and thorough examinations of military reports upon the health of soldiers, and all her writings were received with high credit. Of one of her productions an excellent English authority says: "The facts are brought together in an order, and with an incisive force of statement, which render it one of the most remarkable public papers ever penned." There are few brighter names in all history than that of Florence Nightingale.

THE USE OF THINKING.

The importance of a trained ability to think has already appeared, but it can scarcely be dwelt upon

too much. We are constantly pressed to pass judgment upon questions of importance. Political leaders present, with overpowering earnestness, their views and the claims of their parties for our belief and our following. Are they truthful, wise and just? Our moral teachers, our lecturers, our writers of papers and books, are showering doctrines upon us in every conceivable shape. Do these teachings harmonize with all the known facts interested? Does any one of them fail to be true to itself all the way through? Does any one of them embody doubtful things and call them truths, or from plain facts do they come by fair reasoning to truthful and just conclusions? Do we ourselves know enough, and are our minds well enough trained, to judge of any or all of these things and pass a safe opinion upon them?

And in the daily business of mankind, if it were asked what is the most proper mental occupation of man, as a man, what would be the answer? The statesman is engaged with political affairs; the artisan with his own tasks; the inventor with his problems; the student with his books; the merchant with trading concerns; but in what are they all engaged? What is it that each and every one must do? Evidently, he must reason, he must *think*; and he who thinks most, thinks clearest, is best able to act wisely and forcibly.

And last, and most important, is the moral or spiritual effect of proper habits of thinking. We have seen that the mind, through the Presentative powers, Intuition, and the five senses, is constantly seeing and

knowing things. The Representative powers, memory and imagination, are always keeping these things before us, and this constitutes a constant stream of thought. Shall the current of this stream be unguarded? Shall it flow where it may chance, over the nearest declivity, through low muddy fields it may be, and stony places? If so, we should remember that, in the world around us we must deal with the gross things of common sight, touch, taste, the senses, and they will shape our thoughts by chance, and at first hand; we shall seldom catch intuitive glimpses of the unseen, our spiritual natures will be dwarfed and slighted, and our whole lives will tend toward a state but little above that of animals; we shall become coarse, selfish, low. How vastly much better to turn this stream of our thoughts into an even channel, thus purifying its current, lending branches to wise uses, confining its volume to secure weight and force when most needed, and leading it through flowery valleys and fair regions.

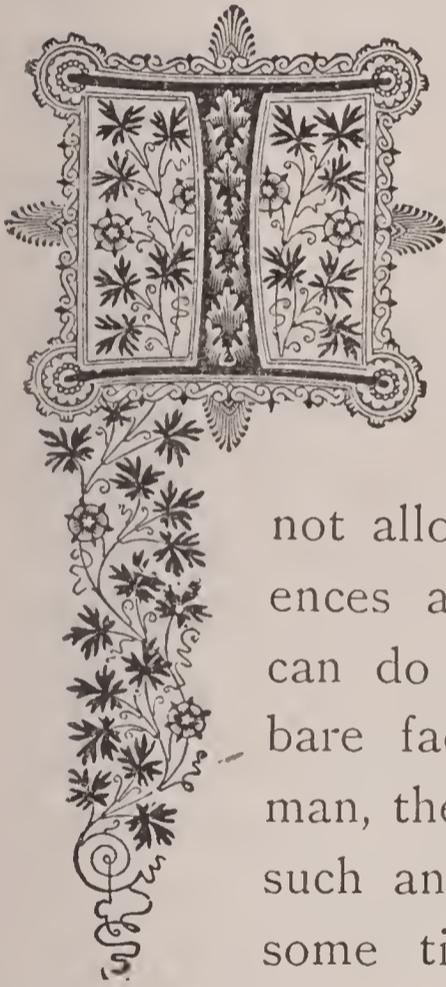
Thus may we be able to choose our thoughts, to mould, in a measure, the circumstances around us instead of allowing circumstances to mould us; and herein lies our ability to grow spiritually, to build good moral character and habits. "I believe," says an English author, "that the habit of thinking is the great demand of the age, and that in this direction must our present civilization take its next upward step." At present, what use is generally made of the forces needed in youth for building up the man? When,

as the years of maturity approach, and Nature, like a good gardener, prunes off some limbs of the tree of being that the budding energies may go to the fruit-bearing branches, what does man do? He promptly cuts off these branches too, and engrafts thereon pursuits of wealth, or fame, or fashion, or a sensuous phantom which fools call pleasure. He seems to think of his higher faculties as the miser thinks of his money; if he can only possess them, that is sufficient, and as to any further use or improvement of them, to-morrow will always be time enough. But simple possession is not enough. No good thing that we have is in any way really noble, or grand, or good, except by virtue of a noble, grand, or good use. As the world now goes, how many people are there whose mental ability is not just as great at thirty or thirty-five years of age as at any time thereafter? The influences that should feed the mind are turned elsewhere, or dried up altogether, yet the very man who desires no higher aim than mere money-making could make more speed by hastening slowly enough to carefully improve his own reasoning powers. In not doing so he is about as wise as the man who, having much traveling to do, prefers to run on his way afoot rather than train his idle horse to the saddle. A separate chapter will be devoted at this point to an examination of natural methods of reflection, or in other words, "*How to think.*"



NATURAL METHODS OF REFLECTION.

HOW TO THINK.



HAVE often noticed," says one writer, "the process in my own mind, when, in starting out upon a journey, I have set myself to watch only what I might see, or what might happen upon the way; not allowing myself to recall past experiences at all. For some time at first I can do nothing more than take notice of bare facts; as, there is a house, there a man, there a tree, such a speech is uttered, such an incident happens, etc. But after some time a larger machinery begins to work; I feel more than a simple perception of objects and incidents; they become surrounded with an atmosphere, and shed forth a light. They come in company with trains of images, moral likenesses, and a widely diffused, lively, and not easily defined kind of sentiment. Generally, if one can compel the mind to the

task of the first part of the process, interesting results will soon follow." And the writer adds: "A few hours passed in this occupation, which presents the world like a new vision all around, makes one ashamed of so many hundred days spent without observation or fruitful thought."

It is apparent that, first of all, the mind must have things to think about. In the earliest hours of life the child begins to use its five senses: it sees, hears, touches, smells, tastes. With a never-satisfied curiosity it gathers up a wide knowledge of every day experiences. Little by little the young mind learns to put the facts of yesterday with the facts of to-day, of last month with the facts of last week, and form opinions of its own from the combinations. This is thought. In the child the direction these thoughts take from hour to hour, from day to day, is decided by chance, or the child's instructor. In the man or woman it must be a matter of personal choice, or be left to idle circumstances. But in the mind, well trained and well governed, it is the real and truthful relations of things, and not their accidental connections, that bring them forward and decide whether they shall remain as objects of thought or be speedily dismissed from the mind's attention.

In the free thinking of children there is little or no task-work, and the natural forces of the body expend themselves in building up the body and gathering a wide range of facts. The world is new to the young, and they drink in every new scene with fresh pleasure.

But as maturity comes on, we lose some of our interest in the search for a round of new scenes, the body is perfected, and the life forces should now go to the serious business of mind-building. As the child had first to crawl and then be led along the beaten paths before it could boldly go forth alone, we will not despise the simpler methods of gaining this ability to think, to reason.

FIRST METHOD.—At first we must walk in the paths already beaten; our minds being led on by the minds of others, and we thinking the thoughts of others. A man might be aided here by a skillful teacher, but I have yet to see a skillful teacher in this prime art. The best plan, of which all may avail themselves, is that of proper reading; not reading as it is usually done, but as shall now be described. For this purpose something should be chosen that discusses a question, giving reasons one way and another, and at last making some decision upon the question argued. Very few historical works, biographies, or novels, are written in a style to be of much use in this. School text-books on the sciences, especially natural philosophy or mathematics, would be much better; and the printed arguments of lawyers upon any simple or well known case in the courts might also prove good. In short, any reading that is frequently suggesting whys and wherefores is the kind needed, provided only, that at least half of it is readily understood at the first reading. Good newspapers are seldom without an article or two in each issue, of this nature, and the sections in

this book on first questions in the Intellect, on the Will, on the origin of duty, and many other passages are suitable for this use. Now, when ready to read, a large share of the whole secret, the concentrated advice of many pages, the wisdom of all experience in this matter, may be told in two short words: *read slowly*. Read slowly, pausing at the end of every sentence and going back and thinking it over. Do not leave it till you fully understand it, know why it was said, and, if possible, think of some different way of saying the same thing. Put your mind into full harmony with the author, try to feel as he felt, and think as he thought. You must forget the things around you, and if necessary to do this, find some secluded spot free from distracting sounds and intrusions.

SECOND METHOD.—A good device for holding the attention when inclined to stray off to other thoughts, is to measure each sentence with the breathing; delay each breath to complete one sentence, or if the sentence be a long one, give one breath to each member of it. If you read the sentence more than once, measure it each time the same. At the end, recollect yourself for the next. There is no reader who has not felt a sort of laziness or lack of attention beginning to creep over him after reading a short distance—sooner or later—in any sermon, or treatise, or history, or anything in fact, that requires more attention than a pun in a comic almanac, or a mere notice in a newspaper.

This is so because our attention or force of mind is let out and diffused all at once, and consequently is

soon exhausted ; whereas it should be taken by turns, by pieces, by stroke and recoil. The ancient Egyptians chose the serpent as the symbol of mental action because every forward movement of the serpent consisted as well in framing itself for another forward movement. A better example is that of the main-spring of a watch, whose force is cut off and expended in regular portions by the balance-wheel. In the mind, the main-spring is the Will-power which has sent us to our studies ; and we need a balance-wheel to save that force from being too soon expended. Measuring sentences with the breath can very often have this desired effect. A person breathless from haste, or eagerness, or shivering with the cold, cannot attend closely to any question till quieted ; for when we are deep in thought the breathing is always naturally slow and regular. And such is the wonderful inter-sympathy of all parts of our nature, that by throwing our bodies into the condition of a thinking person we closely court a flow of thought. Another example of this fact is seen in the drill that elocutionists sometimes give their pupils. A musical scale is written out, with notes so arranged as to imitate a person's voice in hearty laughter. The syllables, ha, ha, ha, are placed with the notes, and the class is asked to sing them. It seems simple, almost silly, at first, but as the sounds come on in the most natural and life-like succession, a feeling precisely like that which, when we really see something laughable, takes possession of the pupil's mind. Thus the action continued, begets the same feeling which, if the feeling

came first, would have produced that action. This method of leading the untrained mind into fruitful thought is therefore a natural and a most excellent one when persevered in as it should be. Lord Brougham says: "By dispatching every sentence in its own breath, I kept the force of my attention always in reserve, saving it by thus giving it out ratably and at intervals instead of allowing it to run out loosely and at random, thus to lose itself in expansion. As I went on thus, my perceptions became clearer, my mastery of the subject more powerful, and my interest in it more and more animated."

THIRD METHOD.—After you have read some distance, and have begun to see the general direction toward which the writer seems to be aiming, it is an excellent practice, if the nature of the subject will allow, to stop and guess what he will have to say further, and to what end he will bring his piece. After having fully concluded how you would finish it were you the author, complete the reading and see how far you differed from him. This is not an easy task, however, and is one well worthy of thinkers already skillful. It is well adapted to all classes of mechanical laborers whose employments will allow them to think of things other than those with which their hands are busy. By far the larger portion of the human race have the necessities of labor so constantly upon them that they can have but little time for careful reading. But there are many moments during each day when the mind can readily and most

happily turn to some subject of previous thought, some question not yet decided. Having perused a little, if only a few sentences, let the reader, during the hours that elapse before further reading is possible, confine himself to turning over and over again in his mind the things read, thinking of every meaning they might have, and guessing upon what will come next.

FOURTH METHOD.—It is the habit of the good student to read a few sentences, and if the whole meaning is not entirely clear, to stop, turn away from the printed page and think it out. His eyes wear a vacant look, while his mind is busy with the meaning of the doubtful passage. This habit of thought is one of the most common and useful, and is developed in the pupils of good schools by such studies as mental arithmetic and grammar analysis. These studies, in the hand of a skillful teacher, always become popular with the scholars, because correct, truthful, consistent mental exercise is a genuine pleasure; we naturally enjoy it as much as the child loves to chase over the play-ground till his cheeks tingle with blood, or the industrious farmer enjoys his vigorous bodily labors. This habit of reading only a sentence or two, or but very short passages, and then thinking them over, first imagining yourself in the place of the author and thinking up to the passage and through it with him: and second, turning the passage over in the mind after it is understood, and thinking all around it, form two of the most needful of all the early steps in the art of

reasoning. Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, began with a book propped open where he could read a sentence or two as he blew his bellows, and the other branches of his work compelled him to give time for thought upon what he read. No doubt Burritt often bewailed the poverty which seemed to so greatly delay his progress in learning; but had he been a man of wealth or leisure, with the same desire for knowledge, he would have been in danger of doing as many others unwittingly do: to read several chapters at the start, skipping over paragraphs not well understood, expecting the next page to make all plain. Thus he would shortly have lost all track of what the writer wished to say, and would also have fully tired himself out before he quit, feeling proud of staying so long at his book. A few days or weeks of such practice would surely have disgusted the ambitious student, and he would have turned his mind to something else with but very few new ideas, and no consistent habits of thinking whatever. In this particular, his poverty may have been a blessing in disguise. Abraham Lincoln, when a young man, accepted the position of post-master in his rural village, because it gave him the opportunity to read the newspapers often remaining for a little time in his care. The mail, whose coming and going was so far between, was so small in quantity that Mr. Lincoln "kept the office in his hat," and yet it was here that he formed his first taste for politics, and laid the foundation for his wise knowl-

edge of public affairs. It was again the little reading and much thinking, shaped into a habit, that led on to great results. Such examples are as numerous as the names of successful men.

FIFTH METHOD.—After some skill in thoughtful reading has been acquired, it is a beneficial drill to try reading or thinking amid noise and confusion. The attempt will be most successful if the scenes and noises are familiar, but when you can sit down amid crowds of people in strange places and give yourself wholly to the solution of some problem, you will have an excellent and a most practical acquirement. This device improves the thinking faculty chiefly through an increased power of attention, and should be used as a drill only.

SIXTH METHOD.—A task requiring a still higher degree of thinking power is that of analyzing each page as you read it. Occasionally a book is found in which this is already done by the use of bold-faced type, or some such printer's device, calling the reader's attention to prominent points. But take one not so arranged, and at the close of each page note the leading ideas of that page on a slip of paper. Add the number of the page, draw a line, and proceed to the next page. For these notes you should understand what the writer is aiming to prove, and pick out only the salient points, the finished arguments by which the author is to arrive at his conclusions; and your best drill will be in stating these points in a few words, clearly, so another reader could easily understand them.

In a historical or descriptive work, the jottings will consist of the important things, persons, or events mentioned. When the book or chapter is done, your notes should constitute a good running table of contents.

SEVENTH METHOD.—Aside from the direct use of reading as a means of developing the reasoning powers, one of the best of easy methods is to take some simple subject, analyze and diagram it, placing the various parts in proper relation to each other. An efficient and simple scheme for the diagram is the brace system used in this book, which is simplified and explained on page 25, where a fair example of what a beginner might do, is given. In that analysis it will be seen that the tree is examined with reference to the parts which go to form it. The direction of inquiry in these analyses should be varied; as, for instance, the tree might be examined with reference to the various uses of trees. In that case, in place of the words, body, roots, branches, something like the following would have appeared: First, wood for timbers and fuel; second, fruits for food; third, shelter for men, beasts and birds; fourth, effect upon rain-fall and climate. This is a practical way for the farmer, the mechanic, the working man in any business or profession, to examine the questions that present themselves to be studied and acted upon in the line of his regular labors.

EIGHTH METHOD.—To choose some subject and think over, or better, write down, all you know about it in a simple, clear style and in some regular order, has an excellent effect. Care should be taken not to

confuse this work with that of language-study, for which this device is often used. Spend no time upon a careful choosing of words, but give the entire mind to calling up all your knowledge of the subject, sorting it over, and arranging it upon a consistent plan. Analyzing the subject by diagram, as just explained, is a first step to this work. Both this and the last method tend to the full development of that branch of the Reflective power called classification, as may be seen by a re-reading of that section.

NINTH METHOD.—An exercise involving all branches of the Reflective power, and indeed, the entire Intellect, is one in which you take some statement and then go about proving the statement true or false. The Presentative power is busily employed in gathering facts liable to be connected with the task. Representation stands ready with these and all other information already stored in the mind and the laws of association present everything seeming to bear upon the question. The Reflective power first classifies, then tries, by either or all three of the methods, deduction, induction and analogy, to prove the statement.

Steadiness of attention must be again urged upon you ; it has been said that not one person in a hundred, even among the intelligent, can take up a train of thought and carry it on connectedly and in regular order to a rational conclusion, so little are people trained in this direction. One of our great thinkers says : “ I meditated when I was young, with a healthy body, with a quick sensibility to facts, and with undis-

closed and undeveloped intellectual powers. I meditated—or thought I did; and when I woke I was watching the creeping of a fly on the wall. I meditated—or tried to—about heaven, and about the wondrous truths which belonged to a future state; and when I came to myself I was watching the birds out of the window. I meditated; but meditation with me consisted mostly in checking myself and bringing myself back to the thing in hand.” Yet he persisted in calling back his straying thoughts, and manhood and age brought the fruit of his efforts. “When I was about fifteen years of age,” says one, “a single sentence printed across the margin of a book changed my whole habit of life. The sentence was this, ‘Thought leads man to knowledge’; it was something of a mystery to me; I could not see just how or in what way thought led man to knowledge; and I finally said to myself, If thinking leads man to knowledge, I will just think about this sentence till I get a knowledge of it. At every spare moment I turned my mind to the contemplation of this puzzling sentence. After the first day or two I must admit that I grew tired of it. I was tempted to laugh at myself as pursuing a ridiculous notion, and my associates, whose minds were wholly taken up with neighborhood incidents and festivities, did not understand or sympathize with me, but I had some ideas of the value of perseverance, and I stuck to my task. As I followed the plow, the tall grasses of the fallow-field disappeared in the furrow under the upturned earth like the shifting scenes in a

kaleidoscope, all unnoticed; there were the interruptions of stumps or stones to be well worked around, for I earned the name of a good plow-boy; but once more upon the straight furrow, my steady horses leaned into their collars, and my thought again took up the old question. At length I found my study a pleasure and my mind turned to it with delight, although the labor seemed quite fruitless. I believe this sentence haunted me for six months, and at last it dawned gradually upon me that facts and ideas in the mind were not real knowledge, except in the way that a fine dinner collected on the table was real nourishment. The food must be chewed, and especially must the stomach thoroughly digest the food, before it can build up the body, and become in the truer sense of the word, nourishment. So with facts, ideas and impressions; the mind must divide them, dissolve them, digest them, before they can become real parts and parcels of the mind and be worthy the dignified name of knowledge. I might at first have accepted this statement, 'Thought leads man to knowledge,' as being true because it was printed in a book, and have stored it in memory as a simple fact. But instead, I had now proved it, I had done with it just as it told me to do with all such statements; I had digested it, and made it a part of my own mind. The sentence was true: 'Thought leads man to knowledge'; I understood it, felt it, knew it."

Every device that has been mentioned should be called into play to chain the attention to steady medi-

tation. Making out diagrams on paper, and writing down notes, give the hand employment, and may aid the memory in a complex subject to keep connections clear, but it is better to hold all steps of the work in the mind if possible. It is a delicate task to be sure of the reliability of what we are to use as facts, and to guard every step of the reasoning. But these are not all. Up from the Sensibilities may come floods of sympathy and desire. The statement may be one shadowing something we hold dear, and we are very anxious to prove it false. A sense of duty may also be involved, rendering the question still more complex; and our facts, too, have no doubt been gathered in the discolored light of small prejudices. We need not be told that to have our final judgment wise, fair, truthful, requires a strong and careful reasoning power; nor can we fail to see how this faculty reaches into and modifies every act of our lives, and why the Intellect has been so often styled "the lamp of the mind."

In the following example we will study a question which calls on us to increase our knowledge of the subject thought upon:

THE QUESTION.

A number of years ago some workmen digging a well near the Bay of Naples came to the top of a house deep in the earth. They dug farther in various directions, and found that a whole city lay buried in ruins under the ground. None of the

people living near there knew anything about the existence of such a city. The condition of decay the houses were in showed they had lain there hundreds of years. Among the things found, there was a barber shop furnished with materials for dressing the hair similar to ours of this day. Without knowing anything more about this ancient city, or the things found there, only that a barber shop was found as stated, what might be inferred regarding the life, habits and civilization of the people who lived there?

THE STUDY.

In answering this question it should first be analyzed, if it will admit of being divided in any way. We know that the civilization, or general improvement, or progress of any tribe or nation of people, shows itself in two ways: first, in the direction of shelter and clothing for the body, and regular supplies of good food; second, in contrivances for mental enjoyment, wise laws for government, and moral, religious and spiritual elevation. The study of the question, then, will be divided into these two sections.

SECTION I. Tribes or nations of savages have no separate trades or occupations. With them each person prepares only such articles as are needed for his own use, as his house, his tools, and his clothing, without receiving help from his fellows. Therefore, if the old saying, "Practice makes perfect," be true, all work will be very rudely and imperfectly finished,

because each person is a learner in every different task he has to do. The chief food of the savages consists of such fruits and vegetables as the earth produces with little cultivation, in addition to what is usually obtained by hunting and fishing. Their habitations usually are mere huts or caves, little better than those formed by sagacious animals. The skins of beasts form the chief clothing of the savage. The women of such nations are almost always treated as slaves, having the most severe portion of all necessary labor assigned for their performance. It is evident, then, that the people who lived in this buried city were not savages. A barber shop, with implements for dressing hair, bespeaks a state of affairs vastly better than savage life. Furthermore, the principal art learned by all ancient nations was the art of war. The war-like tendencies of a people must be overcome in some degree, and a peaceful disposition pervade the nation before their attention will be directed to improvement in anything else.

Again, a state of peace must always continue some length of time, in order that all the sciences may grow; as great political disturbances, whenever they exist, usually occupy the first place in the minds of the people. Distinct and separate trades must have been in existence, otherwise there would have been no such thing as a barber's shop. Without doubt there were a great variety of trades, as that of a barber is one of the least necessary. Mines of metals must have already been discovered, and their uses determined. Articles of iron must have been made by blacksmiths, after the

iron had been made ready by those whose business it was to prepare it, and knives and other cutting instruments would require a cutler to make them, after the steel had been prepared from iron by still another class of persons. If the barber had a permanent shop for his use, other more important branches of business must have had well-built structures also, and the building of many houses would require trained carpenters. To heat his curling irons, the barber must have a fire free from smoke, which would require a chimney; this would require a mason. The mason, to bind together the bricks or stone must have mortar of some kind. The art of making glass, also, must have been discovered, otherwise the shops would have been sometimes too much exposed to the weather, or, rather, too dark to dress hair with much taste. If glass was much in use, diamonds must have been obtained to cut the glass; consequently precious stones must have been in use. To set the glass in window frames safely, and to exclude dampness, something like putty would have been needed; and to make this mixture linseed oil was required. This oil is extracted from the seed of flax, and it is not likely that flax was cultivated merely for its seed; therefore we may reasonably suppose that it passed through all the various changes of collecting the lint, spinning it into threads and weaving it into cloth. The loom and the implements used in making cloth must have required much skill of workmanship in the artist, and much genius in the inventor. And if cloth were made from flax, is it not very likely that it was

also made from various other productions? As metals were known, and men were engaged in so many different arts, it is not to be expected that they remained without the convenience of coined money. Festivities and public amusements of various sorts must have been common, and people were very careful of their personal appearance; otherwise there would have been no occasion for the barber; as most persons by spending a few moments can dispose of their hair very decently. If the various mechanical arts had arrived at such a degree of perfection, is it not probable that the trade of this people with neighboring cities had become quite extensive? If so, as this city was situated on the Bay of Naples, ships must have been employed to transport articles from place to place. For the management of vessels, something of the sciences of navigation and astronomy must have been known. The vessels would have needed paint to protect them from the weather and the water. If paint was in use, as was doubtless the case, chemistry must have been understood to some degree.

We may, therefore, conclude that so far as bodily safety and welfare, and what we call the comforts of life, are concerned, and in the arts and sciences of civilized life, these people had made great advancement, and, indeed, compared favorably with life in the present century.

SECTION 2. For a people to live together in a city, a system of laws to govern them was necessary, and there must have been some persons in the position

of law-makers, and others to administer and enforce the laws. But even these are fruitless to protect the masses of population from vicious persons unless sentiments of simple honesty and morality were held by the majority of the people, or a heavy body of soldiery were maintained to enforce the judgment of the rulers. The expense of supporting an army would be a heavy tax upon the people, and hence a great drawback. But we have no means of deciding how their laws were made or enforced. As to whether the people had any very sound system of morals and religion or not, or whether their greatest aims in life were the pursuits of wealth, feasting, idleness and sensuality, or were more wisely given to the pursuit of knowledge, wisdom, and a purer and a higher life, the simple existence of a barber shop in their city can give us no just clue.

Some of the conclusions in the above study are, perhaps, not well supported by the data furnished; that is left to the reader's judgment. It is given, rather, as a specimen of what any thoughtful person would be likely to do at a first attempt. One more example will be given: that of a farmer's young son who had for years said that he meant to be a merchant or a lawyer some day. He had reached the age when it would soon be necessary for him to make some final decision. For a period of nearly a year he had thought, often very earnestly, about this matter. Below is his written study of the question.

THE FARMER BOY'S SOLILOQUY.

What shall I do for life? I am growing up, and cannot expect to stay at home much longer. I must do something to support myself, for I must say I have too much grit to live off father's money. He has given me a good chance to earn money though, and I will soon have enough to give me a fair start in any business I want to undertake. It has always been my notion, since I was old enough to have a notion, that I should like to be either a lawyer or a merchant. I scarcely know how I got that idea fixed in my mind, but I did get it somehow. I never thought much about it, but it always seemed to me that Mr. Trolley, down at Middleton, had a pretty easy time of it. Compare his work with father's. Father has to get up before daylight and go out in the rain or snow to feed the horses, and cattle, and hogs. He has to work in the mud when it is wet, and in the dust when it is dry; when it is hot, he has to work in the harvest-field, and when it is cold he has to work in the corn-field or timber. In the summer he is sun-burnt, and in the winter his hands crack open almost to the bone. He has to wear dirty, coarse, patched clothes, because he can't afford to spoil good ones. Walking on the rough ground and in the mud so much makes him stiff and awkward, and the folks in town call him a clod-hopper. But this is more of a joke than anything else, for they came to see him the first one about the new gravel road. His hands are hard and stiff, and it takes him nearly a whole day to

write a letter to grandmother. I heard the teacher last winter say he didn't use good grammar and didn't know very much, and I suppose it must be true, for whenever he sits down to read he goes straight off to sleep. Wonder why that is, anyhow? Folks are always recommending a life in the country, but I see many dull things about it. I saw a piece in a book about hard-working farmer's wives, and I guess it is true. Mother, I know, works too much. Sister Sue says she will never marry a farmer, but I sometimes fear I will pity the man that does marry her. She and her friend, Belle Browning, were talking about a story they read, where the young man gave up his chance of a fine fortune for the sake of his sweet-heart and then she had her face all marked up with an attack of smallpox, and lost her beautiful auburn hair, and was cheated out of her inheritance by a rascally uncle, and still the lover married her. Sue said they were two downright fools; the young man for giving up his fortune, and the girl for marrying him when he was poor. I felt like threshing the man that made up such a story, and was going to say so, but I thought I saw a tear on Belle's face, and she said, "Well, if a real good man actually loved me like that I would not risk losing the good qualities for the sake of a little money;" and her eyes flashed "like diamonds," as the books say.

One week last fall wheat was selling for one dollar and fifteen cents a bushel, but father didn't know it, and sold his the next week for one dollar and eight cents. He has not got over it yet. He and old Bill

Browning are trying between them to own all the land in this township, or at least, to each own more than the other. Browning has taken the lead just now, though, by skinning the Johnson heirs out of their estate, which will lay father in the shade, I guess, for I do believe when he prays "honesty" on Sunday, he means it for all the week. I cannot see that the neighborhood is any happier for their racing. By the way, what right have our neighbors to expect us to help make them happy? Preacher Wisely shows it very plainly that they have, and I can almost feel how it is myself. I know he has spent all his life in trying to make other folks happy, and he is the happiest man himself I ever saw. But old Browning says he will go to the poor-house when he gets old and helpless. I do not see how so mean a man as Browning could have so good a daughter as Belle. Of course, we all want to make money, but I have often wondered how much it would take to satisfy father and Mr. Browning. I always thought a man had a right to make all the money he could by honest means, but a piece in the newspaper last week says there is a new party to come up to keep hoggish people from making more money than they really need. There seem to be two sides to every question. A quick way to make money is to "speculate," but all I know about that is, that over in Blue Creek neighborhood, on the through-line railroad, where they get the daily newspapers every noon, Ralph Williams, the hog buyer, made thirty-two thousand dollars in one month, buying grain in the city.

Thirteen of his neighbors then tried the same business, and lost all the way from a hundred dollars or so up to all they were worth. That was two years ago. Williams quit work, and moved to town, got to drinking, and now his wife has run off with another man. Besides, everybody is beginning to say that such a speculator does not give anything for the money he gets, and, therefore, he might just as well play cards for his money.

Sometimes the roads are so bad we can't get to town at all; once last winter father started with a load of wheat and got into a big rut and broke his wagon and froze his feet. When grandfather was sick, they wrote to father to come and see him, if possible. But the weather was bad and he didn't go to town, so that when he got the letter grandfather had already been dead a week. Now if we had lived in town we would have got the letter the same day it came, giving plenty of time to get there before he died. Besides, living in town we could know everything that was going on, and not be as we were when the president was shot, always a week or two behind the times. Mr. Trolley never has any dirty work to do; all he has to do is to measure off cloth and sell it. He does not have to go out into the storm and cold, but stays in where it is warm. He can always wear nice clothes. I never saw him without a collar in my life. I saw him writing the other day when he was making out father's bill, and how he did make his pen fly. He never has to walk in the mud, for there is a sidewalk from his house to his store. He

always seems to have plenty of money, too. Mr. Smithson, the lawyer, does not seem to have so much money as Mr. Trolley. But then, he knows so much, and everybody looks up to him, and talks about him, and goes to him for advice. And all he has to do is to read and make speeches. And on the Fourth of July he always delivers the oration, and everybody claps hands and tells him how smart he is. I should think that would be fine. And then they elected him to congress last year, and he got a chance to go to Washington and see all the big men, and be with them. They never elect anybody but lawyers to congress. I suppose it must be because nobody else knows enough.

I see there is a great deal to be said about this, and when I have written along a piece I have to scratch out about half, because it is not what I wanted to say. The school teacher has a book about trades and occupations that I would like to read. I will write down all the short reasons I can think of, both ways, the next rainy day. * * *

Reasons for not being a farmer.

- 1 Exposure to stormy weather, and heat and cold.
2. Work begins so early in the morning, and continues so many hours each day.
3. Work is often very dirty—in mud and dust, etc.
4. Are obliged to wear rough, mean looking clothes.
5. So much rough work makes a person stiff and awkward.
6. Farmers don't seem to think it worth while to be

good scholars. It makes me feel cheap, not to know things.

7. Lives away from town, post-office, church, etc.; never knows when anything happens, and never has much company.

In favor of a life in town.

1. The merchant works in the house, and is not exposed to storms and bad weather.

2. Can keep clean, wear good clothes, and always seems sprightly and cheerful.

3. Gets all the news, knows everything, and has a chance to see everything.

4. Makes a great deal of money.

5. Everybody knows the merchants and lawyers, and goes to the lawyers for advice; and sometimes they are elected to good offices, and their names are in the newspapers a great deal.

Against being a merchant or lawyer.

1. Has to stay in the house all the time, which must be rather tiresome and injurious to health. Store-keepers, as a rule, are very short lived.

2. The fact is, they have to spend more hours at their business than the farmer does at his.

3. Merchants have good chances to be dishonest, and are frequently tempted to cheat, and people generally treat them as if they were dishonest, or needed very close watching.

4. The merchant is obliged to know a great deal, or he will be making great mistakes and losing thereby.

5. Not one merchant in a hundred gets very wealthy, while large numbers fail entirely.

6. Lawyers often have to read, write, talk and make speeches, when they do not feel like doing it at all; and I imagine that is harder than plowing corn when you don't feel like it.

7. Young men in any business like law have a hard time for a good many years at first to make a living.

8. Lawyers must have friends in order to get business to do, and good people seldom have much lawing to do. He has to have friends among law-breakers and law-twisters.

9. He has more chances to make money dishonestly than he has honestly, and a good many people think that he yields to the temptations.

10. When a lawyer takes one side of a case, he always gets abused by everybody on the other side, and if he runs for office, all the bad things he ever did are told about him, and a good many lies besides.

11. Men in these professions have to be away from home a great deal, which is unpleasant and unsafe.

Reasons for my staying on the farm.

1. I know how to farm, and can go ahead with it without the risk of trying to learn a new business.

2. The farmer is more independent than anybody else. He does not have to depend on the friendship of others for his business.

3. He is always sure of enough to eat, and he gets it fresh and pure, and his work is very healthful.

4. He has more chances of tolerable success than anybody else. A farmer who will work half of his time, and be careful, need never "break up."

5. The farmer never has to be away from home much.

6. He has all his evenings and the stormy days himself for reading, planning and thinking.

I have copied a lot of these reasons out of books, and some of them I do not fully understand; but the more I think about it the more I feel certain that the farmer's life can be made the best after all, and that the farm is the place for me. I think I can find time on the farm to study, read and write; I will take the papers, and go to the post-office regularly, so that I will know about things as well as anybody. I will have trees, flowers and grass about my house instead of cornfields and pig-pens; and I will have things cheerful and comfortable inside. I can have books and music, and have my friends come to visit me. I will not try to get rich in the first ten years, nor be foolish enough to want to reach a time when I will not work at all. I will not work so hard, or eat so much, or be so tired and sleepy; thus I will keep my head clear enough not to be cheated by sharpers; and I will read, and understand things, and learn the ways of the world, and the mysteries of life and the great future.

Such is the effort of a boy to find all the informa-

tion he could, and to confine his mind to the task of arranging both that information and his own thoughts upon a question of life importance to him. Men and women of years and wisdom will grapple with questions that are as deep to them as that above was to the boy of seventeen, and the first attempt at writing down their thoughts and reasonings will have much the same appearance as his. By more study, the mistakes, digressions, and false reasons must be cut out, and the whole reduced, by the rules already given, to a systematic statement of the whole matter, and thus to a fair and just conclusion.

REMARKS.

Good health, regular habits and general culture of the whole man are most favorable to powerful thought. Especially are grossness of food and drink, or the indulgence in extreme passion, very hurtful, and any act that we feel is wrong, or that cannot be remembered with self-satisfaction, disquiets and distracts the mind from a steady attention. Continued petty annoyances, or extreme excitements, are to be avoided. Brindley, the great English engineer, after visiting a theatre, could not pursue his studies with success for a whole day.

It seems scarcely necessary to advise the reader against too much thinking, but a few points must be guarded. The fruit of all healthy thinking is action. He who spends his time studying dead questions will soon be out of joint with the world, and himself too.

The warm blood of human life, love, and sympathy must thrill through all his work. So closely is our existence wound in with the lives of our fellows, that any labor not actuated by an interest in the welfare of others can never be blessed with the best fruits. This fact will appear more fully in that part of this book devoted to the study of sympathy, but it must be mentioned here, for the need of a strong sympathy is an ever constant, ever present need. Solitary meditation, protracted study, or mental anxiety of any kind, is very hurtful without frequent social intercourse and cheerful exercise. A life of active usefulness is the necessity of our nature.

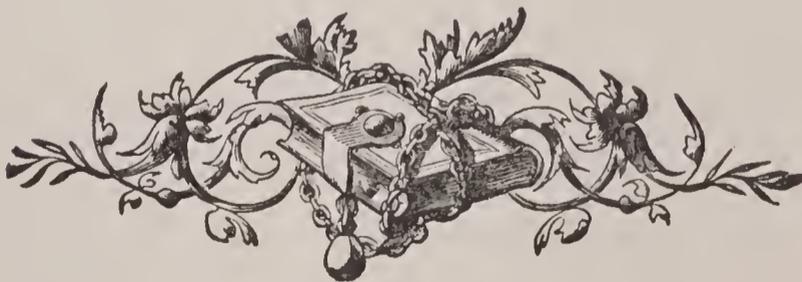
In the way of an ability to think closely, to think for some definite purpose, and make that thought tell, we are surprised to find the number of persons who have it, so small. Those who have a fair, and even an excellent education, either allow business, pleasures, company, visits, and many other less useful things, to take up their whole time, leaving no room for sober thought; or else they live a wholly retired life, and if they have any useful thoughts or reach any wise conclusions, never show them in their actions. Learning to think is not an easy task. Nothing in this world that is really worth doing is very easy. But it is the privilege of every one to improve himself if he wills. Upon this point a high authority has said, "However low you may stand in the scale of intellect, be sure that it depends but upon yourself to raise yourself to a high grade of ability, if not to the

very highest. *Never despair!* You may be long in darkness, you may feel yourself a while to be incapable of original thought, but in this you are no worse off than other people. They were all in the same condition until they had worked out their ability for themselves. What I say to one, I say to all. Do but read and meditate, and if you only persist, *persist*, PERSIST in the experiment, you will surely rise, and even in spite of yourself, become a person of great force and influence. You will have difficulties, severe difficulties, to encounter; but, if you take to your heart the assurance that you must vanquish them at last, your toil will be a true pleasure, the contest itself an exquisite and prolonged delight."

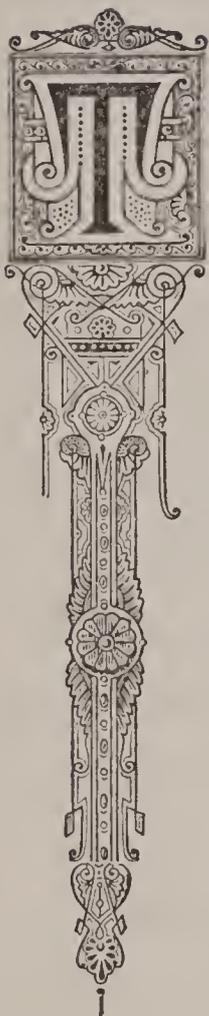
Let us recall to our minds, again and again, that this power of calling the attention from the things around us to ideas in the memory, constitutes the chief power of the human intellect; and that the superiority of one mind over another is the degree in which this gift is granted or cultivated. When Newton was asked how he discovered the system of the universe, he answered, "By thinking about it." This thinking to reach an end is the glory of the mind. The power of fixing the intellect on an object, and bringing all facts within our knowledge that are likely to relate to that object and throw light upon it, and also the search after new facts with a belief in the existence of new facts, though they are yet unknown, proves that the human mind is akin to the mind which planned the universe. Seeing the reason of one

fact, the human intellect justly guesses the reason why other facts should be found. Thus one thought awakes ten thousand, and these all move like an army in obedience to one will, and to reach our one purpose. By urging the mind higher and higher, we leave bodily hindrances behind, and in the calm region above, to which the spirit climbs, the sky appears like that of another world.

The exercise of this trained ability to think gives to man one of the highest pleasures which he is capable of feeling. It is a system in the midst of variety, and this is one of the chief elements of beauty. We may study nature's laws, and understand her wonderful reasons; we may contemplate the course of the sun, the stars, the planets; and as the mighty plan of them all dawns upon us—grand vision!—we think the thoughts of God!



KINDRED TOPICS.



THE analysis of the Intellect has just been completed; we have examined its four powers, subdividing and considering each in turn. There are many very interesting questions about intellectual action or conditions of intellect, that invite our attention, because they promise to throw much light upon the Intellect itself. Two of the most common of these peculiar conditions are sleep and insanity, with both of which everyone is familiar. Then the intelligence of animals, as compared with that of man, has received the attention of nearly every writer upon the mind and its functions. Some space will be given to these three topics: the intelligence of animals, insanity, and sleep, because they are so closely related to the Intellect; and, also, because this is really the best way to obtain a general knowledge of man's mental nature. As has been already said, the mind itself cannot be seen with the eye, or heard with the ear. We must make its acquaintance through a study of its actions and conditions. (The reader who is intent upon pursuing the analysis of

mind without delay, can omit this portion and proceed at once with Sensibilities, page 251.)

SLEEP.

Sleep is a word which is very familiar to us in its practical bearings, but of which it is not easy to give a definition that shall at once be scientifically accurate and easily understood. Its principal feature is the partial suspension of the connection between mind and body. The manifestations of this are well known to all. The first nerves to be affected are usually those of motion and some of the special senses. The head droops upon the shoulders; the body seeks a position in which it can find support, as it is unable to hold itself erect; the eyelids close, and the balls become sightless. Usually, the last nerves to succumb to sleep are those of hearing and touch. A person who is otherwise completely oblivious to his surroundings, can still hear and feel. Even in our soundest sleep, an unusual noise, or the touch of a strange body, instantly wakens us. There are many interesting examples of the principle that all our powers do not fall asleep at the same instant; some of which form exceptions to the general order mentioned above. Reference has been already made in the discussion of another topic, to the fact that soldiers often march while sleeping, and physicians and others who ride much, sleep while riding. I have also quoted Sir William Hamilton's story of a postman who often slept while walking across a certain meadow, but

awoke on approaching a somewhat insecure bridge. In all these cases the nerves of motion remained active, though they are usually the first to feel the influence of drowsiness. Mr. Day says that he, "after an exhausting journey by night and day, undertook to read to others a long document of much value and interest, with which he had become familiar during his journey. He fell asleep, but continued reading till, after a page or two, the hand which held the manuscript dropped and awakened him." Erasmus tells a story similar to this, of Oporinus, who was reading a manuscript to another, and was discovered to be asleep while reading.

DREAMING.

One of the most common and most interesting phenomena of sleep is dreaming. There are things in connection with it which have puzzled the closest examiners, and all that can be done with this subject is to present a number of authentic narratives of remarkable or characteristic dreams, and give such reasons as suggest themselves for a few of the circumstances noticed in connection with them. The first question which arises is whether we are ever without dreams in our sleep. It has already been shown—pages 56 to 59—that we are not, that the mind is always active, even in our soundest sleep.

DIRECTED BY RECENT EVENTS.

Dreams are frequently directed in a particular course by recent events and thoughts. If we have

been reading of a battle during the day, we are liable to dream of participating in one during the night. Many timid people dislike to hear of ghosts, wild animals, and other frightful objects in the evening, for fear of dreaming of them afterward. Recent experiences and sensations are sometimes mixed up in the strangest ways with those long past, and with each other. A woman who was a patient in the clinical ward of the infirmary of Edinburgh, under the care of Dr. Duncan, talked a great deal in her sleep, and made numerous and very distinct allusions to the cases of other sick persons. These allusions did not apply to any patients who were in the ward at that time; but, after some observation, they were found to refer correctly to the cases of individuals who were there when this woman was a patient in the ward, two years before.

EFFECT OF BODILY SENSATIONS.

Dreams are often modified, or, we might say, particular dreams are caused, by bodily sensations at the time. There is a story of a soldier in the American Revolution who dreamed that he was drowning. Waking with fright, he discovered that his knapsack had slipped forward, throwing his head back and his mouth open. It was raining at the time, and the tent being leaky, water was dripping into his mouth. Hence the dream. Dr. Gregory left a manuscript on the subject of dreams, from which we have the following: "Having on one occasion gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of

walking up the crater of Mount *Ætna*, and of feeling the ground warm under him. He had at an early period of his life visited Mount Vesuvius, and actually felt a strong sensation of warmth in his feet when walking up the side of the crater; but it was remarkable that the dream was not of Vesuvius, but of *Ætna*, of which he had only read Brydone's description. This was probably from the latter impression having been the more recent. On another occasion he dreamed of having spent a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from the intense frost. He found that he had thrown off the bed-clothes in his sleep; and a few days before he had been reading a very particular account of the state of the colonies in that country during the winter. Again, when suffering from a toothache, he dreamed of undergoing the operation of tooth-drawing, with the additional circumstance that the operator drew a sound tooth, leaving the aching one in its place. But the most striking anecdote in this interesting document is one in which similar dreams were produced in a gentleman and his wife at the same time, and by the same cause. It happened at the period when there was an alarm of French invasion, and almost every man in Edinburgh was a soldier. All things had been arranged in expectation of the landing of an enemy, the first notice of which was to be given by a gun from the castle, and this was to be followed by a chain of signals calculated to alarm the country in all directions. Further, there had been recently

in Edinburgh a splendid military spectacle, in which five thousand men had been drawn up in Prince's street, fronting the castle. The gentleman to whom the dream occurred, and who had been a most zealous volunteer, was in bed between two and three o'clock in the morning, when he dreamed of hearing the signal gun. He was immediately at the castle, witnessed the proceedings for displaying the signals, and saw and heard a great bustle over the town from troops and artillery assembling, especially in Prince's street. At this time he was roused by his wife, who awoke in a fright in consequence of a similar dream, connected with much noise and the landing of an enemy, and concluding with the death of a particular friend of her husband's, who had served with him as a volunteer during the late war. The origin of this remarkable concurrence was ascertained in the morning to be the noise produced in the room above by the fall of a pair of tongs, which had been left in some awkward position in support of a clothes screen." A military officer once dreamed, after a late supper, that the prince of darkness was sitting cross-legged on his stomach, holding the Bunker Hill monument in his lap.

GUIDING DREAMER'S THOUGHTS.

Sometimes persons can be led into a regular conversation in their sleep, and some can even be made to act in various capacities by speaking to them. One writer says he knew a student in college who acquired

the art of leading his room-mate when asleep to translate his Greek lessons for him after night. The following anecdote is obtained from Dr. Gregory's manuscript cited above: "There was an officer in the expedition to Louisburg, in 1758, who had this peculiarity in so remarkable a degree, that his companions in the transport were in the constant habit of amusing themselves at his expense. They could produce in him any kind of dream by whispering into his ear, especially if this was done by a friend with whose voice he was familiar. At one time they conducted him through the whole progress of a quarrel, which ended in a duel; and when the parties were supposed to be met, a pistol was put into his hand, which he fired, and was awakened by the report. On another occasion they found him asleep on the top of a locker or bunker in the cabin, when they made him believe he had fallen overboard, and exhorted him to save himself by swimming. He immediately imitated all the motions of swimming. They then told him that a shark was pursuing him, and entreated him to dive for his life. He instantly did so with such force as to throw himself entirely from the locker upon the cabin floor, by which he was much bruised, and awakened, of course. After the landing of the army at Louisburg, his friends found him one day asleep in his tent, and evidently much annoyed by the cannonading. They then made him believe that he was engaged, when he expressed great fear, and showed an evident disposition to run away. Against this they remonstrated, but at the same time

increased his fears by imitating the groans of the wounded and the dying; and when he asked as he often did, who was down, they named his particular friends. At last they told him the man next himself in the line had fallen, when he instantly sprang from his bed, rushed out of the tent, and was roused from his danger and his dream together by falling over the tentropes. A remarkable circumstance in this case was, that after these experiments he had no distinct recollections of his dreams, but only a confused feeling of oppression or fatigue; and used to tell his friends that he was sure they had been playing some trick upon him."

APPARENT LENGTH OF DREAMS.

A remarkable circumstance attending dreams is the apparent great length of time lived through in them. It has been thought by many that the mind is more active then than when we are awake. But that does not seem to me to be the true explanation. It is by means of communication with the outer world that our minds are balanced and set aright. We can, when awake, think over the scenes of a battle in a very short space of time, but we know how little time has elapsed, and we know that we are not engaged in the battle. When the senses are asleep, this communication with the external world is interrupted, and the mind is left to pursue its own wild fancies without anything to restrain it and show the falseness of its imaginings. Hence, the events we think over seem to be actually present, and though we think them as quickly as in our

waking hours, they seem to take up as much time as they naturally would in reality. Thus, the battle which the mind runs over in a minute, seems to take an hour, or perhaps a day. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in an adjoining room both produced the dream and awakened him. Dr. Gregory tells of a gentleman, who, after sleeping in a damp place, was for a long time liable to a feeling of suffocation whenever he slept in a lying posture; and this was always accompanied by a dream of a skeleton which grasped him violently by the throat. He could sleep in a sitting posture without any uneasy feeling; and after trying various expedients he at last had a sentinel placed beside him, with orders to awake him whenever he sunk down. On one occasion he was attacked by the skeleton, and a severe and long struggle ensued before he awoke. On finding fault with his attendant for allowing him to lie so long in such a state of suffering, he was assured that he had not lain an instant, but had been awakened the moment he began to sink. Another gentleman dreamed that he crossed the Atlantic, stayed a fortnight, and was returning when he fell into the sea. This awakened him, and he found he had not slept more than ten minutes. De Quincey said that he often seemed to live through many years in a single night.

TASKS ACCOMPLISHED.

Many curious cases are on record of considerable mental achievements made during sleep. Franklin used frequently, on waking in the morning, to find political questions which had been troubling him the day before clearly resolved in his mind. A mathematician after having labored in vain upon a problem for a long time, found the solution on his table one morning. He had risen during his sleep and solved the problem upon a piece of paper, but was totally unable to remember the act, and only the evidence of his eyes could convince him of the work he had done during the night. Coleridge dreamed out his beautiful poem, "Kubla Khan," while asleep in a chair. He gives the following account of it. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed for the author, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in "Purchas's Pilgrimage": "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of the correspondent expres-

sions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines, that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out and detained above an hour, and on his return to his room, found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet, with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the images. Dr. Carpenter speaks of an occurrence which shows that the mind is capable of intense activity in sleep, and also that it may perform protracted and difficult labors, without being able to recollect them on waking. A man was called upon to prepare a discourse for public delivery at a certain occasion. By the evening before the day of the appointment, he had succeeded in writing a speech, but was utterly disgusted with it. During the sleep that followed, he dreamed of a new way of treating the subject, and when he awoke he went to his desk to write out his new ideas. Judge of his astonishment on finding that he had already performed that operation, the ink being yet scarcely dry. The following anecdote has been preserved in a family of rank in Scotland, the descendants of a distinguished lawyer of the last age: "This eminent person had been consulted respecting

a case of great importance and much difficulty; and he had been studying it with intense anxiety and attention. After several days had been occupied in this manner, he was observed by his wife to rise from his bed in the night and go to a writing-desk which stood in the bedroom. He then sat down and wrote a long paper which he put carefully by in his desk, and returned to bed. The following morning he told his wife that he had a most interesting dream;—that he had dreamed of delivering a clear and luminous opinion respecting a case which had exceedingly perplexed him; and that he would give anything to recover the train of thought which had passed before him in his dream. She then directed him to the writing-desk, where he found the opinion clearly and fully written out, and which was afterward found to be perfectly correct.”

ARE DREAMS PROPHEPIC?

One of the most frequent queries regarding dreams is as to whether they are prophetic; or, as we often hear the question asked, “Do they come true?” Without attempting any explanation of them, for I do not believe anybody understands the subject as yet, I shall content myself by mentioning a few of the many cases in which remarkable forewarning of future events seems to have been given in dreams.

Cicero tells of two Arcadians who went to Mezara and engaged separate lodgings. One of them appeared twice to the other in dreams; the first time imploring help, and the second time murdered, and informing the

dreamer that his body would be conveyed out of the city early in the morning, through a certain gate, in a covered wagon. Impressed by the dream, he went at the designated time to the gate mentioned, found the body in the wagon as described, arrested the murderer, and handed him over to the officers. The following is originally from the "London Times": "A Mr. Williams, residing in Cornwall, dreamed twice in the same night that he saw the Chancellor of England killed, in the vestibule of the house of commons. The dream so impressed him that he related it to several of his acquaintances. It was subsequently ascertained that on the evening of that day the chancellor, Mr. Perceval, was assassinated according to the dream." A lady dreamed that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant, and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three o'clock in the morning, the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stairs, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress' fire — which, at three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer, was evidently impossible; and on further investigation a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals. The people interested believed that a murder had thus been prevented.

Another lady dreamed that a boy, her nephew, had been drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement; his companions went, and were all drowned. Haven gives a case told by Dr. Moore: "A friend of his dreamed that he was amusing himself, as he was in the habit of doing, by reading the epitaphs in a country church-yard, when a newly-made grave attracted his attention. He was surprised to find on the stone the name, and date of death, of an intimate friend of his, with whom he had passed that very evening in conversation. Nothing more was thought of the dream, however, nor, perhaps, would it ever have recurred to mind, had he not received intelligence some months afterward, of the death of this friend, which took place at the very date he had in his dream seen recorded on the tombstone."

Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat, severe and protracted, but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend in consequence of her own being under repair; this watch was one to which particular value was attached on account of some family associations, and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together in a room communicating with that of their brother,

when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation, and having roused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamed," said she, "that Mary's watch had stopped; and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied, 'Much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also,'" naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up and found the brother sleeping quietly, and the watch, which had been carefully put in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner—the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, and she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing desk, she was astonished to find it had stopped. At the same instant she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room—their brother, who had been still considered as going on favorably had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last. A man dreamed that the vessel in which his brother was an officer, and, in part, owner of the cargo, was wrecked on a certain island and the cargo lost, but the hands saved. He was so impressed that

he went directly and procured an extra insurance of five thousand dollars on his brother's portion of the property. By the next arrival, news came that the vessel was wrecked at the time and place of which the man had dreamed, and the mariners saved.

SOMNAMBULISM.

Very much like dreaming is the singular phenomenon of somnambulism, or sleep-walking. Possibly the latter is only a heightening of the former. In the ordinary dream, the person's mind is active, but his body is at rest; in somnambulism, both body and mind act. The principal features of somnambulism, are the following: The subject, while in a state of sound sleep, and perfectly unconscious of what he does, rises, walks about, finds his way over dangerous, and, at other times, inaccessible places, speaks and acts as if awake; performs in the dark, and with the eyes closed, or even bandaged, operations which require the closest attention and the best vision; perceives, indeed, things not visible to the eye in its ordinary waking state, perhaps even things absent and future, and when awakened from this state, is perfectly unconscious of what has happened, and astonished to find himself in some strange and unusual position.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

There lived in Bordeaux a young minister who was a somnambulist. The case was carefully watched by a student there who afterward became Archbishop of

Bordeaux, and who went into the young man's room every night. He would rise, take paper, pen, and ink, and proceed to the composition of sermons. Having written a page in a clear, legible hand, he would read it aloud from top to bottom, with a clear voice and proper emphasis. If a passage did not please him, he would erase it, and write the correction plainly, in its proper place, over the erased line or word. All this was done without any assistance from the eye, which was evidently asleep; a piece of pasteboard interposed between the eye and paper producing no interruption or inconvenience. When his paper was exchanged for another of the same size, he was not aware of the change, but when a paper of different size was substituted, he at once detected the difference. Very many such cases are recorded of persons who have written, and performed various other operations requiring ordinarily, the exercise of the sense of sight, with the eyes shut, bandaged, or otherwise rendered useless.

A gentleman found that his hen-roost was visited every night by thieves of some kind, threatening the speedy extermination of his flock. What surprised him most, was the fact that his watch-dog, a large and trusty animal, failed to give an alarm. Finally he ordered his servants to watch the roost. They did so, detected the culprit, and after a violent struggle, captured him. Judge of his surprise on finding out that he himself was the depredator, and that during his sleep he had been stealing his own chickens. One of the most remarkable instances of which I have ever heard,

is the following of a contest in painting by the young ladies of a certain seminary. Among the competitors was a young and timid girl who was conscious of her inferiority in the art, yet strongly desirous of success. For a time she was quite dissatisfied with the progress of her work, but by and by began to notice, as she resumed her pencil in the morning, that something had been added to the work since she last touched it. This was noticed for some time, and quite excited her curiosity. The additions were evidently by a superior hand, far excelling her own in skill and workmanship. Her companions denied, each and severally, all knowledge of the matter. She placed articles of furniture against her door in such a way that any one entering would be sure to awaken her. They were undisturbed, but still the mysterious additions continued to be made. At last, her companions concluded to watch without, and make sure that no one entered her apartment during the night, but still the work went on. At length it occurred to them to watch her movements, and now the mystery was explained. They saw her, evidently in sound sleep, rise, dress, take her place at the table, and commence her work. It was her own hand that unconsciously to herself, had executed the work in a style which, in her waking moments, she could not approach, and which quite surpassed all competition. The picture, notwithstanding her protestations that it was not her painting, took the prize. A young gentleman mentioned by Horatius, living in the citadel of Breslau, was observed by his brother, who occupied the same room,

to rise in his sleep, wrap himself in a cloak, and escape by a window to the roof of the building. He there tore in pieces a magpie's nest, wrapped the young birds in his cloak, returned to his apartment, and went to bed. In the morning he mentioned the circumstances as having occurred in a dream, and could not be persuaded that there had been anything more than a dream, till he was shown the magpies in his cloak.

In Massachusetts, some years since, a girl of fourteen years of age, of a nervous temperament, but without any extraordinary intelligence, after having fallen asleep in the daytime, would rise from her chair and deliver a sermon, which she preceded by the usual religious services, as if to a large audience. These discourses, which far exceeded in mental power her waking ability, she would deliver day after day, or on alternate days, without repetition, however, of thought or language.

The reason why a person can walk when asleep, on places where he would not venture when awake, is probably that while his eyes are closed he governs his movements by the sense of touch alone. A man can walk without difficulty on the narrow space of a railroad iron. If he were unconscious of danger the same space would suffice just as well for him to walk seventy-five feet above the ground. The somnambulist, being unable to see, is not conscious of any danger, and climbs the same ledges at a great height, that we could all climb if they were close to the ground.

As to the performance of operations, without the

use of the eyes, which would seem necessarily to involve the exercise of sight, there is, I believe, no universally accepted explanation. It is ascribed by some, however, to a "general sense"—feeling—which includes all of the special senses, and which is heightened when any of these are absent.

INSANITY.

Slightly related to dreams and somnambulism, is Insanity. The primary characteristic of insanity in all its various forms, is the loss of power to control the workings of the mind, and to correct its extravagant mistakes by comparison with the external world. The ideas that take possession of the mind seem to be realities, and the evidence of his senses is not strong enough to convince the patient that they are not real, but are only wild whims of imagination. His diseased fancy converts his narrow cell into a magnificent throne hall; and he, poor maniac, shivering upon his bed of straw, is the king, wielding his scepter over a broad and powerful land.

CHARACTERISTICS.

In the severest cases, one idea generally takes possession of the sufferer's mind, and drives everything else out. He may fancy himself a king, or an inspired agent of the deity, or even God himself; or he may think that he is financially ruined, or that on the contrary, he has made a lucky speculation, and become

enormously rich; in fact, there is no limit to the number of absurd fancies conjured up by the insane. Their phantoms are as various as the minds of men. But, whatever the nature of the delusion, it is complete, and obtains entire control of the maniac's mind. He acts always in the capacity of the person he claims to be, and cannot in any way be persuaded out of his belief.

Sometimes insanity disappears suddenly, and the person steps back into his old life, unconscious of the lapse of years, that have been clouded for him. The following case was originally told in the "American Journal of Science." A man had been employed for a day with a beetle, or maul, and wedges, in splitting pieces of wood for erecting a fence. At night, before going home, he put the beetle and wedges into the hollow of an old tree, and directed his sons, who had been at work in an adjoining field, to accompany him next morning to assist in making the fence. In the night he became maniacal and continued in a state of insanity for several years, during which time his mind was not occupied with any of the subjects with which he had been conversant when in health. After several years his reason returned suddenly, and the first question he asked was, whether his sons had brought home the beetle and wedges. They, being afraid of entering upon any explanation, only said that they could not find them; on which, he arose from his bed, went to the field where he had been at work so many years before, and found, where he had left them, the wedges

and the iron rings of the beetle, the wooden part being entirely mouldered away.

ACTIVITY OF MIND IN INSANITY.

Insane persons are sometimes possessed of an activity and vigor of mind which did not belong to them in health. Pinel says he has often stopped at the chamber door of a literary gentleman, who, during his paroxysms, appears to soar above the mediocrity of intellect that was familiar to him, solely to admire his newly acquired powers of eloquence. He declaimed upon the subject of the Revolution with all the force, the dignity, and purity of language that this very interesting subject would allow. At other times he was a man of very ordinary abilities.

MONOMANIACS.

A peculiar and interesting class of the insane is made up of those who are insane in one thing and in all others are apparently sound. You would not discover their insanity in talking with them, unless the particular topic of their delusion happened to be touched upon. A man, mentioned by Pinel, who had been for some time confined in the Bicetre, was on the visitation of a commissary, ordered to be discharged as perfectly sane, after a long conversation in which he had conducted himself with the greatest propriety. The officer prepared the paper for his discharge, and gave it him to put his name to it, when he subscribed

himself Jesus Christ, and then indulged in all the reveries connected with that delusion.

Lord Erskine gives a very remarkable history of a man who indicted Dr. Munro for confining him, without cause, in a madhouse. He underwent a most rigid examination by the counsel of the defendant without discovering any appearance of insanity, until a gentleman came into court who desired a question to be put to him respecting a princess with whom he had corresponded in cherry juice. Instead of replying "I never did such a thing," he immediately talked about the princess in the most insane manner, and the cause was at an end. But this having taken place in Westminster, he commenced another suit in the city of London, and on this occasion no effort could induce him to expose his insanity; so that the cause was dismissed only by bringing against him the evidence taken at Westminster.

It can scarcely be believed that the plan of confining many hundred insane people in a vast cheerless building known as an asylum, is the right one. Here the gentle melancholic and the convalescent are brought into contact with the raving maniac. It is almost enough to unbalance a sound mind, and its effects on those already diseased cannot but be injurious in the extreme. A musician confined in an asylum, as one of the first symptoms of returning reason, made some slight allusions to his favorite instrument. It was immediately procured for him; he occupied himself with music for several hours every day, and his conva-

lescence seemed to be advancing rapidly. But he was then unfortunately allowed to come frequently into contact with a furious maniac, by meeting him in the gardens. The musician's mind was unhinged; his violin was destroyed; and he fell back into a state of insanity which was considered as confirmed and hopeless. Some of the states are happily beginning to appreciate this fact, and are trying the experiment of building smaller asylums and more of them. The results must surely prove satisfactory.

With regard to the care of the insane, they should be removed from the associations of their lunacy, and so far as possible, their minds should be drawn away from the subject of their delusion, by giving them something else to think about. A farmer in the northern part of Scotland became quite celebrated for his successful treatment of the insane. The principal part of his method was to keep them constantly employed in severe bodily toil which, to a degree, at least, withdrew their attention from the subject upon which they were insane, and thus gradually cultivated a new train of thought in their minds.

INTELLIGENCE OF ANIMALS.

Ever since the time of Aristotle, and, perhaps, from a date earlier yet than that, a discussion has been going on in the learned world about the kind and degree of animal intelligence. It is a question which possesses a great deal of interest, striking, as it does,

within the bounds of three of the "ologies"—psychology, zoology, and theology. From the time of Aristotle to that of Descartes the prevalent opinion was that animals were endowed with faculties like our own, except that they were not so highly developed. Descartes originated a theory that the brutes were not possessed of mind at all, but that their actions were merely like the motions of a machine; that the bird built its nest for much the same reason that the hand of a clock pointed to the hour upon the dial plate—because it was so constructed that it could not avoid it. Since Descartes, the philosophers have been gradually going back to the old opinion. At the present time they are, perhaps, pretty nearly equally divided into two classes: those who hold that brute intelligence is of the same kind as human intelligence, and those who hold that it is different, the brute having only instinct. Many of the latest and most thorough observations of the lives and habits of animals prove to us that they have a higher grade of intelligence than we are usually in the habit of giving them credit for. To say that man acts only through reason, and brutes only through instinct, is not fair to either; it does not, at any rate, do justice to man. In order to arrive at the true place that animals occupy in the scale of creation, let us examine the whole scheme of life in the world.

First, there are the little grains of matter, minute atoms, that make up the entire earth, the water, the air, the stones, the clods of the field. These move

about upon themselves according to only a few simple rules, and pass through various changes. We are not in the habit of saying that the clods of the field have life, however. But the giver of all forces adds another force to those already acting on the elements of the earth, and at once we begin to have plants—we have plant-life. Plants combine in their existence all the elements and forces that operate on matter below them, and also another force, added to call them into life. No one, however, credits plants with having thoughts or knowledge. But having the elements of the earth and the rules that govern them, and having plant-life and the additional rules that govern it, the world is ready for a higher form of life. Straightway a new force is added, this force we call intelligence, and we have animals. For the animal to live, it uses all there is in Nature below it. Its body is made up of the elements of the earth, most of which it gets at second hand, from plants; it is subject to all of Nature's laws, but has the higher gift of being able to see and in a measure to know things. The more intelligent of animals even reason to the extent of combining things already in their reach to produce results which they desire: as the elephant blew against the wall that the force of its breath might raise the small piece of money and roll it out from the wall so the elephant might pick it up; but here the mental power of animals ceases.

Above animals in the scale, comes man, with his higher forms of intelligence added unto that of animals. He not only combines, but he analyzes, takes a thing

to pieces and studies its parts as related to each other, and proves in many ways his superiority over animals, and his fitness to have dominion over all the earth. But in man's life appears all there is below him in nature. Every force that has appeared comes into play, and a higher force is added to rule them all. In the mental actions of men, therefore, are some things that rank with the mentality of animals. Many of the common acts of life, everything in the way of taking food and continuing life, are closely akin to instinct, and are not superior to the intelligence of animals. Man's greater ability appears at each step, of course, but the really higher forces in his nature show themselves in other particulars. He stands upon the summit of all earthly things; his existence has the broadest range. No other creature can sink so low, or rise so high. He is the finishing stroke, the connecting link between creation and Creator.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

Some years ago there was a dog in London whose habit it was to attend every fire in the city to which the fire department was called out. He kept this up for many years, never being known to miss. Another fire dog would climb the fire escapes and, crouching close to the floor, below the clouds of smoke, search the rooms of the burning house, and if a person was found helpless from suffocation, would set up a howl which would bring the firemen to the rescue.

A gentleman in Suffolk, on an excursion with his

friend, was attended by a Newfoundland dog, which soon became the subject of consideration. The master, after a warm eulogium upon the perfection of his canine favorite, assured his companion that he would, upon receiving the order, return and fetch any article he should leave behind, from any distance. To confirm this assertion, a marked shilling was put under a large square stone, by the side of the road, being first shown to the dog. The gentlemen then rode for three miles, when the dog received a signal from his master to return for the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back; the gentlemen rode on and reached home, but to their surprise and disappointment, the hitherto faithful messenger did not return during the day. It afterward appeared that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had stayed howling at the place, till two horsemen riding by, attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, when one of them alighting, removed the stone, and seeing the shilling, put it into his pocket, not at the time conceiving it to be the object of the dog's search. The dog followed their horses for several miles, remained undisturbed in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedchamber, and secreted himself under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his trousers upon a nail by the bedside; but when the travelers were both asleep, the dog took the trousers in his mouth, and leaping out of the window, which was

left open on account of the sultry heat, reached the house of his master at four o'clock in the morning, with the prize he had made free with, in the pocket of which was found a watch and money, that were returned on being advertised; when the whole mystery was mutually unraveled, to the admiration of all the parties.

Mr. Youatt tells the following anecdote, vouching for its truth: A young man, an acquaintance of the coachman, was walking, as he had often done, in Lord Fife's stables at Bauff. Taking an opportunity when the servants were not regarding him, he put a bridle into his pocket. A highland cur that was generally about the stable saw him, and immediately began to bark; and when he got to the stable door, it caught him by the leg, in order to prevent his passage. As the servants had never seen the dog act thus before, and the same young man had been often with them, they could not imagine what had been the reason of the dog's conduct. However, when they saw the end of a valuable bridle peeping out of the young man's pocket, they were able to account for it; and on his giving it up, the dog left the stable door, where he had stood, and allowed the boy to pass.

A dog owned by a merchant in the neighborhood of Vera Cruz, received a wound in the ear. His master immediately carried him to a chemist, who applied a remedy, bandaging it afterward. For three days the operation was repeated, but the fourth, the dog seeing that his master delayed more than usual in

coming to take him, went alone to the apothecary, leaped upon the counter and remained there until the necessary operation was performed; and without waiting more for his master to take him, continued repeating his visits to the apothecary until he was entirely cured.

The perfection which shepherd dogs and the various breeds of sporting dogs attain in the performance of the work to which they are trained, is well known.

But intelligent as the dog is, he is equaled, and perhaps even surpassed, by the elephant. There are two modes of capturing the Asiatic elephant, the one by pursuing solitary individuals and binding them with ropes as they wander at will through the forests, and the other by driving a herd of elephants into a previously prepared pound, and securing the entrance so as to prevent their escape. In the former method the hunters are aided by certain trained females, termed "koomies," which enter into the spirit of the chase with wonderful animation, and help their riders in every possible manner. When the koomies see a fine elephant, they advance carelessly toward him, plucking leaves and grass, as if they were perfectly indifferent to his presence. He soon becomes attracted to them, when they overwhelm him with such endearing feminine blandishments, and occupy his attention so fully, that he does not observe the proceedings of the "mahouts," or riders. These men, seeing the elephant engaged with the koomies, slip quietly to the ground and attach their rope nooses to his legs, fastening the

ends of the cords to some neighboring tree. Should no suitable tree be at hand, the koomies are sagacious enough to comprehend the dilemma, and to urge their victim toward some large tree which is sufficiently strong to withstand his struggles. As soon as the preparations are complete the mahouts give the word of command to the koomies, who move away, leaving the captive elephant to his fate.

In all work which requires the application of great strength combined with singular judgment, the elephant is supreme. In piling logs, for example, the elephant soon learns the proper mode of arrangement, and will place them upon each other with a regularity that would not be surpassed by human workmen. Sir Emerson Tennent mentions a pair of elephants that were accustomed to labor conjointly, and which had been taught to raise their wood piles to a considerable height by constructing an inclined plane of sloping beams, and rolling the logs up the beams.

The horse is taught to obey the voice of its master when he is commanded to start, stop, turn to right or left, or go backward. A herder's horse learns to drive cattle with but little attention from his rider. Horses traveling over ground with which they are familiar need no guidance when going homeward. Cases are on record of horses which have traveled as much as twenty miles with their riders asleep, never once missing the way. All city people are familiar with the wonderful training and intelligence exhibited by the horses of the fire department. A case of recent

occurrence illustrates their intelligence in adapting themselves to unusual circumstances. The hook and ladder cart was going to a fire at a headlong speed, drawn by four spirited horses, when at a corner it struck an obstruction and over-turned, almost killing two of the men. Most horses would have broken into a run-away under such circumstances, they being already in a full run, but these noble beasts stopped instantly, and did not move until the matter was righted.

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

It is generally taken for granted that animals never manifest a love for the beautiful, and it is not very evident that what we call a lovely scene would, in itself, afford pleasure to a brute; but there is abundant proof that many, if not all, animals are sensitive to music. Science tells us that light is only a species of wave-like motion; that all matter has motion of some sort, and that sound results, also, from a peculiar form of motion. It is not unreasonable to suppose, then, that music, with its regular succession of wave-like sounds, may strike a responsive chord in the material nature of the animal, as the strings of the harp sitting idle in the room, vibrate when proper sounds from other sources strike them. But it must be the sensuous element in music that moves the animal, while for men music may have an elevating effect—a spiritual fragrance. We must remember that not all sweet music is beneficial to the human listener. There are

some strains which seem to appeal only to the lower, the animal part, of man's sensuous nature, while there are other melodies which lift the feelings above the common things of earth, calming and purifying the very soul. Of the moral effect of music animals can know nothing, but of their sensibility to the regular pulsations of sound in music, many very interesting observations have been made.

There are well authenticated cases of mice coming out of their hiding places to listen to music. There was an account current years ago of one which came out when the music commenced, and retreated when it ceased. This operation was repeated several times. After the music had continued for some little time, the mouse died from the excitement caused by it. Snakes are also affected by music, and in a singular way. The following was observed by Tennent, in Ceylon: "A snake charmer came to my bungalow, requesting me to allow him to show me his snakes dancing. As I had frequently seen them, I told him I would give him a rupee if he would accompany me to the jungle and catch a cobra (a most poisonous serpent), that I knew frequented the place. He was willing, and, as I was anxious to test the truth of the charm, I counted his tame snakes, and put a watch over them until I returned with him. Before going, I examined the man, and satisfied myself he had no snake about his person. When we arrived at the spot, he played upon a small pipe, and after persevering for some time, out came a large cobra from an ant-hill which I knew it

occupied. On seeing the man, it tried to escape, but he caught it by the tail and kept swinging it round until we reached the bungalow. He then made it dance, but before long it bit him above the knee. He immediately bandaged the leg above the bite, and applied a snake-stone to the wound to extract the poison. He was in great pain for a few minutes, but after that it gradually went away, the stone falling off just before he was relieved. When he recovered, he held up a cloth, at which the snake flew, and caught its fangs in it. While in that position, the man passed his hand up its back, and, having seized it by the throat, he extracted the fangs in my presence and gave them to me. He then squeezed out the poison on to a leaf. It was a clear, oily substance, and when rubbed on the hand produced a fine lather."

Old war horses become spirited and lively when they hear strains of martial music, but no doubt this is partly because it reminds them of their past lives. The following communication is vouched for: At three different times I was the owner of cats that were evidently much influenced by music. The first was always strangely moved whenever I sang *Ah che la morte ognora*,* from "Trovatore," and no matter where she was—in what part of the house or grounds, she would come to me as soon as the first notes of the song reached her; if asleep on the rug, she would awaken and come to the piano, by which she would remain stationed till the song was finished, after which she

*In English, "Ah, that death always," etc.

would resume her former position by the fire. Instrumental music had no power over her, nor did any other song than the one mentioned.

Again, I possessed a cat that I had raised from a little kitten. When I first noticed it I was just recovering from an attack of illness, and being incapable of reaching the piano, would frequently have on the bed near me my guitar, upon which I would, at times, play. The kitten seemed wonderfully attracted by the music, and would climb upon the bed and sit quietly watching me, seeming much pleased. After I was strong enough to resume piano playing, the kitten was my constant companion. Whenever I seated myself at the instrument, it would either crawl into my lap, or climb upon the piano and curl itself upon one of the mats, in either of which positions it would be an observant and intent listener to either vocal or instrumental performances, manifesting no preference for either, seeming to like both equally. These habits grew with the kitten's growth, and when it had attained its full size, it still manifested the same love for music. Instead of calling it by name, I would merely walk to the piano and run my fingers over the keys, which was sufficient to bring it to me at any and all times. Frequently I would leave the instrument open and go off to some other part of the house, when I would hear sounds from the piano, and upon returning to the parlor would find the cat very busily walking up and down the key-board making music for itself. Its favorite place for sleeping was on the piano stool.

My third pet manifested quite a preference for the beautiful song from Gluck's "Orpheus," *Che faro senza Eurydice*.* Whenever I sang it she would come into the room mewling and whining, and with the most troubled expression in her eyes, would approach the piano and walk around it, and never ceased her plaintive cries till I had finished the song. Once she seemed more powerfully influenced than ever before or after, and jumping upon a box of music books that was in close proximity to the key-board, she put out her paws and touched my fingers, never having ceased her plaintive cries. I paid no attention to her, when, as if to enforce upon me some desire that she could not speak, she seized one of my fingers in her mouth and left thereon the impress of her teeth. In this last instance, as in the first related herein, only the one song had power to move her, she, like her predecessor, having been indifferent to all other music.

SYNTHETIC THOUGHT IN ANIMALS.

Synthetic thought, that is, the ability to combine, or bring together two or more things to produce a desired result, is sometimes seen, to a limited extent in animals. A timber merchant living in a seaport town of England had two remarkably fine dogs that frequently afforded striking evidences of sagacity. "Hector" and "Wallace" had often, in quitting the timber-yard, to pass through a narrow lane, which ascended a hill leading from the sea. In this lane lived an old woman, who

* "What can I do without Eurydice?"

kept a snappish little cur, that always ran out and barked at the Newfoundlands. Of this they took no notice, or only answered the insolence of the cur by a dignified growl. At last the little culprit, emboldened by the forbearance of the Newfoundlands, snapped at the hind leg of one of them and bit it severely. Hector, the dog which was bitten, turned round, and, seizing the cur by the neck, carried him leisurely down to the sea-side, plunged in, and swam with him to what is called "boat's moorings"—about a hundred yards or more from the shore. There he let the unhappy cur go, and as he attempted to swim ashore, Hector, every now and then struck him with his paw. The cur was drowned, but the Newfoundland brought his body ashore and laid it out upon the beach—a solemn warning to all curs against offending the dignity of a Newfoundland. Mr Youatt tells a similar story, but in this latter instance capital punishment was not inflicted, a severe ducking having been considered a sufficient penalty. While the government harbor or pier at Donaghadee, Ireland, was building, a battle took place between two powerful dogs. One was a Newfoundland, the other a mastiff. They had a prolonged fight upon the pier, from the point of which they both fell into the sea; and as the pier was long and steep, they had no means of escape but by swimming a considerable distance. Each began to make for the land as best he could. The Newfoundland, being an excellent swimmer, very speedily gained the shore, on which he stood shaking himself, but at the same time watching

the motions of his former antagonist, which, being a bad swimmer, was struggling exhausted in the water, and just about to sink. In dashed the Newfoundland, took the other gently by the collar, kept his head above water, and brought him safely on shore. There was a peculiar kind of recognition between the two animals. They had often fought before, but never did so afterward; and upon the Newfoundland dog being accidentally killed by a stone-wagon on the railway passing over him, the mastiff languished and lamented for a considerable time.

The bee, compelled to construct her comb in an unusual and unsafe position, steadies it by constructing a brace of wax-work between the side that inclines and the nearest wall of the hive. The spider in like manner, whose web is in danger, runs a line, from the part exposed to the severest strain or pressure, to the nearest point of support, in such a manner as to secure the slender fabric. A bird has been known, in like manner, to support a bough which proved too frail to sustain the weight of the nest, and of her young, by connecting it, with a thread, to a stronger branch above.

A tame fox that was kept in a stable-yard had managed to strike up a friendship with several of the dogs, and would play with them, but could never induce the cats to approach him. Cats are very sensitive in their nostrils, and could not endure the odor. They would not even walk upon any spot where the fox had been standing, and kept as far aloof as pos-

sible from him. The crafty animal soon perceived that the cats would not come near him, and made use of his knowledge to cheat them of their breakfast. As soon as the servant poured out the cats' allowance of milk, the fox would run to the spot and walk a few times around the saucer, well knowing that none of the rightful owners would approach the defiled locality. Day after day the cats lost their milk, until the stratagem was discovered, and the milk placed in a spot where it could not be reached by the fox.

CONCLUSION.

The differences between the intelligence of animals and the mental powers of man appear in several particulars. Animals have no analytic thought. They see a house, but they see it as a whole, and it cannot suggest to them the thought of the separate stones and pieces of lumber that are united to form the house.

Animals have no language by which they can transmit experience from one generation to another, and therefore they never, as a race, make any progress or improvement. The bird and beaver build their domiciles just as well, but no better, than they did six thousand years ago, while men avail themselves of the experience of all the ages past. Man is the only being who uses fire, or metals, or invents or uses machinery; and man alone trades, exchanges, and engages in commerce. These things mark man as being essentially

higher than animals in his having a capacity for progress. In this connection, man has the wish and the power to make his influence felt in places distant from his own home, and to have his influence continued after his own death, upon future generations.

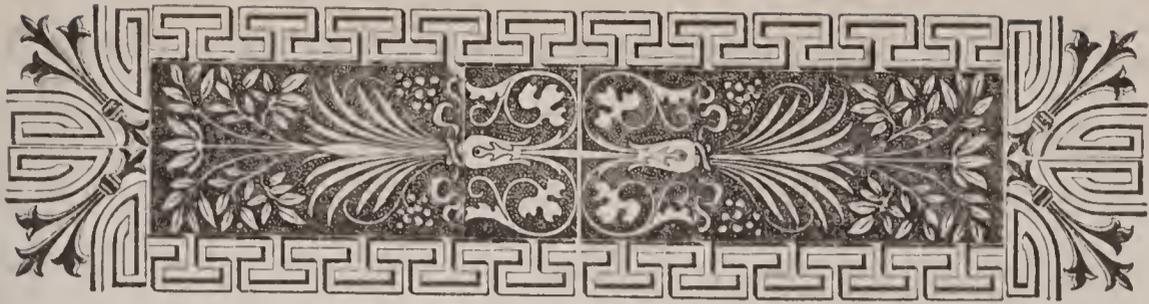
The animal is incapable of having a knowledge of right and wrong, properly speaking. The trained brute may remember that it was chastised when engaged in a certain act, and fearing the chastisement, will avoid that, or similar acts in the presence of its master, ever afterward. But that it ever thinks beyond this fear of chastisement, we have no evidence whatever. The animal can never be made to understand *why* an act is right or wrong. His instinct always shields his welfare, and, left to himself, he is incapable of degrading himself. In his natural life, there is no such thing as right or wrong.

Animals never laugh. They never manifest any sense of the ludicrous. They are also incapable of moral feelings. We may have a person so described to us that we will love or hate, though we never saw the person. That is, we are affected by the qualities of the person in question, but no animal can conceive of abstract qualities; no animal ever loved the master he never saw. He is, therefore, incapable of worship in the higher sense of that word.

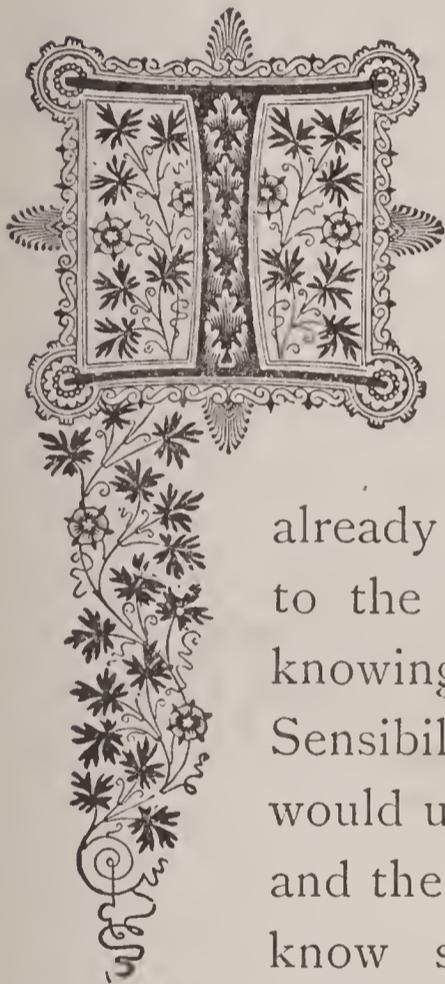
The animal can do no such thing as study his own nature and destiny, and choose a definite and continued line of conduct for life. His acts all spring from impulse, natural tendencies, or ingrafted habit, while

man is capable of foreseeing the results of a habit, and of forming his habits accordingly. He can contemplate the different possible ends of his life, and choose which he will labor to attain. Man is the only being, then, who is capable of making a fool of himself. A brute will be a brute to the end of its days, but a man may become either a devil or an angel.





THE SENSIBILITIES.



It will be remembered that in the beginning of our study we divided the mental powers into three general classes: those of the Intellect, those of the Sensibility, and those of the Will. The Intellect has already been discussed, and we now come to the Sensibility. Intellect is the great knowing and judging power of the world; Sensibility is the motive power, and if we would understand ourselves, our fellow-men, and the history of the human race, we must know something of this motive power which impels to action. Nothing was ever done or left undone without a feeling of some kind being at the bottom of it. Does a merchant labor all day in his store? it is because of a love of money, or of that which money will procure. The soldier risks his life upon the battle-field from love of country, or of glory. A man kills his enemy out of hatred. So all actions,

little or great, good or bad, result from some exercise of Sensibility. The man that knows well this part of the mind, knows all the secret springs of action that urge mankind to the performance of every deed done.

We have already seen that a strong body and a strong mind should naturally be found together; and that strong memory and strong reasoning powers are proper companions. The strength of any part of a human being, within reasonable and healthy limits, is conducive to the strength and health of all other parts. Hence we should expect from the harmony of nature to find a powerful Sensibility—a quick, whole-souled, vigorous feeling, united to a sound, strong Intellect; and so we do find it. Those of this world who have done great thinking, or great acting, have been persons of great feeling as well. They may have been proud, or ambitious, or avaricious, or they may have been sympathetic and affectionate—but in some direction, and generally in several directions, they were men of strong feelings. Such men are strong in love and strong in hate—they do nothing weakly.

ANALYSIS.

The divisions of Sensibility may be classified as the emotions, the affections, and the desires. (See page 254.) The emotions have been subdivided into two classes: the simple, and the rational. The affections likewise are of two kinds: love, and hate. And the desires are either animal, or rational.

By simple emotions we understand such as mere

joyousness or sadness without special cause, joy at the good fortune of self or an associate, sorrow at the death of friends, etc. By rational emotions, we mean those of a somewhat higher order: as the feeling of pleasure caused by the beautiful, the right, etc., and of sadness caused by the reverse.

Love and hate are too well understood to need defining.

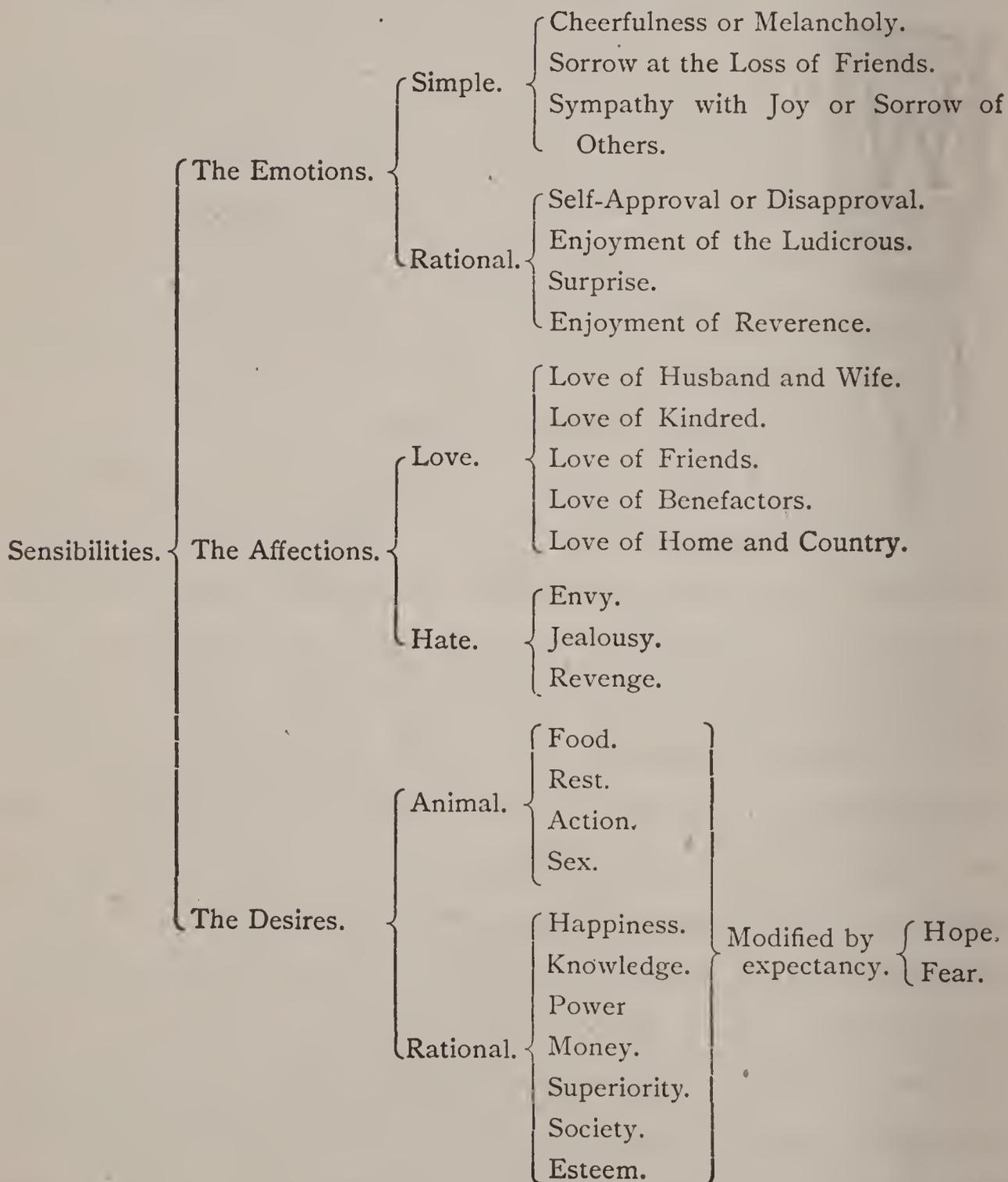
Animal desires are those of the body: as for food, warmth, and action. Rational desires are those of the mind: as for wealth, fame, knowledge, power, and that broad and universal sentiment commonly called the desire for happiness. Some have claimed that this desire for happiness of ourselves, which would also include the happiness of our friends, is the sum total of all the motives of men. And, indeed, it is true that in one view of the subject, all pursuits are pursuits of happiness. Man's deliberate line of conduct always points to some end to be attained which he thinks will increase his greatest good. But this, the broadest meaning of the term, is not the sense in which we will now use it. As one of the desires, and a branch of the Sensibilities, it refers more particularly to our desire for happy associations, and a freedom from all want and all care.

When an affection or a desire grows unduly powerful, it becomes a passion.

Hope and fear are outgrowths of the desires, the element of expectancy being added. Thus, when we

desire a thing, and have room to expect it, we hope for it; if we dislike a thing, and have any reason to expect it, we fear it.

A full analysis of the Sensibilities is presented as they have just been described, which is, also, the order in which the divisions will be treated.



THE EMOTIONS.

CHEERFULNESS OR MELANCHOLY.



WHO has not observed in his acquaintances a radical difference of temperament? One is always cheerful and happy; possesses, as we say, an inexhaustible fund of good-humor. Another is quiet, melancholy and recluse; he rarely smiles, and can but very seldom be led into a hearty laugh.

Happy is the man who possesses the first temperament. It is always June to him. Nature wears colors that are perennially gay. Indifferent things are pleasant to him, and sad things are soon driven out of his mind by a flood of happier thoughts. He is always bubbling over with joyousness; and his happiness is catching; one cannot be long with him without feeling something of that same enlivening spirit. This happy disposition constitutes the chief ornament and value of youth. Care and misfortune rest easily upon the young man. He lives in the future. Hope paints everything for him, and her beautiful colors hide the disagreeable scenes of life. As he gets older, a two-fold change takes place: the objects of hope grow fewer, and unpleasant memories

grow more numerous, and both have a tendency to make him melancholy. Still, there are a few who preserve their merry, cheerful dispositions, even after they have grown old;—happy, indeed, are such.

Melancholy has not any necessary connection with grumbling and growling. Some men whose dispositions have been so sad that life was burdensome to them, have been most gentle and uncomplaining; the poet Cowper was such a one. Everything is tinged with sadness to them. If they see a beautiful flower, it is only to reflect that it must soon fade, and its present loveliness gives them no pleasure. Wealth is unstable, honors hampered with toilsome care, youth fleeting: therefore they derive no happiness from the possession of these by themselves or friends.

Poets have generally possessed this disposition. One of the greatest of the poetic brotherhood has very beautifully said that poetry, like a rainbow, must always have a dark background. Byron thus describes his own feelings:

Melancholy

Sits on me, as a cloud along the sky,
Which will not let the sunbeams through, nor yet
Descend in rain, and end; but spreads itself
Twixt heaven and earth, like envy between man
And man—an everlasting mist.

Besides the two classes of persons just mentioned, those who are habitually cheerful, and those who are habitually sad, there is another, in whom the extremes of both dispositions are joined. One minute they are

sunk into the deepest sadness, and the next they are lifted into the most extravagant of hilarious gayety. The melancholy Cowper, who once came near committing suicide, wrote the comic ballad, "John Gilpin." Edward Young, author of "Night Thoughts," perhaps the gloomiest poem in the English language, was a lively, witty man in society. So was Byron. Comic Tom Hood, who wrote so many puns and funny things of all sorts, wrote also the sad "Song of the Shirt," and the "Bridge of Sighs," and the "Ode to Melancholy." A famous comedian was convulsing all Paris with laughter. One day a gentleman called upon a physician to know whether anything could be done for the extreme melancholy from which he suffered. "Go and hear ——, the comedian," said the physician. "Alas! I, myself, am ——, the comedian," said the sad man, and went away uncured.

SORROW AT THE LOSS OF FRIENDS.

Among the more common emotions is the poignant grief we feel at the loss of our friends. There are few who do not know from sad experience, how deep and abiding is the wound left in the heart by the death of a beloved friend. Two lives grow together, in the course of a long and close companionship, until they are so firmly united that each seems necessary to the existence of the other, and when they are torn rudely apart, the shock is an overwhelming one to the survivor.

At first, the mind is thrown completely into the shadow—the great cloud. No light appears. The

world looks dark, and the future utterly void of hope. There is only the gloomy prospect of a long, lonely, barren existence. A void, "an aching void," is left in our lives, which it seems impossible that we can ever fill. We could wish to die, that we might be with our friend. Our spirits break down, and seek relief by pouring out their sorrow in hysterical sobs, moans, and tears. Now and then a strong soul bears up and is silent and tearless. He is like a fine old tree in the forest, that has been stricken with lightning and stands blackened and lifeless, but strong and uncomplaining still. Such men are the noblest of earth. Their grief is not the less keen because they do not give it voice; nay, it is the more so; it is a pent up fire that scorches and withers the bosom that holds it.

After a time, the first violence of the sorrow subsides, and it becomes a sort of melancholy. Time is a great assuager of all kinds of pain. New associations are gradually formed which in some measure fill the place of the old one. New cares and new labors occupy the attention, and the loss suffered long ago comes up less frequently to mind, and when it does arise, it brings with it only a mild and subdued pain; not the sharp, piercing one it once did.

One effect of death is to hallow the memory of the departed. The weaknesses and foibles of our friends, to which we were so keenly alive during the time they were with us, are forgotten when we have them no longer. We love to dwell upon their amiable traits, and think of the good they did; a peculiarly holy

atmosphere surrounds them, and throws its glamour over the whole course of their lives.

SYMPATHY.

The word sympathy is derived from two Greek words, one of which means *with*, and the other, *feeling*, or *sensibility*. Thus, the proper meaning of sympathy is a fellow-feeling—a feeling with; and it includes all cases where one partakes of the feelings of another. It is commonly used to denote merely the feeling of sorrow at another's sorrow—a meaning which is too restricted. We not only mourn when others mourn, but we rejoice when they rejoice; and the one is as much sympathy as the other. It is one of the finest traits of human character that we share the joy and sorrow of our neighbors. With sympathy absent, this would be a sad world, indeed. Men would be wholly selfish; there would be no hesitation about inflicting any amount of pain upon others for our own advancement and comfort.

The feeling is a natural one, and makes its appearance very early in life. The child of one year will cry when it sees its mother in trouble, and will toddle up to rub mamma's cheek, and kiss her. The same child will laugh and crow when it sees others merry, not knowing in either case why it laughs or cries, but doing so out of pure sympathy. Even brutes have this feeling, to some extent. One animal will sometimes help another of the same kind in distress, if it is possible to do so. Not very long ago, an interesting anecdote

went the rounds of the papers, which will illustrate this power of sympathy in birds. A gentleman walking in the fields one cold morning, had his attention attracted by the strange actions of a number of sparrows, who seemed to be pecking at the tail of another one. Upon the approach of the gentleman, the birds all flew away, except the one they had been working with, which could not go, *as its tail was frozen fast in the ice*. Its sympathetic comrades had been trying to set it free from its uncomfortable position, and probably they would have succeeded in doing so finally, had they not been forestalled by the gentleman.

The end for which this tendency was implanted in our nature is very evident;—it is a means of preventing the extremity of cruelty and heartlessness which would often result from the conflicting interests which agitate the minds of men, if there were nothing to counteract them. If there were no such thing as sympathy, the aspirant for wealth or position would not hesitate to crush any one who presented an obstacle to his farther progress. Another purpose of sympathy is to lead men to acts of mercy. But for it a person in danger would get but little help. As it is, if one sees any person in a burning building, and in imminent danger of perishing in the flames, he rushes in to the rescue, without a thought of his own peril in so doing. If it were only a matter of reason and deliberation, he would weigh the chances of his own death or injury, and probably the helpless person in the building would be left to die. Still another benefit arises from sympathy. One

devoid of this property is at a serious loss when confronted with new sets of circumstances, and persons with whose manners and ways of thinking he is not familiar. He cannot conform himself to the new surroundings; he stands aloof from other people and cannot understand them. On the contrary, one who possesses a lively sympathy, throws himself at once into the swift current of life, and becomes a part of it. He can comprehend the motives which govern the actions of men and can enter into them. He perceives that men are oftener mistaken than willfully wrong, and consequently he has less to chafe and worry him than the one who thinks the world is all in a great conspiracy against him and the principles which he regards as right. The sympathetic man, too, is the only one who can get a proper and complete idea of history. Of what good is a knowledge of the bare facts of history unless we can look through them to the motives which brought them about, and thus be able to calculate somewhat upon the probable results of those same motives in the future?

A notable peculiarity of sympathy is that it makes but little difference what the object of it is. The execution or imprisonment of a criminal excites our sympathy to a very high degree, even though we may believe that he fully deserves all the punishment he is getting. We would plunge into the water to save a poor, insignificant boy, almost as promptly as if he were a man of ability and prominence. Brutes even, when in distress, excite our sympathies to an almost

incredible degree. This is a wise provision, and acts beneficially in a great many ways.

The theory has been advanced that sympathy is only an outgrowth and exhibition of our selfish nature; that if we sympathize with a person in trouble, it is only because we imagine ourselves in his place, or because we fear we may have like trouble, or some other such reason as those. But for my part, I cannot narrow down all the good and kind actions of life, and base them upon the one ignoble principle of selfishness. It seems to me that sympathy, for one thing, stands on a foundation much broader than selfishness. Moreover, it has been very acutely and justly objected to this theory, that if it were true, the most cowardly person, or the most selfish one, would be the most sympathetic and merciful; whereas the exact opposite is known to be the truth.

SELF-APPROVAL, OR DISAPPROVAL.

The emotions which we have thus far considered belong to the class denominated simple emotions. There yet remain to be discussed those called rational; that is, those which involve the use of the reason and other high faculties of the mind, as well as of the sensibility.

Among the more important of these rational emotions, self-approval and disapproval are prominent. "Self is a very agreeable object," and upon it is bestowed a large portion of our thought and attention. When we find that our actions have been

meritorious, we naturally take a keen pleasure in the contemplation of them. When they have been the opposite of praiseworthy, we derive anything but pleasure from thinking about them. So, when we find that we possess qualities of mind, body, or spirit, which are worthy of commendation, we are glad of it, and rightly so. It is not wrong to be proud of any good qualities we may be fortunate enough to possess. It is held by some that a man ought to be unconscious of his good qualities, abilities, etc. The man who has any ability will surely have sense enough to know it. He cannot help knowing it; if he did not, he would, indeed, be a strange phenomenon. I never heard of such a person, and I do not believe such a one ever existed, or ever can exist. No, it is right and proper that every man should carry all the pride that his actions and abilities will support. But right there the limit should come. A man should not overload himself with pride. He has no right to be proud of qualities he does not possess. The conceited man is contemptible; he has no right to let his pride carry him to the extent of trespassing upon the rights and feelings of other people. The arrogant, assuming, supercilious man is also contemptible; he has no right to give himself up to affectation of any kind whatever. The proud man treads a narrow path; he must be honest, sincere, direct, unassuming, and must know just where his merits end. It will not do to let his pride pass beyond the foundation that he has for its support.

But when he treads that narrow path, he is the finest sort of man. He is the man who will accomplish something in the world, and leave it somewhat the richer for his having lived in it.

One of the keenest griefs that a person can possibly have, is the consciousness of his own unworthiness, and especially of his own moral unworthiness. The serpent's tooth of remorse digs very deep, and leaves a very sharp sting. In the words of Dryden:

Nor sharp revenge, nor hell itself can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind.
Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

Remorse is bitterest in the noblest souls; as Scott has very finely said:

High minds of native pride and force
Most deeply feel thy pangs, remorse!
Fear for their scourge mean villains have;
Thou art the torturer of the brave.

THE LUDICROUS.

There are few kinder things which nature has done for us than the giving of a sense of the ludicrous, the ability to be amused, and to laugh. Without it, the weary grind, grind, grind of the world's business would, after a time, become insufferably monotonous and tiresome. A good laugh is one of the best medicines a man can take; it cheers and revives him as nothing else can. Those persons who never smile are much to

be pitied; and their lives must be as dreary as the Sahara.

No full definition of this emotion will be offered; everybody knows what it is, but it is extremely hard to define, and most writers who have tried to do so have only succeeded in darkening the matter.

Mirth is occasioned in two general ways, by blunders and by intentional wit. Each of these may refer to physical things, or to ideas. These classes do not, perhaps, include every occasion for mirth, but certainly very nearly all of them.

We laugh, for instance, at an extremely awkward person, or at one dressed in an uncouth manner. We could scarcely prevent a smile at seeing a dignified, well-dressed gentleman fall flat in the mud; we should laugh outright if a conceited, over-dressed fop should fall. Our risibles are very much affected at what is called an "Irish bull," in which a person accidentally says something ridiculous or impossible. So we laugh when a person intends to say one thing and says another; intends a compliment, perhaps, and gives an insult. A young lady talking with King George II., remarked that she had seen almost everything, but that there was one sight she had never yet seen, which she was very anxious to witness, and that was a coronation. A gentleman, on being introduced to Mr. Longfellow, desiring to say something complimentary, delivered himself thus: "Sir, I am rejoiced to meet you; I am one of the very few persons who have read your *Evangeline*." Another, in a similar manner, said to Mr. Tennyson,

“Ah, I have your poems, of course. I keep them in my bedroom, and almost every night I go to sleep over them.” So, with any blunder; if it be not followed by serious consequences, it is likely to provoke a laugh.

Of intentional wit concerning physical things, those abominations known as “practical jokes” are the best examples. The witty use of ideas is the largest and the proper field for humor. The varieties, from repartee, which is the highest, to punning, which is about the lowest, are almost innumerable.

The use of humor and wit has already been indicated. It is the spice of life, and does as much as anything else to make it endurable. But they have their dangers also. Too many wits care only to exhibit their powers, being not at all particular as to the object upon which they exercise them, a course which leads to a great deal of hard feeling. A man ought not to wound the feelings of another merely because he can. A witty, sarcastic word often cuts worse than a sword. There is some danger, too, that the possessor of wit, if his mind be not well balanced, may make it his idol, and for its sake neglect things that are of more consequence. Properly used, however, it is the most effective weapon to employ against folly and some species of vice. For such purposes, it is a lancet that may be used unsparingly and with the best results. A great many persons are more amenable to ridicule than to law, or any other of the restraining influences of society. If a vice can be made to appear ridiculous, such persons will be driven out of it. Rousseau says in his “Con-

fessions," that it was not the wicked things he had done that gave him most trouble to confess, but the ridiculous ones.

SURPRISE.

The occurrence of any event unexpectedly arouses in us the sensation known as surprise. Its effect is to stimulate the mind to more vigorous action for the time being, and in this way perhaps it becomes a pleasant emotion, for healthy action is always agreeable to a mind not already wearied. Its use is to give more zest to life, and relieve it of its sameness. It unites as an element with the ludicrous and with other emotions, more or less; and whenever it is found with them, it heightens the pleasure received from them. Another purpose is possibly to give warning of approaching danger, and avoid it, by startling the mind into giving increased attention to any unusual sights or sounds.

Its opposite is what the French call *ennui*, a feeling of uneasy wearisomeness at the tedious repetition of the same routine. The principal service which *ennui* renders us is probably that of spurring us up to greater exertions in order that we may rid ourselves of the disagreeable sensation.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.

The emotion of pleasure at the sight of anything either beautiful or sublime, is one of the highest emotions we have. It is also one of those concerning which many disputes are waged. Without stopping to

prove it, let us take it for granted that qualities of beauty and sublimity do reside in certain objects, and that they awaken in us delightful sensations accordingly. The difference between the sublime and the beautiful is hard to state in the form of definitions. A few examples will show it better than any words can tell it.

A gently rolling, well kept, grassy lawn, with here and there a tree, is beautiful, but it is not in any sense sublime. A rough, jagged, barren mountain is sublime, but not beautiful. The countless hosts of stars, covering the vast blue expanse of the heavens, form a sight at once beautiful and sublime, and both in the highest degree. A thing, then, may be beautiful alone, or sublime alone, or it may be both. In general it may be said that beauty conveys the idea of delicacy and skill, while sublimity is majestic and strong. It is thought by some that the term sublime can only be applied to the works of nature: this I can scarcely grant, although certainly the works of nature are more sublime than anything man has ever produced, because vaster and mightier. I cannot but think the "Shylock" sublime, and the description of hell in "Paradise Lost," and a great many other passages in our own and foreign literature. A great building, as St. Peter's in Rome, for instance, is sublime.

The beautiful calms us and soothes our spirits by its deliciousness. The sublime, on the other hand, agitates and oppresses us, though it is not less pleasing than the beautiful—more so, perhaps. We are over-

awed by the presence of a mightier power, we feel our own weakness and insignificance, when gazing upon the billows of the ocean, as they lash, and foam, and heave, or upon the terrible cataract of the Niagara, or upon the majestic, towering form of the Jungfrau. The emotion of beauty and the conception of it are two distinct things. We feel beauty without any special thought. Then we may begin to reflect upon it, to study it with a view of finding why it so affected us, and thus get a clear conception of it as a beautiful object. Again we may know that it is beautiful, that it has been pronounced so by a great many competent judges, that it fulfills all the requirements of beauty, but, without being in any way moved by its loveliness. This emotion is one which may be, and should be, cultivated. It is capable of very largely increasing the enjoyment of life, and there are no dangers or excesses to be avoided in the honest use of this power. We should take every opportunity of seeing that which is purely beautiful or sublime; it is an elevating and improving enjoyment.

REVERENCE.

Man has been called "the worshipping animal," and it is, indeed, a characteristic which would, alone, distinguish him from animals. Wherever we go, in whatever clime, or age, or country, where man is, there we find shrines, and altars, and humble devotees in attitudes of worship. No tribe of human beings has ever been found wholly without some form of worship, or

some idea of a God. It is a universal and significant seal of the divine nature of man that he should revere and seek to draw near to the mysterious, the unknown, the all-wise, the all-powerful, all-just and good, which he feels is forever above him, ruling over him, and in some mysterious way, shaping his destiny. Out of this feeling in man has grown his most absurd and groveling superstitions whenever he has ventured to adopt a material form to represent the object of his reverence; and out of this feeling, when held in the realm of the imagination, in the mind's ideal of perfection, has come, not idolatry, but the very highest aspirations, the most noble and pure desires and ambitions.

Reverence, as the word is commonly used, applies to other kinds of feeling as well as to that shown in forms of worship. We reverence aged people, but it should be noted that it is not simply their age alone that commands our respect. The aged are our superiors in wisdom, in experience and knowledge, and having already lived long and useful lives, we, along with all the world, owe them a debt of gratitude. The sight of an aged person calls all these ideas to mind, and the feeling of reverence is upon us. But how quickly this feeling vanishes if we see that this person's life has been given to evil-doing and injustice to others, and in place of reverence, comes pity or abhorrence. It is plain that reverence harmonizes only with ideas of justice, purity, right, the mysterious, the benevolent, and the superior. Because of the elements of mystery and superiority, the sight of the boundless and mighty

ocean, the calm broad canopy of the star-lit heavens, the grand harmonies of divine music, or any thing that begets within us mingled feelings of the sublime and beautiful, brings us also, very near to reverence.

This emotion has been abused by some, and labeled "superstition," because it pays respect to the unknown and the mysterious; but seeing that the unknown is limitless, and even eternity may possibly not fathom it, may we not reasonably suppose that a uniformly wise Nature has a good purpose to accomplish by this universal and deep-rooted sentiment? Even if we refuse to recognize Revelation, certainly the lessons of history are now broad enough to teach us that as man reveres the pure, the just, the right, the benevolent, and all that is beyond and above him, he will be bettered and ennobled; and hence, reverence deserves a high place among the essential elements of man's nature.



THE AFFECTIONS.

LOVE.



WE have already seen that the affections were of two opposite kinds : love and hate. Of love, the principal varieties are love of husband and wife, love of kindred, love of friends, love of benefactors, and love of home and country.

LOVE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Of all loves, there is none so mighty as that of a husband for his wife, and hers for him. There are no other persons whose lives are so intimately associated, whose interests are so absolutely one. They are like two streams that have united and formed another, broader, deeper, greater in every way than either of them was before ; and as, a little way below the junction, the streams become so thoroughly united that the waters of the one cannot be distinguished from those of the other, so a man and his wife grow, or ought to grow, together in mind and in spirit. Whatever affects the husband, affects the wife, and in the same way. There can be no discord between their best interests.

Their love is of a peculiar kind. There is no other

in any way like it. It combines in itself, but in a higher degree, the elements of confidence, intimacy, etc., that go to make friendship; the closest possible union of interests; that sort of love which grows out of the difference in their constitutions; and over all is fixed the seal of law and society which binds them together before the world, and makes the honor and reputation of both demand that they should live together in such a way as befits man and wife.

The wise and good of every age have left their testimony in favor of the mutual love of one man with one woman. Benjamin Franklin, who wrote strongly in favor of the marital relation, became convinced at an early period in his own life of the folly of bachelorhood, and sought a partner in marriage. He made a faithful husband and a kind father, and we see him, even in old age, speaking mournfully of the death of the favorite son of his early life, which died while yet a little child. Though he was never an ardent lover, like the lovers we like to read of in novels, he was a tender and considerate husband, of whom his wife was proud—in whom his wife was happy. “We throve together,” says Franklin, “and ever endeavored to make each other happy.” It were well if all lovers of the ardent description could say the same after a married life of forty years. Their home, at first, was plain and frugal in the extreme. A pure conjugal love needs no golden trappings to make it blessed. “We kept no idle servants,” says Franklin; “our table was plain and simple, our furniture of the cheapest. For instance,

my breakfast was, for a long time, bread and milk (no tea), and I ate it out of a two-penny earthen porringer, with a pewter spoon; but mark how luxury will enter families, and make a progress in spite of principle: being called one morning to breakfast, I found it in a china bowl, with a spoon of silver. They had been bought for me without my knowledge by my wife, and had cost her the enormous sum of three-and-twenty shillings; for which she had no other excuse or apology to make, but that she thought *her* husband deserved a silver spoon and china bowl as well as any of his neighbors."

LOVE OF KINDRED.

There are few attachments so strong as that which subsists between kindred, especially between parent and child. There is a dispute about the origin of this attachment — as to whether it is inherent in our nature, or is an outgrowth of relationship and the associations imposed by it. It seems to be a combination of the two. The germ of it is natural, but its growth and full development are very largely the result of circumstances. There are three principal kinds of relationship, and three principal kinds of affection growing out of them — parental, filial, fraternal.

Of all these, the strongest and most enduring is the parental. There is probably no other love so strong as that of the parent for his child, except that of a husband and wife for each other. From the hour of his birth, on through childhood, youth and manhood, the



YOUNG FRANKLIN AT HOME.

child is the object of the tenderest and most anxious solicitude on the part of the parent. No hardship is so severe that the parent will not willingly undergo it for the sake of his offspring. He will cheerfully go to the extent of laying down his own life, that his child may live and be happy. Indeed, his love seems to grow with the demands made upon it. The child which receives the tenderest love is probably the poor, weakly one whose health and welfare have to be most constantly guarded, and whose frail constitution seems liable to break down at any moment. The rugged, proud-spirited, independent child, who is able to take care of himself, is the one who generally gets the smallest share of affection. As compared with each other, the mother's love is doubtless stronger than the father's. No other, not even that of husband and wife, is so patient and enduring. Coldness, lack of appreciation, and breach of marital vows, will usually chill the affection of a married pair; not so the mother's for her son or daughter. The son may be most ungrateful and cruel; he may beat and rob his mother in his drunken frenzy; he may be a criminal of the worst class, and an outcast from society; still the mother's love does not forsake him; she meets each fresh outrage with renewed forgiveness and bestowal of confidence. It is almost always the mother who stands with pleading voice between the erring child and angry, outraged father. It rarely happens that the child is disinherited and cast out of his ancestral home by the mother. She could not find it in her

heart to resort to such harsh extremes. Whether this is a result of constitutional differences, or whether it grows out of the closer companionship which the mother has with her children, and the greater amount of care and pain she is compelled to undergo on their account, I am not prepared to say.

Next in strength to parental affection is filial—that of child to parent. There is no more beautiful sight than that of a young person leaning with affectionate, reverent trust upon the parents who gave him birth, unless it be that of the same child, after he has attained to his full powers, and his father and mother have grown old and feeble, carefully and lovingly supporting their declining years, and neglecting nothing which can conduce to their comfort and convenience. Far too often we find the direct opposite of this: the rude, insolent, disobedient young child, and the cold, unloving, neglectful older one—a pitiful sight, and one condemned by the unanimous voice of the world.

As the relationship existing between brothers and sisters is not so close as that between parent and child, their mutual affection is not generally so strong or so lasting. Nevertheless it ought to be, and it often is, a bond of great tenderness and beauty. Young people need bosom friends, confidants, and it is well for them if a brother or sister, whose interest in them is genuine, pure and unselfish, can occupy that position. Those young men and women who have brothers and sisters that take an affectionate interest in them, and in whom they may always repose the utmost confidence, are

much less likely than others to stray from the paths of rectitude; their chances are much better for living happy, fruitful lives.

LOVE OF FRIENDS.

“Poor is the friendless master of a world:

A world in purchase of a friend, is gain.”—*Young*.

“Happy he who finds a friend whose heart and spirit are congenial to him; a friend who unites himself to him by a conformity of tastes, of sentiments, and of knowledge; a friend who is not tormented by ambition or interest;—who prefers the shade of a tree rather than the pomp of a court!—happy he who possesses a friend!”—*De Maistre*.

In all ages of the world, friendship has been held to be one of the most beautiful affections. The names and deeds of Damon and Pythias, of Syracuse, will doubtless be remembered and praised as long as the slightest vestige of Grecian history remains in the minds of men. And, indeed, what could be holier and more admirable than pure, disinterested, self-sacrificing friendship, such as theirs? Something must be lacking in the man who can pass through life, surrounded by thousands of people, and yet have no friends. A complete man irresistibly attracts people unto him. A mutual affection, in the highest degree pleasant and profitable, springs up between him and those by whom he is surrounded.

It may be worth while to inquire somewhat into the

nature of friendship ; and first, into the elements which compose it. The first is acquaintanceship. Generally, friendship is a plant of slow growth, though there may be occasional cases of friendship at first sight, as there are of love at first sight. Long acquaintance acts in two principal ways to produce and increase friendship. We can always find something in a man's nature to admire, if we know him well enough. No one is utterly destitute of attractive qualities, and the more of these we discover in any man, the more likely we are to entertain a friendship for him. Again, with the lapse of time spent together, the community of knowledge and experience grows greater ; there is a larger common ground for intercourse. Anyone who has seen two old people, who formerly lived in the same village, had the same friends, and passed through the same experiences, talk for hours about old times, will know what this means. Says Horace Walpole : " Old friends are the great blessings of one's latter years. Half a word conveys one's meaning. They have memory of the same events, and have the same mode of thinking. I have my young relations that may grow upon me, for my nature is affectionate, but can they grow old friends ? My age forbids that. Still less, can they grow companions. Is it friendship to explain half one says ? One must relate the history of one's memory and ideas ; and what is that to the young but old stories ? " " The friend whom we have long and intimately known," says Haven ; " the friend of other, and earlier, and, it may be, happier years, is intimately

connected with our own history. His life and our own have run side by side, or rather, like vines springing from separate roots, have intertwined their branches until they present themselves as one to the eye. It is this close connection of my friend with whatever pertains to myself, of his history with my history, and his life with my life, that contributes a great measure of the regard and interest I feel for him. He has become, as it were, a part of myself. The thought of him awakens in my mind pleasing remembrances, and is associated with agreeable conceptions of the walks, the studies, the sports, the varied enjoyments and the varied sorrows that we have shared together."

Besides this of long acquaintance, there are other elements equally necessary. As the excellent De Maistre indicated, in the passage quoted above, there must be some "conformity of tastes, of sentiments, and of knowledge." There must be some common ground upon which they can meet. I do not see how it would be possible for the business man who knows nothing but his trade, and the farmer who knows nothing but his farm, to form a friendship. If they had, over and above their business, a common love for some kind of sport, or for some outside branch of knowledge, or anything else, then friendship would be very possible. Neither do I think it would be possible that any friendship should exist between the scholar of refined and moral habits, and the uncouth ragamuffin, or the man who gives himself up to debauchery. Scholars, business men, farmers, mechanics, fops, bummers, all classes

of men, will generally form their friendships within their own ranks—not always, however.

On the other hand, there must not be too great a conformity in the tastes and opinions and knowledge of friends. Nothing is so tiresome as conversation with a person who agrees with you in everything. There is nothing to give it zest and life. More than that, every one is deficient in something, and there is a natural tendency in all persons to supply this deficiency as far as possible, by association with those who possess, in a large degree, the very qualities lacking in themselves. Hence the well known fact that people usually marry their opposites; it comes from a feeling of a lack of completeness, and a desire to make themselves more nearly complete.

Another essential to friendship is respect. I could feel no friendship for a man or woman whom I could not thoroughly respect and admire. There are many things which might occasion this admiration; we may esteem a man for his native genius, for his learning, for his honesty and good morals, for his piety, for his courage, for his physical power, and a thousand other things. But some of these he must have in order to produce esteem, and without esteem there can be no friendship.

A dispute has been handed down to us from antiquity, as to whether it is possible for a man to feel a high degree of friendship for each of a great many people at the same time. I incline to think not. He may have a friendly feeling for them all, and wish them

well, but I think he will scarcely feel that close degree of friendship which makes a man willing to make great sacrifices for the sake of the love he bears his friend. Two of the keenest observers and thinkers of all time were Moliere and Aristotle. Moliere says that "Esteem is founded upon some preference, and to esteem all the world is not to esteem anything." Aristotle says: "He who hath many friends, hath none." There is a Spanish proverb which asserts that "a friend to everybody is a friend to nobody." It is a general principle in physics, and, perhaps, also in metaphysics, that whatever is spread out over a great extent of surface, must of necessity be thinner than if confined within narrower limits. Of course some persons are capable of more affection than others; but it may be believed that the same person's love for a friend will always be stronger if he has only a few friends, than if he has many.

Genuine friendship should not be much affected by change of circumstances. For example, a true friend will not turn the cold shoulder to a man who has been unfortunate enough to lose his property, or whose good name has been assailed by calumny. There is this, however: friendship is not generally proof against long absence without communication. Moreover, as has been remarked, it requires, as a basis, some degree of unison in habits, condition, etc. Now, when a man loses his property and becomes poor, it generally changes his mode of life in such a way that he is not brought into contact with his former friends. Hence

the element of association disappears. His manners and character usually change somewhat, along with his outward circumstances. He loses the current of feeling and thought in his old circle, and gets into that of a new one. Thus friends, sincere and honest friends, may and do, often unconsciously grow apart, after a change in the outward circumstances of either. It is folly to denounce all the former friends of such a man as hollow, selfish, and mercenary, merely because the old associations are not now maintained; and it is not only folly, but rank injustice. There is just as much sincere, honest friendship among the rich as among the poor.

LOVE OF BENEFACTORS.

This bears some resemblance to friendship, and generally leads to friendship in cases where the latter does not already exist. The distinctive element in love of benefactors is gratitude—thankfulness for favors conferred. Our gratitude seems to be not so much regulated by the nature of the favor as by the character and motives of the one who confers it. If one man should give us a large sum of money of which we stood in great need, giving it for the sake of some benefit to accrue to himself by that act, we should not feel nearly so grateful to him as to another who might loan us a smaller sum out of pure good will to us. In fact, in the first case we should feel little, if any, gratitude; in the other, the feeling would be quite strong.

LOVE OF HOME AND COUNTRY.

The source of the love of home and of country is a little difficult to trace. Perhaps the principal element may be the one of association that we have met with so often already. A man's home, and in a broader, looser way, his country, is linked in memory with everything he holds most dear: his friends, his happy childhood, his plans for the future, his disappointments — everything.

“It is strange how the soul's tendrils cling to the spot
That has witnessed our fullness of sorrow or joy;
But cling there they will, and desert they will not,
Though our lives may have drifted afar from the scene.”

One noticeable fact in connection with this subject is that our love of home or country is very little affected by the physical desirability of them. The poor man loves his leaky, crazy, tottering cottage as well, perhaps better, than the rich man loves his magnificent palace; and he gets fully as much happiness out of it. The Greenlander loves his cold and sterile land better than the inhabitants of the fertile southern plains love theirs. Indeed, it seems to be almost a general rule that dwellers in a barren, mountainous, inhospitable region, are more patriotic than those who are blest with every rich gift of nature. Moreover, when a country is in its infancy and can offer but few advantages, its people seem inspired with a warmer fire of patriotism than afterward, when it has

grown rich and powerful, and has made its flag to be respected upon all the waters of the globe. There is, however, something that steps in to take the place of real love of country, and that is national pride. Napoleon inspired his soldiers with his own enthusiasm by reminding them that forty centuries looked down upon them from the summits of the pyramids near them. Whatever an Englishman, or a Frenchman, or an Italian does, he is watched by centuries ago, whose high honor it is his duty to sustain.

There can be no doubt that ignorance tends to keep alive patriotism, at least patriotism of the intense, bigoted sort, which thinks there is but one civilized country in the world, and that all other lands are peopled by barbarians. The nations are separated by a difference of language, manners, and interests, and of location and history. The educated man surmounts many of these obstacles and grows to feel a sympathy for other nations. He sees whatever greatness there is in their character, and his prejudice against them disappears. He thus becomes somewhat of a cosmopolite, a citizen of the world, and his love for his own country is called into active life only when there is real occasion for it.

The love of home is an attachment of peculiar strength. The fact has already been noticed that Swiss soldiers in foreign service are rendered useless by homesickness, whenever they hear the familiar mountain airs, known as the "*Ranz des Vaches*," played. Even beggars, the last persons one would

think of as likely to become very much attached to their homes, have been known to die of homesickness.

HATE.

We now come to those affections which are the opposite of love, and which we have classed as hate. The principal modifications are jealousy, envy, and revenge. They all spring out of the principle of resentment.

It has been thought by some that there is no such principle as resentment in our nature. I believe, however, that its existence is generally conceded. Men, women, and children, in all conditions of society, from the most savage to the most refined, exhibit this feeling whenever they have received a real or fancied injury. The child betrays the presence of anger long before it becomes amenable to reason, and before it could have acquired it as an imitative habit, from seeing its workings in older people. Animals also seem to be subject to its laws. From these facts it certainly would seem that we possess this faculty of resentment, and that it was implanted in our bosoms by nature, that it is instinctive. The reason of its existence is quite easy to be seen. Without it, we should have no sufficient safeguard against the encroachments of selfish and designing men, and of that class popularly denominated "bullies." And especially, were it not for this principle and sympathy working together, a weak man attacked by a strong one would find no protection among other

men. Reason would act too slowly in the former case, and cold, cautious prudence would probably forbid all interference in the latter. There is needed something quicker and instinctive in its nature, which shall prompt us to action before reason can make up its mind, and in opposition, sometimes, to the dictates of selfish prudence. This we have in resentment, or indignation, with its varied forms.

Though resentment is instinctive in its character, it is often brought under control of the will and the rational powers. To illustrate: suppose a man insults you, and you instantly and without any thought of the consequences, knock him down; this is purely instinctive resentment. Suppose, however, that instead of striking him, you restrain your hand and go away, and thereafter seek opportunities to do him harm by slandering him, or destroying his property, or in any other way; this would be revenge, and would be a deliberate act, regulated by the rational powers, though it originated in an instinctive feeling.

ENVY.

Envy is a feeling which some people harbor toward their fellows who seem to be prospering better than they. It is an attribute of the lowest order of minds only. The great and noble are never troubled with the accursed feeling which begrudges their neighbor his good fortune. Jeremy Collier says: "Envy is an ill-natured vice, and is made up of meanness and malice. It wishes the force of goodness to be strained, and the

measure of happiness to be abated. It laments over prosperity, and sickens at the sight of health." It is probably strongest when the envious and the envied belong to the same rank in society; but I do not believe, with some, that it is never exhibited under other circumstances. I think the spirit of communism, and the general restlessness which has so widely prevailed among the poorer classes for the past few years, are a very striking proof to the contrary. The street loafer who is too lazy to do anything for himself, thinks that the capitalist who, by industry and economy, has amassed a fortune, should be compelled to share it equally with him. A more envious and more superlatively foolish and contemptible idea never entered the head of mortal man.

JEALOUSY.

Jealousy is akin to envy in its nature. It is generally an outgrowth of love between the sexes, and is simply envy of one who seemingly succeeds better than we in winning the affections of a person whom we ourselves love. It is not so base as ordinary envy, as there seems to be something about the love of men and women which makes it natural. It is often an accompaniment of the deepest and most passionately earnest love; indeed, it is claimed by some philosophers that a person not of a naturally jealous temperament, is incapable of true love. It is one of the most consuming passions — for it generally grows into a passion — to which the human race is liable. "Green-

eyed jealousy," has been the abhorrence of poets and lovers in all ages. It probably causes more murders and suicides than any other two passions.

REVENGE.

The moral character of resentment has been the subject of considerable discussion. It has been, of course, generally agreed that deliberate resentment, such as envy, jealousy, and revenge, is morally bad, an unmitigated evil. On the other hand, it has been pretty generally held that immediate, instinctive resentment has no moral quality, good or bad. It is thought that it is involuntary, and hence can have nothing to do with goodness or badness. This I am disposed to admit with regard to the feeling itself in the abstract. But farther than this, I can scarcely go. It is in the power of the person of thorough moral cultivation to restrain the outward manifestations of this resentment; and, hence, to give way to impulse, and assault, or insult, or otherwise attack the offender, must have some moral quality. It will be generally conceded that the quality, if there be any, is bad. At the same time, that fault is evidently not nearly so culpable as deliberate revenge, because it is not so much an affair of the reason and Will—the responsible powers of mind.



THE DESIRES.



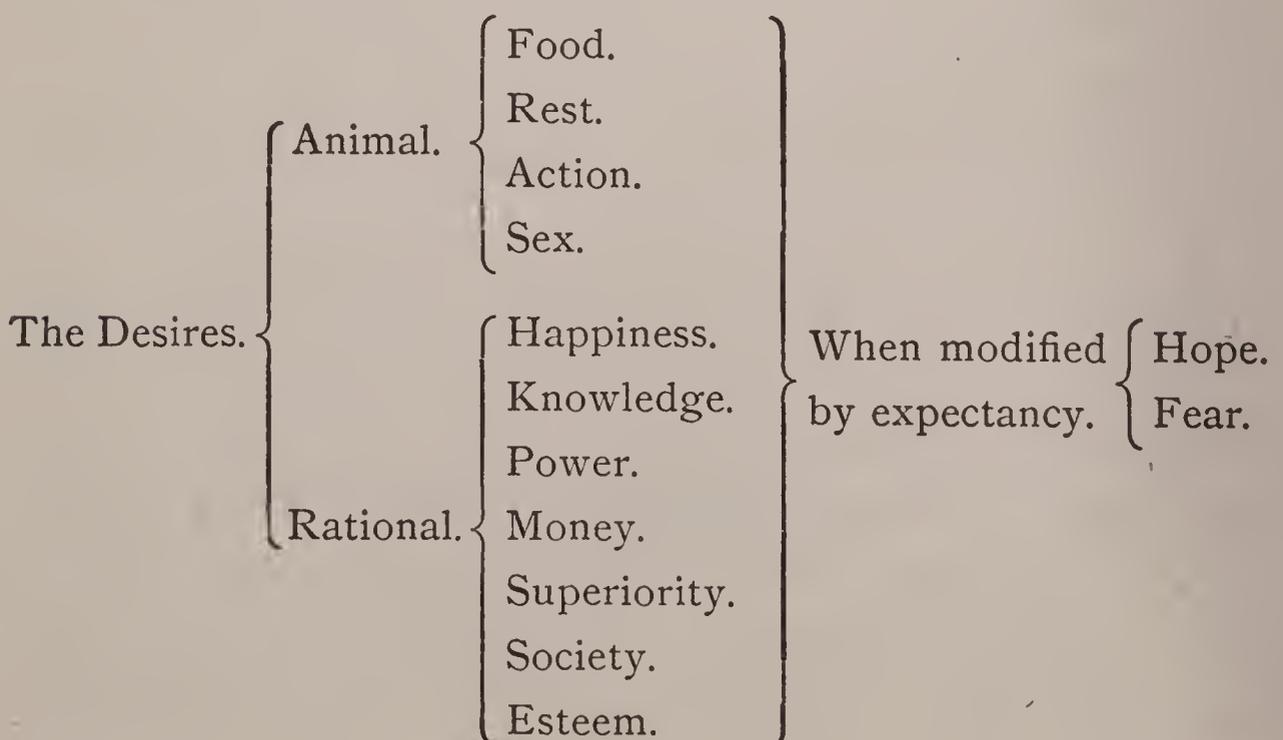
DESIRE has its origin in the absence, present or anticipated, of an object which we have in any way learned to love. The object of desire is generally, if not always, something the beauty or utility of which we have in some degree experienced. Our experience may have been quite limited, and may be supplemented by imagination, the report of others, and in various other ways, or it may have been complete in itself. The strength of the desire is proportioned to the affection we have formed for the object.

The opposite of desire is aversion, and is acquired in the reverse way. We have learned to dislike an object which is absent, or whose absence we hope for. The word aversion is, however, used in a different sense from the present one—merely to denote dislike or hate for an object, either absent or present.

As to the purpose of desire, John Locke says: “The uneasiness a man feels in himself upon the absence of anything, whose present enjoyment carries the idea of delight with it, is that we call desire; which is greater or less as that uneasiness is more or less vehement. Where, by-the-by, it may perhaps be

of some use to remark, that the chief, if not the only spur to human industry and action, is uneasiness. For whatever good is proposed, if its absence carries no displeasure or pain with it, if a man be easy and content without it, there is no desire of it, nor endeavor after it; there is no more but a bare velleity—the term used to signify the lowest degree of desire, and that which is next to none at all, when there is so little uneasiness in the absence of any thing that it carries a man no farther than some faint wishes for it, without any more effectual or vigorous steps being taken to attain it.”

The desires are of two classes: those of the body, springing from the animal nature (sometimes called appetites), and those of the mind—in other words, the animal desires, and the rational desires. The position the desires hold in making up the Sensibilities, is shown in the analysis, on page 254, but another of the desires alone is here presented:



ANIMAL DESIRES.

The most important of the animal desires, and the designs of each, are these. The desire of food leads us to keep our system supplied with that which is so essential to its maintenance. By the desire for action, we are induced to take the necessary amount of physical exercise. The desire for rest warns us not to overtask our powers of endurance. The sexual desire was bestowed upon us that we might not neglect to keep alive our species. These various desires are all wise provisions. Without them, we should often neglect the most vital interests of our nature. The rush of business, the love of money, and other things, would constantly operate to the injury of our health, even far more than they now do. It is foolish affectation, or at the very least, unwise for us to look down upon our physical desires in a spirit of scornful disgust. The mind cannot reach its full power unless it is supported by a good body, and even if it would, the body is in itself a most wonderful thing, worthy of all respect and admiration.

But there is also a dark side to this matter, as to every other. The desires of the body are quite likely to grow into passions unless vigorously ruled by the mind; and a person governed by his animal passions is a sad spectacle indeed. His capacity for good is almost utterly destroyed. He occupies a plane much lower than that of the brutes, for they habitually

exercise moderation in all such things. Besides, in the words of another: "It seems to be the law of our nature, that while our active principles gain strength from exercise, the degree of enjoyment or suffering which they are capable of affording diminishes by repetition." This has been clearly stated by Mr. Stewart. It follows from this, that while by long and undue indulgence of any of the animal desires, the gratification originally derived from such indulgence is no longer capable of being enjoyed, the desire itself may be greatly increased, and constantly increasing in its demands. It is hardly possible to conceive a condition more wretched and miserable than that of a mind compelled thus to drain the bitter dregs of its cup of pleasure, long since quaffed, and to repeat in endless round the follies that no longer have power to satisfy, even for the briefest moment, the poor victim of their enchantment. The drunkard, the glutton, the debauchee, afford illustrations of this principle.

RATIONAL DESIRES.

HAPPINESS.

Of all the desires which grow out of our mental constitution, by far the most important and wide-reaching in its effects, is the desire of our own personal happiness, sometimes called self-love — a name, however, which is liable to be misunderstood, because it

has been confounded with selfishness, and hence conveys a meaning which does not belong to it in this instance.

Much the larger part of all the actions, of whatever moral quality, which we perform in this world, are the results, either direct or indirect, of this principle. It has been thought by many that it is the foundation of all our actions, even those of charity and sympathy. As I have had occasion to say elsewhere, I cannot subscribe to this opinion. I believe that considerations of self are by no means the only ones which exercise a motive influence upon the human mind; and that we do a great many things from inspirations wholly generous in their nature.

Perhaps because of the confusion existing between the terms selfishness and self-love, some writers have held this principle to be a sinful one, and have taught the doctrine that all holiness required constant denial and mortification of self. But surely we were never created with desires and appetites, the moderate gratification of which, under proper circumstances, is wrong. Surely we were never put into this world with capabilities for happiness such as we possess, only to lure us into evil and the path to eternal punishment, as has been thought by some. Such an idea is, to my mind, absurd, if not blasphemous. Certainly it would overturn the conception which most Christians have of their Creator—an all-powerful, all-wise, just, and merciful God

The desire for life and health is only one of the

manifestations of this general desire. So are, perhaps, the desire of knowledge, the desire of power, with its resultant desires of money and superiority, the desire of society, etc. So numerous and important are the applications of some of these particular desires that we shall nevertheless treat of them under separate headings.

DESIRE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most useful, of our desires, is the desire of knowledge. It shows itself in the child in the form of round-eyed curiosity—a desire to comprehend all the new and strange which it sees about it. Later, it changes its form somewhat. It begins to flow in a narrower channel, but with a deeper and swifter current. Recognizing the impossibility of knowing everything, the man confines his attention mostly to certain branches of study, and in his chosen department he labors constantly for more and better knowledge. This desire, like all others, is more intense in some persons than in others, but probably it is not entirely absent in any.

As it is, this desire for knowledge that has ultimately caused nearly all the great inventions, and the perhaps still more important discoveries of abstract principles, we cannot but regard as one of the highest and most useful attributes of the human mind; one that will gradually unlock more and more of the secrets of nature, and make them tributary to man.

DESIRE OF POWER.

There are few things that have so great an influence upon a man's life and character, and so upon the course of the world's affairs, as the love of power and the desire to possess it. There is no one who does not feel it in one form or another. "*I can*," is probably the most exhilarating sentence in the English language. The child must feel a new and very pleasurable sensation when it first acquires the ability to walk. The lad that has learned to skate and handle his bat and ball well, feels considerably taller than he did before. The young student who can study out a page of Cicero in an hour, feels himself to be a king among men. And the man who can command the services of other men, and see his opinions and desires become effective, derives therefrom a stern, deep satisfaction.

This principle of desire of power is more or less mingled with various other desires : as desire of knowledge, desire of liberty, desire of money, and desire of superiority ; while it seems to be itself an offshoot of the general desire for happiness and well-being. It is partially the love of power that leads the scholar to toil at his books ; it buoys up the statesman, sick of the turmoils of political life, and the disappointments and troubles that unavoidably surround every one who is working in any manner for the public ; it leads nations into war, and is the actuating principle of the armies that fight the battles of power. Everywhere we see the results of this thirst after power. Without it, the

world would be comparatively peaceful, but it would also be stale and lifeless in the extreme.

DESIRE OF MONEY.

“That influence over others which power implies,” writes one, “and which is, to some extent, commanded by superiority of personal strength or prowess, by genius, by skill, by the various arts and address of life, or by the accident of birth and hereditary station, is still more directly and generally attainable, by another, and perhaps a shorter route—the possession of wealth. This, as the world goes, is the key that unlocks, the sceptre that controls all things. Personal prowess, genius, address, station, the throne itself, are, in no inconsiderable degree, dependent upon money, and its command. He who has this can well afford to dispense with most other goods and gifts of fortune; so far, at least, as concerns the possession of power. He may be neither great, nor learned, nor of noble birth; neither elegant in person nor accomplished in manners, distinguished neither for science, nor virtue; he may command no armies, he may sit upon no throne; yet with all his deficiencies, and even his vices, if so he have wealth, he has power. Unnumbered hands are ready to task their skill at his bidding, unnumbered arms to move and toil and strive in his service, unnumbered feet hasten to and fro on his errands. He commands the skill and labor of multitudes whom he has never seen, and who know him not. In distant quarters of the globe, the natives of other

zones and climes hasten upon his errands; swift ships traverse the seas for him; the furs of the extreme north, the rich woods and spices of the tropics, the silks of India, the pearls and gems of the east—whatever is costly, curious, and rare, whatever can contribute to the luxury and pride of man—these are his, and for him. No wonder that he who desires power, should desire that which is one of the chief avenues and means to the attainment of power, and that what is valued, at first, rather as an instrument than as an end, should presently come to be regarded and valued for its own sake.”

A properly regulated love—or respect, rather—of money is a very useful and admirable trait. The lack of it leads a great many people into disagreeable positions at times. It is the cause of half the pauperism and wretched poverty of the world; it is usually the cause of a family's getting into what is termed “straitened circumstances.” There is no one, possessed of good health and good sense, who may not, if he will, soon place himself where want, under ordinary circumstances, cannot reach him. A failure to do this usually springs from either laziness or improvidence, though it sometimes has more honorable causes. Only a few evenings ago I overheard a young man, pretty well advanced toward intoxication, talking about a fellow-workman, for whom he evidently entertained some dislike. Said he, “I get fifty dollars a month, and he gets only forty-five dollars. I hardly ever have money enough to pay my board; he always

has money on hand. It would almost kill him to lose a nickel." Then he and his companion in drink heartily agreed that they "had no use for such a fellow." Probably not—but "such a fellow" may possibly have use for them ten years hence, when he is proprietor of a large business establishment, and they are still workmen for wages. But there is danger that the money-lover may degenerate into the miser. Love of money is one of the most absorbing of all the passions. The man who gets thoroughly in love with gold rarely stops until he reaches the point where he loves nothing else; it becomes the one aim of his life to heap useless dollars upon dollars—useless because he will not and cannot use them; and a man of that kind is truly a subject for pity.

A remarkable feature of the passion for money, is that it keeps growing stronger and stronger in old age, after other passions have perished. To use the words of Dr. Brown: "In the contemplation of many of the passions that rage in the heart with greatest fierceness, there is some comfort in the thought that, violent as they may be for a time, they are not to rage through the whole course of life, at least if life be prolonged to old age; that the agitation which at every period will have some intermissions, will grow gradually less as the body grows more weak, and that the mind will at least derive from this very feebleness a repose which it could not enjoy when the vigor of the bodily frame seemed to give to the passion a corresponding vigor. It is not in avarice, however, that this soothing

influence of age is to be found. It grows with our growth and with our strength; but it strengthens also with our very weakness. There are no intermissions in the anxieties which it keeps awake; and every year, instead of lessening its hold, seems to fix it more deeply within the soul itself, as the bodily covering around it slowly moulders away. * * * The heart which is weary of everything else, is not weary of coveting more gold; the memory which has forgotten everything else, continues still, as Cato says, in Cicero's dialogue, to remember where its gold is stored; the eye is not dim to gold that is dim to everything beside; the hand which it seems an effort to stretch out and fix upon anything, appears to gather new strength from the very touch of the gold which it grasps, and has still vigor enough to lift once more, and count once more, though a little more slowly, the money that has been its happiest occupation to lift and count for a period of years far longer than the ordinary life of man. When the relations, or other expectant heirs gather around his couch, not to comfort, nor even to seem to comfort, but to await, in decent mimicry of solemn attendance, that moment which they rejoice to view approaching; the dying eye can still send a jealous glance to the coffer near which it trembles to see, though it scarcely sees, so many human forms assembled; and that feeling of jealous agony, which follows and outlasts the obscure vision of floating forms that are scarcely remembered, is at once the last misery and the last feeling of life."

AMBITION, OR DESIRE OF SUPERIORITY.

Scarcely an individual anywhere, is wholly devoid of desire to excel his fellows. The school-boy, in the class-room and upon the play-ground, is actuated by this impulse. The business man tries to lead his neighbor in the amount of his yearly business; each preacher wants the largest congregation; each lawyer or doctor, the largest practice; nations are moved by this desire, and by the tricks of diplomacy, or the force of arms, try to outstrip their rivals in the race for power. Even among the brutes, the same principle is constantly working.

There has been a tendency to regard ambition as an evil part of human nature. It is true that ambition often becomes inordinate, and passes its true limits, when, of course, it exercises a harmful influence. But in that it only does what all other principles in our nature do. Excessive greed for money is an unmitigated evil; so is an excessive appetite for food, for almost anything, indeed. But the fact that an excess of anything is bad, does not lessen its value when held in moderation. Nor is ambition always and necessarily associated with envy, though certainly it is very often found mixed with that base alloy. Envy grudges a rival his success, and wishes to pull him down to its own level. Ambition grants him his success, and is glad he has it, but wishes to equal or surpass it. "Emulation is a good thing," says Aristotle, "and belongs to good men; envy is

bad, and belongs to bad men. What a man is emulous of he strives to attain, that he may really possess the desired object; the envious are satisfied if nobody has it."

Valuable as the incentives of ambition are to the human race, it must be kept within due bounds. When allowed to dominate, there is no passion which can do so enormous an amount of evil in the world. The unbridled ambition of great military chieftains has more than once deluged the earth with blood. It is no uncommon thing for the personal ambition of a sovereign to bring on a terrible war. The ambition of our great money kings crushes hundreds of less powerful men, and drives many of them in despondency to strong drink, and even to suicide. There is danger that envy and ill-will toward those whom we regard as rivals and competitors with us, for those honors and rewards which lie in our path, shall be permitted to mingle with the desire to excel. Indeed, so frequently are the two conjoined, that to the reflecting and sensitive mind, superiority itself almost ceases to be desirable, since it is but too likely to be purchased at the price of the good-will, and kind feeling, of those less fortunate, or less gifted, than ourselves.

DESIRE OF SOCIETY.

At an early period in the life of an infant, the desire for society manifests itself. The little child of a year will cry for companionship; and it never loses its desire for any length of time. The animals also, as a rule,

are fond of the society of their own species. Most wild animals, as bison, antelopes, and horses, habitually live in herds; so with birds. In man, the feeling is usually a very strong one, as the following anecdotes will show.

During the reign of Louis XIV., a French nobleman was kept in close confinement in the castle of Piguierol for several years. In his solitude he amused himself by watching the movements of a spider which had made its home in his cell; and became so much attached to it that his grief was of the deepest and sincerest character when the keeper, discovering his amusement, killed the spider. Baron Trench sought to alleviate the wretchedness of his long imprisonment by cultivating the acquaintance or friendship of a mouse, which in turn manifested a strong attachment to him, played about his person, and took its food from his hand. The fact having been discovered by the officers, the mouse was removed to the guardroom, but managed to find its way back to the prison door, and, at the hour of visitation, when the door was opened, ran into the dungeon, and manifested the greatest delight at finding its master. Being subsequently removed and placed in a cage, it pined, refused all sustenance, and in a few days died. Rev. Henry C. Trumbull having preached a kind and sympathetic sermon to the convicts in a prison, was afterward sent for by one of the prisoners, who asked: "Did you mean what you said about sympathizing with us?" Being answered in the affirmative, the prisoner continued. "I am here

for life, but I can stay more contentedly, now, that I know I have a brother out in the world." It is said that the man's subsequent behavior was so good that he was pardoned, and that he died during the civil war, thanking God to the last for the kind sympathy of the minister. Silvio Pellico, the Italian poet, who was kept for ten years a political prisoner by the Austrians, when forbidden to converse with his fellow-prisoner, gave this stirring answer, which shows how strong the desire for society was with him: "I shall do no such thing! I shall speak as long as I have breath, and invite my neighbor to talk to me. If he refuse, I will talk to my window bars. I will talk to the hills before me. I will talk to the birds as they fly about. I *will* talk!" He relieved the tedium of his imprisonment in a manner similar to that employed by the French nobleman mentioned above.

Some years ago, the state of New York tried the experiment of solitary confinement. The result is thus given by Messrs. Beaumont and Tocqueville, appointed commissioners by the French government to examine the American system of prison discipline: "This trial, from which so happy a result had been anticipated, was fatal to the greater part of the convicts; in order to reform them, they had been subjected to complete isolation; but this absolute solitude, if nothing interrupts it, is beyond the strength of man; it destroys the criminal without intermission and without pity; it does not reform, it kills. The unfortunates on whom this experiment was made, fell into a state of depres-

sion so manifest that their keepers were struck with it; their lives seemed in danger if they remained longer in this situation; five of them had already succumbed during a single year; their moral state was no less alarming; one of them had become insane, another, in a fit of despair, had embraced the opportunity, when the keeper brought him something, to precipitate himself from his cell, running the almost certain chance of a mortal fall."

Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," a poem based on the sad story of Francois de Bonivard and his brothers, in the Castle of Chillon, Switzerland, is a splendidly terrible picture of the horrors of close confinement. I cannot forbear quoting from it, commencing after the death of his last brother:

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness, too:
 I had no thought, no feeling—none;
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what, I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray,
 It was not night—it was not day;
 It was not e'en the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight;
 But vacancy, absorbing space,
 And fixedness—without a place.
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

DESIRE OF ESTEEM.

This is another of the original impulses of our nature which is both powerful and universal in its effects. The little child, after performing some of its acquired tricks, will look up for a smile and an encouraging word, and if it does not receive them it will turn away in evident disappointment. The same principle rules in later years; the strong man is anxious that what he does should meet the approval of all about him. We are happy when we feel that we have the respect and admiration of the world, doubly so if we possess its affection at the same time. This is one of the elements of ambition. We desire not power, but fame as well. There are a few who would prefer to be "the power behind the throne," working in secret, or at most, only in a sort of semi-publicity. A far greater number would like to occupy the throne and have the power also; they desire the ability to do, but they are equally anxious to get full credit for all their doings. There is also a goodly number of those who would be perfectly content to fill the throne, and give to some one else the power and the care that goes with it. They are satisfied if they can be in the public eye, the observed of all observers, even though they may be in reality only puppets pulled with wires by some one behind them.

One of the most remarkable features of the desire of esteem, and one which gives those philosophers who trace all our feelings and actions to the principle of

rational selfishness a great deal of trouble, is the fact that we desire the esteem and admiring remembrance of those who shall come after us—"the ages yet unborn." Apparently there is no way of reducing this particular desire to such an origin. For of what possible material advantage could a reputation among people who live after we are long dead, be to us? The plaudits or the curses of a whole world will not depress either side of the scale wherein our good and evil deeds shall be balanced, so much as the fraction of a hair. The din of applause or denunciation which may ascend from earth, cannot reach the ears of that judge who sits aloft and reads at a glance into the depths of our hearts.

Many have decried fame as "a sad oppression to be borne with pain;" "a fancied life in others' breath"; "a flutt'ring, noisy sound—the cold lie of universal vogue;" the filling of "a certain portion of uncertain paper." All these, and many more equally pleasant epithets, have been applied to fame by writers who themselves wrote for it—like a man who disparages the article he is about to buy. Much nearer the mark are these lines from Mallet:

"I courted fame but as a spur to brave
And honest deeds; and who despises fame
Will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it."

Another somewhat strange thing about the love of esteem is that we desire the esteem of our enemies, and those whose judgment we consider to be of little

account, men whom we despise, indeed. Moreover, it pains us to fail of receiving the approbation of the world, even when we are thoroughly convinced of the righteousness of the course we are pursuing; even then it is hard for us to stand up boldly and defy public sentiment.

The desire for approbation is not at all unworthy of the greatest and noblest minds. In the words of Moore:

“Who that surveys this span of earth we press,
This speck of life in Time’s great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus ’twixt two boundless seas,
The past, the future — two eternities! —
Would sully the bright spot, or leave it bare,
When he might build him a proud temple there;
A name that long shall hallow all its space,
And be each purer soul’s high resting place?”

It is right and honorable, then, that we should strive to gain the good opinion both of the contemporary world and of that which shall yet be.

But this, like everything else, has its limits. It is not right to work for public favor by dishonest and disreputable means. There are times, too, when public opinion is, as we see things, wrong. In such cases, it would be both criminal and disgraceful for us to sacrifice a cause which we believed to be just and right in order that we might gain in the estimation of mistaken people. It would have been wrong for the great religious reformers to have yielded to the tumult that surrounded them. It was wrong in the thousands who

did yield. Carlyle and Wordsworth would have done wrong, and have been unworthy the respect now accorded them, had they sacrificed what they respectively believed to be truth and art to the clamor that assailed each of them when they published their novel opinions and methods of writing. The public is not always right, and when we think it wrong on important matters, we ought to be able to throw it aside and follow our own convictions. This is always the part of true manhood; moreover, it is a line of conduct that will always win respect in the end, while currying favor with the world at the expense of our own honest beliefs is a procedure which has always been held in just contempt.

HOPE AND FEAR.

Hope and fear differ from desire and aversion, only in having the added element of probability. We hope for anything which we wish, and which we have some probability of getting. We fear anything for which we entertain a dislike, and which may probably be inflicted upon us.

The strength of our hope and fear is proportioned to two things: the probability and the desire, or the probability and the aversion, as the case may be. A thing for which we entertain a moderate desire or aversion, and of which there is a strong probability, will be much hoped for or feared. A thing for which our desire or aversion is strongly marked, and of which

there is little probability, will also create within us a high degree of hope or fear. Dr. Brown illustrates this principle by the case of a traveler: "There can be no question," says he, "that he who travels in the same carriage, with the same external appearances of every kind by which a robber could be tempted or terrified, will be in equal danger of attack, whether he carry with him little of which he can be plundered, or such a treasure as would impoverish him if it were lost. But there can be no question, also, though the probabilities of danger be the same, the fear of attack would, in these two cases, be very different; that, in the one case, he would laugh at the ridiculous terror of any one who journeyed with him, and expressed much alarm at the approach of evening; and that, in the other case, his own eye would watch suspiciously every horseman who approached, and would feel a sort of relief when he observed him pass carelessly and quietly along, at a considerable distance behind." This tendency of the imagination to exaggerate the real, and conjure up a thousand unreal dangers, when anything of peculiar value is in possession, which it is certainly possible, and it may be slightly probable, that we may lose, may, perhaps, account for the uneasiness, amounting often to extreme anxiety, that frequently accompanies the sudden acquisition of wealth. The cobbler, at his last, is a merry man, whistling at his work, from morning until night. Bequeath him a fortune, and he quits at once his last and his music; he is no longer the light-hearted man that he was; his step is cautious, his look

anxious and suspicious; he grows care-worn and old. He that never was so happy in his life as when a poor man, now dreads nothing so much as poverty. While he was poor, there was nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the future; now that he is rich, there is nothing further to hope, but much to fear, since if the future brings any change in his condition, as it is not unlikely to do, it will, in all probability, be a change, not from wealth to still greater wealth, but from his present affluence to his former penury.

Where is the troubled heart consign'd to share
Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,
Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray
To count the joys of fortune's better day!

Thus exclaims Thomas Campbell, in his beautiful poem on "The Pleasures of Hope." Man has no better or more faithful friend than Hope. After all others have forsaken him, she still remains, cheering his lonesome hours with stories of the joys that may yet be his. In the beautiful words of Schiller:

'Tis hope first shows him the light of day,
Through infancy hovers before him,
Enchants him in youth with her magic ray,
Survives, when the grave closes o'er him;
For when in the tomb ends his weary race,
E'en there still see we her smiling face!

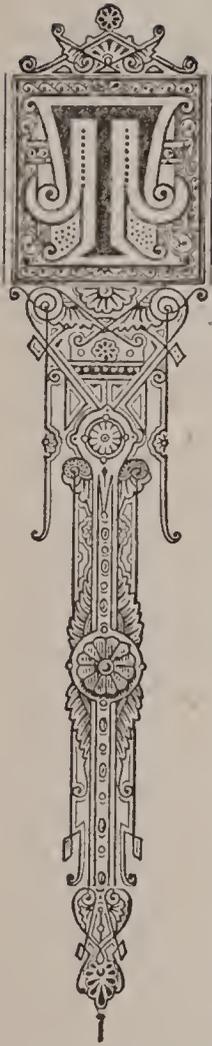
Indeed the pleasures of hope are greater than those of reality. Hope paints us joys unalloyed by any dross. No care and trouble is connected with the

wealth and power that is ours in hope; all is pleasure unmixed with pain, adorned with the brightest colors on fancy's palette.

At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountains, turns the musing eye,
Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way;
Thus from afar, each dim discovered scene
More pleasing seems than all the past hath been,
And every form, that fancy can repair
From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.



OBSERVATIONS.



THE most striking feature of note seen in the study of the Sensibilities, is that at almost every point they may possibly antagonize each other. The human being may find himself placed where, for instance, to gratify his desire for money he must sacrifice his love for his friends, or some other affection even more dear; or where, to preserve his sense of self-approval, and avoid the pain of disapproval, he must sacrifice some strong desire; or, to obtain and hold the esteem of his fellow beings, many other of the desires, the affections, or the emotions, must be held in check, or denied entirely. Here, then, the "irrepressible conflict" is forever going on; here is the battle-field where the warring angels of good and evil are forever struggling. Why good, and why evil? Because man's nature, besides including all there is in nature below him, has some higher qualities added. The law of nature is that of progress, always from lower to higher. Man, in order to keep this law, must use the lower side of his nature for the continued elevation of his higher qualities. To keep this grand law of nature,

and not to break it, to be guided by his higher, nobler side, is good; to be moved by his lower, his animal side alone, to break that universal law, is evil. These feelings from both sides of his nature are, by necessity, always present and intermingling. In plain sight of these clear-cut facts, it seems scarcely necessary to urge each person to a constant and careful study of his own feelings. Certainly, no one would fix his eyes upon the clouds and walk in dangerous places, near pitfalls, trenches and precipices, never looking to his feet. But a moment's survey of the multitudes in every-day life will convince any one that this is just what a good many people are doing. It is not the business of this hour to preach sermons, however. Nothing could be further from our intent. Let us examine Nature, her laws, her conditions, her final results, and find in the discovery of facts and the pursuit of truth, another mission. It is the privilege of every human being to see and understand that in the Sensibilities, as above fully enumerated, is found the motive, the origin of every Willed or chosen action of his life, or of every refusal to act.

The first acts of the child are largely the results of instinctive feelings, or inherited tendencies. The little girl nurses her doll, because she so desires. Sunbeams kiss her golden tresses, a look of Heaven is on her face, and maternity is in her heart. The boy, though just beginning to walk, will instantly throw aside that ape of a baby, the doll, harness his

dog to a wagon, and haul sticks about the place. He builds a stable for his dog, and ties him in the stall as though he was a real horse. The yard gate is left open only once, he darts out, and is gone. Up the street he toddles, amid men and danger. He is ready to ride a horse, buy a calf, or run a locomotive. He loves to throw snowballs, and stones, and forgets his dinner when a contest is on hand. Such are his likes and dislikes.

A little later the young lady notices lights and shadows. She always knows the color of your eye and the cut of your coat; she can tell the width and hue of every ribbon which has graced female beauty in her neighborhood for years past. She paints, sings, sympathizes. Her form, face and heart ask for sympathy in return. She longs for some one whom she can respect and whom she can give a wealth of affection, more like heaven than earth. The recipient of this may be the veriest scoundrel on the green sod. She knows it not, nor can she easily be convinced of this fact; he leads her anywhere, and there she dwells, wrapped in adoration of him. Should he rise to the skies on wings of fame and moral worth she goes not with him unless her feelings attend the course. Is he an outcast? He may also be faithless and cruel, yet his stopping place is her home, while she loves him. She has not the power to tell these deeds to others, and they are viewed through glasses of affection.

The young man leaves home with an exact image

of mother in his heart. No—not an image! Vastly more! She walks alive in the halls of his soul. She may pass away to other worlds, but she is not gone. He may raise the liquor glass, but mother's eye rebukes. He walks the dens of vice—mother looks on and weeps. Oh, what a guardian angel is mother! How hard to be wicked, for mother wants him to be good! He is impelled to the right because he feels it to be right and desires to please mother. If he toils from dawn till night, some sort of feeling is the motor. Either he hungered, he was cold, or he loved a nice home, happy children and a wife well dressed. He loved position in society, and chief seats in the synagogues. He dreaded the pinchings of poverty and the contempt of his fellow men, and *ennui* struck its fangs into every part of his being—all these—or at least some of them, impelled him to work. Ah, what a blending of varied feelings do we see! Come they all from the nobler side?

It has been said that "Knowledge is power." Knowledge is power, indeed, but it is passive power. Knowledge alone never took Sherman from the shoemaker's bench and gave him a seat in Congress. Knowledge is but light for the track—feeling darts the train!

Every phase of Sensibility should be studied for

THE PART IT PLAYS IN BUSINESS.

All the most powerful doers in the world have been also the most powerful feelers. Sensibility is the fire

under the boiler. Without it, there can be no steam, no motion. Every act, from the poet's dreamy creation, to the steady labor of the mechanic at his anvil, or the farmer at his plow, must be lit up with the warm glow of emotions, affections, desires.

One of the greatest literary men of modern times said that when he was about sixteen, and was already a writer of short articles for the press, he found the following paragraph in a scrap of an old journal: "If you would be a successful writer, cultivate your feelings. Study the whole range of human emotions, affections, desires, and become familiar with their endless combinations. The place to study them is in the written lives of men and women, in the lives of your friends and associates, but first of all, and most of all, in your own heart. True, if you would speak for others to listen, you must have something to say; you must have a large and varied information, a vast store of useful facts. But these alone will be cold and useless for your purpose unless warmed into life and thrilled into separate realities by a wide, deep, and far-reaching sympathy. Your skeleton of facts must be clothed with human flesh, it must breathe and live." He cut the paragraph out and pasted it into his pocket-book and years afterward, when he fully understood its vast scope, he treasured the little clipping all the more for its truth and wisdom.

The laborer cleans the street honestly and faithfully, because he has a heart in the right place. Without the same feelings that are needed to ennoble a king, he will

be either a villain, a dunce, or a slave. But give him the feelings that move the lives of all the true, and his tasks fall from his hands in cheerful and earnest completeness, and he becomes the peer of every man who has a heart.

THE INNER LIFE.

The outward lives of men come always from the springs within; the Sensibilities are, then, the most absorbing study, because a knowledge of them is the key to the inner life of every one.

The Intellect is constantly perceiving things, and to whatever extent these things excite man's emotions, his affections, his desires, to that extent may he act. He may act hastily, impulsively, we say, taking what seems to be the nearest road to the fruition of his feelings, after the manner of brutes; or he may wait for more intellectual light, for a study of all departments of his feelings, for a wise decision upon the worthiness of that feeling to be a motive. When we see so many people doing things merely because they feel like doing them, acting upon impulse, without waiting to examine the wisdom of their proposed action, we are not surprised at the abuse that is heaped upon such people; or that they are used by wiser heads as mere blind tools to accomplish any end their leaders choose. They are sometimes led on to noble ends, but too often they are but cat's paws to pull chestnuts out of the burning ashes for others. How many a lawyer has won a hard case by simply playing upon the chords of Sensibility

in the minds of his jurymen. First a little cordial to please their self-approval, their love of esteem, then he presents the feelings of his client, stripped of everything base, that the jurymen may easily feel as his client felt; then rapidly the scale is run, every pulsing sentiment is made to throb in sympathy with that client, every circumstance is managed to call forth their pity for him, every noble impulse in the common heart of humanity to aid a fellow-mortal in any sort of danger is called out, and amid a torrent of feeling from the well-springs of Sensibility, the jury give their verdict in favor of a case that would not, could not, stand one moment in the clear light of an intellectual, a sensible examination. In the same way the vile-hearted libertine wins possession of his victim, and in like manner does the advocate of every false cause gain his followers. Every natural feeling is good in its place, but what is its true place or extent? That is the question. The desire for money, fame, power—how shall we decide the proper limits of these? Many a man of brain and thought has stumbled upon that question, because of the popular opinion that the more money, fame and power we can have, the better. It was to such desires as these that the slimy villain, Aaron Burr, appealed when he needed aid in his schemes; and the wealthy scholar, Blennerhassett, turning from the quiet joys of his books, his farm, and his virtuous family, to gaze on pictures of future fame and glory was led on to ruin and disgrace.

What a medley of contradictions are the motives

of men! The thief and the saint are both moved by the same Sensibility, their feelings. Startling thought! From the same range of possibilities may come the tenderest act of a faithful friend, or the foulest crime of a blackened murderer. Where does the difference arise?

THE ANSWER.

The answer has been already hinted. All the desires classed as animal desires in the analysis of the Sensibilities, man holds in common with other animals. These are necessary to the safety and welfare of his body and the continuance of the race. Further than this, these desires dare not lead. You may eat to live, but never live for the sake of eating. So with the other feelings in this section. (See analysis of the desires, page 290.)

Another point: Man's nature makes him a social being. His love of kindred, his love of friends, of country, of society, of the good will and esteem of others, all point to the plain fact that man's nature will suffer, and suffer severely, if he attempt to live wholly apart from all his kind, or array himself in selfishness against his fellow creatures. No human being, however perfect, can go on very long without the sincere and true regard of some worthy person. There will come moments when an unsatisfied hunger for love and sympathy will almost drive him mad. Sympathy is the central bond of humanity, and when any individual devotes too large a share of his efforts to the pursuit of

his private good alone, or tries to rise upon the downfall or misfortune of others, he cuts the very rope that anchors his ship in safety.

And finally, the law of progress and improvement, the most powerful, deep, and universal law of Nature, stands forever ready at the hand of every thinking person as a measure of the worthiness of his motives. Nature never made a law to be broken, nor excused an individual for negligence in understanding her laws.

ESTEEM AND SELF-APPROVAL.

The most powerful impulses in leading men to just and proper actions are those of self-approval or disapproval, and the desire for the esteem or good-will of other people. The desire for the esteem of others is almost omnipotent. It is not to be believed that any mortal ever lived who was so far gone in utter recklessness as to fully, completely and truly say, "I don't care what others think of me." The person who moves toward such a state of mind is treading on the brink of moral ruin. Yet this very desire for the esteem of others, restraining and beneficial as it surely is, may become our worst enemy. When careless, unwise, mistaken, foolish, or vicious persons are the associates whose good-will we court, the danger of our position is easily seen, for it is impossible to avoid doing some things to please them and hold their friendship. There is no safety in the esteem of others unless we choose to devote ourselves wholly toward winning it from the wise, the virtuous and the

true. Our friends must be chosen from among the good, those about whose goodness there is no shade of doubt, or this very feeling, given to elevate and ennoble us, will but drag us down, and down. How true is that saying: "What a person loves, that will he become," and this law of human nature explains it.

No anguish of spirit on earth can equal that of the being who feels that all the world is frowning on him. As of the dog in the proverb, you may say, "Give him a bad name, and then hang him," for he is ready for any deed; he has no reputation to save. He will barter his soul for a pitying glance of sympathy from the veriest villain, and follow the approving smiles of his newly found friend, though it lead to a bottomless pit. Need we look further for the proof of that rough old saying: "There is no rage like love to hatred turned"?

Here is one of the many practical lessons to be learned from these truths. Though we dare not associate with evil or vicious persons, yet our dearest companions will of course be more or less imperfect; and while we study them closely that we be not led into their faults, it is most unwise to openly notice their errors, or to often chide them. They, knowing that we dwell upon their weaknesses, feel that our respect for them is lessened; and soon they lose to that extent their desire of laboring to please or gratify us, or to merit the esteem they feel is already lost. Thus are we the losers by what is also a great unkindness to them. How much wiser, by our own pure

lives and their regard for us and good-will, to lead them unconsciously away from evil. Thus appears the deep meaning of the sage when he says: "A good example is better than precept"; like charity, it blesses both giver and receiver.

When we do that of which our own understandings approve, we can scarcely know a sweeter reward than that same feeling of self-approval; but instead, when an act is condemned by our better sense, we cannot escape the company of our own minds, and the frown of sharp rebuke is ever present. These remorseful feelings are the echoes of lost virtues. Not even for an hour can we bear to be alone, nor can we advantageously apply our leisure time; we try like fugitives and wanderers to escape from ourselves; but the gloomy companion presses on, and pursues us as we fly. No man can long remain knowingly guilty to himself; and there is no man that carries guilt about him, without receiving a sting into his soul. He may suffer at the thought of an evil act he contemplates doing, and his efforts to free himself from this painful disapproval of an act already done, or about to be done, gives rise to one of the most peculiar traits in the human character, namely, that of self-deception.

SELF-DECEPTION.

When a man harbors an impulse he feels to be an unworthy one, he must either suffer the pain of his own disapproval or quiet his mind temporarily with

some excuse. Many try to drown their memories in vice, or a round of exciting scenes; while many more plead their own cases before the court of their accusing minds, and where the same person is both pleader and judge, a fair judgment is too seldom obtained. Thus, while one person is being deceived by others, scores upon scores deceive themselves. One quiets his doubts by saying, "I was abundantly provoked to do what I did"; another, "I was not well informed, I was ignorant and am not to blame for what I did"; another, "Oh, it is a very small matter, it don't amount to much in a lifetime"; another, "Hundreds of people do the same, and worse"; another, "I can't afford to waste time thinking of the past, I must be jolly to-day, for to-morrow I may die." The most common and dangerous excuse is found behind the fact that all the feelings in the range of Sensibility are right and good under some circumstances; the mistake is made in the extent of their indulgence. Many a man has a kind of kaleidoscope, where the bits of broken glass are his own little acts and wishes, and they fall into pretty combinations, and delight him, often very mischievously and to his final serious injury; but they are to him a pleasure for the moment. It is easy for a hasty person to believe that his motives are pure and noble, or for the closer thinker to persuade himself for a time that his course is proper and right. But it is our privilege to know that every broken law must suffer its penalty, that those who delay the judgment are but adding to their own pain, and that sooner or later

regrets must overtake each and every error. A wrong act cannot be long forgotten in excuses. It must be righted, or the memory of it can be buried in no other way but in the excitement of committing greater wrongs. Hence, we see beings who are on the downward grade generally bearing an air of reckless gayety; they seldom lose an opportunity to help persons younger in error to step down a little faster for the sake of companionship in misery, or to popularize their own mistakes; and at each downward turn they gain new speed. This does not apply in particular to the extremely vicious, but rather to the careless in all classes: those of slightly loose or very easy habits in the highest ranks; those who say to themselves in their more sober moments, "Yes, this is not right, I know; to-morrow, or next year, I must change my course." There is no legitimate end to such a career but in moral degradation, physical ruin, death.

It is no pleasant task to dwell upon these features of human nature; they are facts, and must be noticed for facts' sake.

MAN'S MOTIVES.

Man's motives fill the world with joy or sorrow. The human Sensibility! What an endless range of varied music may come from that instrument! Who would miss the study of its capacities? It holds every tone in the whole range of sounds, the lowest notes and the highest. From off its trembling strings the simple airs of child-life ripple; thence come the bright

and cheery glees of youth ; the monotonous of idleness ; the sweet but sensuous waves of voluptuous melody, that breathe wine and dance and wantonness till the cords glow and loosen, and the strains die in a monody of the prodigal's sullen, miserable wail ; the rattle of guns and the beating of drums in life's earnest battle ; the harsh clangor of dishonorable strife's conflicting elements, making the very frame quiver with their discord ; the rustling murmur of the gathering storms of trial ; the subduing, soft, all-conquering music of honest love and sympathy—tender, holy, deep and true ; the sublime grandeur of eternal hopes—the pure spirit's divinest harmonies !

It has been impossible to speak of the various branches of the Sensibility and their resulting motives without mentioning the relative value and importance of these motives. And, as their value or importance depends upon their moral worth, we have spoken of right and wrong, and man's moral nature, although we have not yet come in our analysis and study to that division where man is shown to have a moral nature, or, indeed, obligations of any sort. In Intuition we see his capacity to know right and wrong, in case such things really exist. That such things as right and wrong do exist, will appear in the next division of the mind, namely, the Will. There man's obligation, and, hence, his moral nature, will appear.

So charming is the study of the Sensibilities it is difficult to pass to the next subject, for in them we

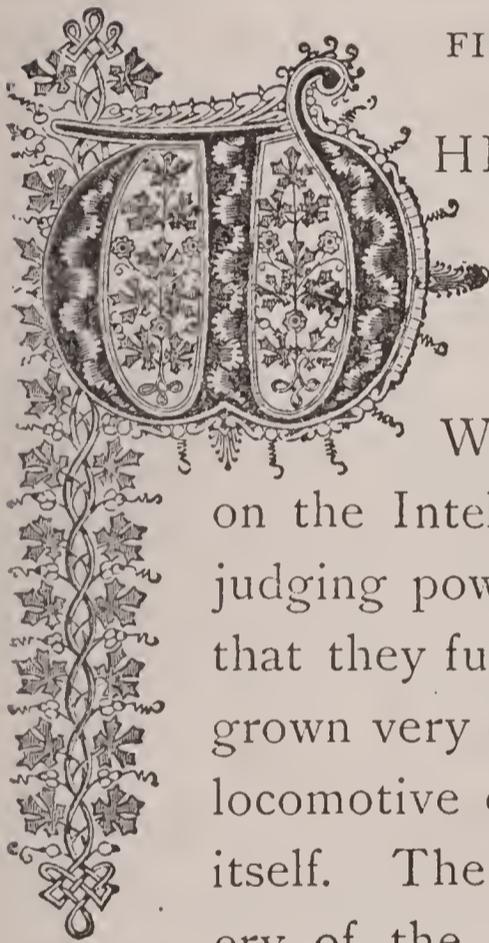
see sympathy, joy, love and hate, fears, desires and hopes, which are by far the larger share of all there is in life for most people. But let it not be forgotten that without the eye of Intellect and the firm hand of Will, this flood of feeling may be like a great spring gushing from the mountain side and spending its wealth of waters in waste places. Without an eye to choose its direction, without a firm hand to regulate its reckless flow, the lovely vales will never see its greatest beauty, and the parched fields will seldom know its blessing.





THE WILL.

FIRST THOUGHTS.



WHEN making our general analysis of man, his mind-nature was divided into three grand divisions: Intellect, Sensibilities, and Will.

We have already seen, in the section on the Intellect, that it was the knowing and judging power of man, and in the Sensibilities that they furnished the motive power. It has grown very common to liken man's mind to a locomotive engine, and no better figure offers itself. The Intellect is the frame and machinery of the engine. Its parts are all perfect, every wheel and every lever is in its place, its headlight shines bright and clear along the track, it stands there cold and motionless. The Sensibilities are the water in the boiler and the fire beneath. The fire burns, the steam presses against the valves, and the engine pulses and throbs with the forces within. What more is needed? The Will, the engineer who sets

the reverse-lever for a forward or a backward course, then pulls the throttle-valve. The engine now moves out upon the track, a thing of life and power.

So the Intellect and the Sensibilities furnish man's motives for action, and decide what the conditions of action shall be; that done, the Will acts. There can be no better place than right here to call the reader's attention to the fact that there are two distinct kinds of actions, those of the mind only, as in thinking, and those of both mind and body, where we may see the body or its various members in motion, pursuing some end. Thinking is a very important kind of action, in fact the more important of the two. A person may be sitting perfectly still, yet be very busy indeed. One reason why thought-acts are so important is, that in whatever direction a man's thought runs, his other actions, his outward bodily actions, will follow along in the same direction. As a man's heart is, so will his life be, says the proverb. It is very necessary to bear in mind these two kinds of actions.

But to return: the work of the Will is the result to which Intellect and Sensibility lead; and it is that alone through which they can become forceful. The relation which the Will sustains to the other faculties of the mind is of the utmost importance, and the utility of a study of this faculty can scarcely be over-estimated. There is another circumstance which makes a thorough knowledge of the Will, and the observed principles in accordance with which it operates, of double value to every thinking person:

it is that there is no question which enters more deeply into all theological systems than the one of whether our wills are free or not—stated in terms of theology, “are we, or are we not, free moral agents?” The answer to this question is the cornerstone upon which all systems of religion must of necessity rest. Out of the actions of the Will a very curious feature arises, namely, that of

HABIT.

A habit is formed in the following manner. After an act is once done and the occasion arises for a repetition of that act, the mind, remembering what was done before, travels over the path much quicker than at first. The feelings respond more readily, because the Intellect calls louder, as it were. Another and another repetition is still more readily made, and in time the very nerves interested in accomplishing this act grow stronger and larger with the continued exercise. All improvement in the fingers of the knitter, in the eye of the painter, in the tongue of the speaker, in the hand of the mechanic, is the gift of habit. Habit is a channel worn in the substance of the soul, along which our purpose and our ability run with increased facility. Thus, oft repeated actions, though disagreeable at first, and even though really hurtful, become a pleasure, which to omit would be positively painful.

The power of habit is simply wonderful. It either strengthens or weakens the will almost beyond belief.

It becomes finally "a second nature." An account is on record of a native of India who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but, what was of much more consequence to him, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed. This was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. He was seen in the fifth year of his probation; and his skin was then like the skin of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his bed of thorns, and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he would most probably continue that method of sleep from choice which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

Charles Dickens, in a conversation with a group of friends on this subject, told of an incident that occurred during one of his trips across the ocean. One of the passengers was a man who in early life had been a sailor, but, having fallen heir to an estate had not been on the sea for years. A heavy gale came up, and at the first stern command of the captain to the sailors, this quiet passenger in gentleman's clothes sprang up and led the best of them out among the rigging, doing the most daring and the most dangerous tasks. On coming down, he appeared quite mortified to think he had so completely forgotten his proper place. Thus does habit assert itself.

With the idea of carrying our habits of thought

over from this world into a future life, we are reminded of the old colored woman, who had a young niece that sorely tried her patience. The more attempts that were made to keep this wayward charge in the right path, the more she seemed to wander. One day, after reading some infidel book, she said quite impudently:

“Auntie, I ain’t gwine to believe in a hell no more. If dar is any hell, I jest wants to know whar dey gets all dere brimstone for dat place; dat’s what I would like ter know.”

The old woman fixed her eyes on her niece, and with a tear on her cheek, said:

“Ah, honey, darlin’, you look out you don’t go dare; for you’ll find de people all takes der own brimstone wid ’em.”

And may we not inquire how much of the happiness of a future life depends upon habits of virtuous cheerfulness in this?

Habits are formed by slow procession from small things to great ones, not by any one violent action.

All habits gather by unseen degrees
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

Like flakes of snow, that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the heap produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man’s character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain,

and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief which pernicious habits have slowly gathered together, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue. If we look back upon the usual course of our feelings, we shall find that we are more influenced by the frequent recurrence of objects than by their weight and importance; and that habit has too often more force in forming our characters than our opinions have. The mind naturally takes its tone and complexion from what it habitually contemplates. This effect of habit in guiding men accounts for the progress of deception under the control of designing men of great enthusiasm, such as Mohammed, the pioneer of Mohammedanism, and Joseph Smith, the originator of Mormonism. They began by some trick to help themselves, and, discovering their power over the simple-minded, they persisted in deception till they became unable to think or act but as deceivers. At length, probably, the habit was confirmed by their becoming insane converts to their own lies, believing the whims of their own imaginations to be the especial revelations of Heaven. Like a horse in a mill, the mind thus goes round in the same circle, till it turns blind and incapable of straightforward exertion. Its very dreams are of that beaten track.

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt until they are too strong to be broken. It is quite evident that it is in our power to form either habits for good or habits that are

evil. Lord Brougham says: "I trust everything under God to habit, upon which, in all ages, the law-giver, as well as the school-master, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the turning from a regular course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and recklessness will be as contrary to our feelings as the most atrocious crimes are to any of us." We may voluntarily put ourselves in the way of acquiring habits of any desired kind—habits of study, of sobriety, of industry, of patience, or habits of thought. So we may correct an evil habit already formed, or an evil tendency of our nature. Buffon, naturally lazy, became a good worker, and, indeed, very industrious, by habit. A man with a natural appetite for strong drink may overcome it by avoiding all things of a stimulating tendency, and cultivating continued habits of sobriety. A rescued captive from among the Indians said that his savage masters, in teaching him the use of the bow and arrow, had him exercise in the various attitudes, and kept him drawing the bow-string to his ear, for three months together, before they would suffer him to set an arrow.

Habit is the parents' hold upon the child, and the good man's power against evil. The formation of a habit reduces to this simple direction: Apply yourself to a given plan industriously, punctually, and persistently.

SPHERE OF THE WILL.

To define a little more accurately the sphere of the Will, we may say that all our actions deliberately taken, are the direct result of the willing power. The beating of the heart, the action of the lungs and stomach, and some other such actions, are involuntary, and have little or nothing to do with Will. Walking, talking, singing, writing, etc., are examples of those deeds which are voluntary, that is, caused by forethought, by the deliberate willing that they shall be performed. We can scarcely imagine what would be the condition of a person destitute of this executive power of the mind. No one ever existed utterly without it. Such a person would be without the ability to perform the commonest and easiest of the voluntary motions. But, though we see no one so entirely helpless, we meet a great many who are comparatively so. The drunkard and the debauchee who have allowed their animal passions to disarm their Wills are every-day sights. They have lost the power to act in opposition to the impulses of certain branches of their Sensibilities. Everybody knows what a sad state is theirs. Another class of weak-willed people with whom we often come into contact is made up of those who, as it is commonly expressed, have no wills of their own. They are unable to stand against the arguments, entreaties, or threats of other men. They are easily persuaded out of or into any given line of action.

They can be induced to do what their judgments tell them would be detrimental to their best interests. Such people never accomplished anything. They have not persistence enough to adopt a plan of operations and then stand by it. Every wind seems to bring with it a change of mind for them; they are continuously shifting about from one thing to another, trying to go in all directions at once. The story of their lives is but a long record of hopeful plans deserted before completion, of failures in all sorts of brilliant undertakings, solely through irresolution. Such being the case, the importance of understanding and cultivating the Will can readily be seen, and we will now pass to a brief examination of the Will, and of its acts, called willing.

ANALYSIS OF THE WILL.

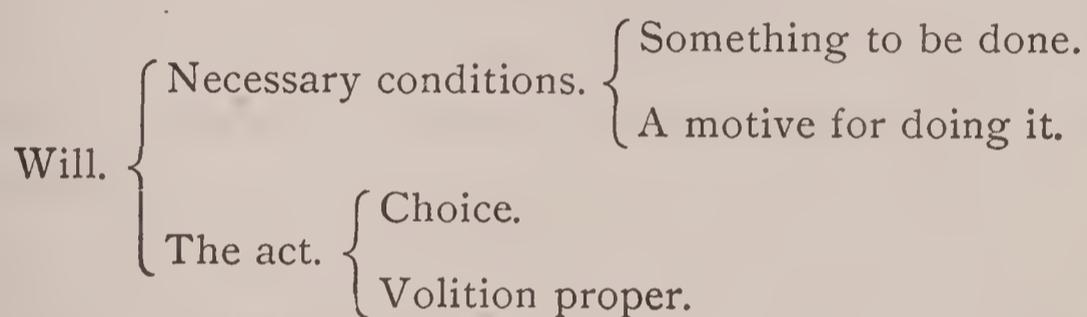
As I sit here writing, I suddenly take my knife and sharpen my pencil; now the problem is to find what is involved in that act. Before I sharpen the pencil, there certainly must be the pencil to be sharpened; that is, the first condition to any act of the will power is that there be something to be done. There being a pencil to be sharpened, I must have a motive for performing the labor. The mere fact that the pencil exists would not impel me to sharpen it. My motive probably is a desire to increase the legibility of the writing. But that is not all. I may have the pencil, and may desire that it shall have a better point, and

yet, for lack of time, or on account of some other interfering circumstance, I may not sharpen it. The determination not to do a thing is as much an object of choice as the determination to do it. Thus it is seen that two things are necessary to a choice. The next step, then, evidently is, that, taking into consideration all the circumstances which have any bearing upon the matter, I shall decide, or choose, whether to sharpen the pencil or not. Having made my choice, the final stage of the proceeding is arrived at, viz., that of volition, the incomprehensible process of *willing*, strictly speaking. In any act involving any motion of the body, when the choice is fully made, the motor nerves carry the message to the muscles and they move in obedience to the Will. That, so far as the mind is concerned, completes the action. All that follows is purely an affair of the body, consisting merely in the muscular actions; and unless something stronger than we opposes us, the deed will be performed.

Then there are the acts of the mind, purely mental, which do not require any motion of the limbs, or body. As has been said, a man may be sitting perfectly motionless and yet be very busy indeed. His imagination, his memory, his reflective powers may each or all be deeply engaged in some chosen task. Too many people do not recognize the vast extent and far-reaching importance of this line of action, commonly called brain-work. The common multitude, though professing to be ashamed of laziness, yet allow their very highest powers, namely, their mental powers,

to rust away in almost utter idleness, or follow no guide but the whims of fancy. It is a great thing, A GREAT THING, to be able to turn the mind upon some chosen line of thought and hold it there until a worthy task is completed. This subject has been dwelt upon at length, beginning page 175, and under the head of "How to Think," a number of methods are given to aid the inquiring reader in developing this branch of power.

The following is an analysis of the Will, diagrammed as usual, showing its divisions in their order.



MOTIVES.

It will be worth the trouble to examine a little more closely each of these elements which go to make up a complete act of the Will. The first of the necessary conditions, however, is so simple, and at the same time so various, as not to need any discussion. There are millions upon millions of things to be either done or left undone, and each of these calls for an exercise of the Will. With regard to the second essential, the motive, the case is different. We cannot conceive that a man should do anything without having a reason for doing it. His reason may not always be what we should regard as a good one; it may not always be

intellectual in its character; it may be merely an animal desire; but whatever it may be, there must always be a motive, and one sufficient to produce a choice in the mind of the doer. Since it is man's privilege to examine every motive before allowing it to move him, it becomes desirable for him to know what motives are good, to what extent they are good, and the points where they cross the limit and begin to be of doubtful good, or real hurt. As we look at all forms of existence on the earth, from the clods of the field, up past plants to animals, and thence to man, it is evident that the lowest thing is created as a foundation for a higher form of existence. This is the law of Nature. The elements of the earth are necessary for plants to live; plants are higher in the scale of existence than clods. Plants are necessary in order for animals to live; animal life is higher than plant life, and the animal uses all there is below it in nature for the good of its existence. But as plants live for the purpose of making a higher form of life (that of animals) possible, so the animal part of man lives solely for the use and benefit of his higher life. Hence these desires, feelings, motives of men which are necessary to the continuance of the race, to his bodily welfare, are the lowest, because they are necessary in order for man to have other desires. This, then, is man's rule and limit. Any pursuit of mere worldly affairs, or of bodily gratification and sensual pleasure, when made a chief end, or allowed to engross time, strength and attention, to the neglect

or detriment of man's spiritual being, is always hurtful. It is well to note here that there are more earthy elements in existence than there are plants, more plants in the world than animals: the base is broader than the structure above. So man's animal or lower feelings are greater in number and frequency than his higher sentiments and aspirations. His animal desires press themselves upon his notice more or less constantly. Their very frequency is a proof of their baser origin. They are but the foundations of his being, however, and must be strictly relegated to their proper place. None of their coarse, rough elements dare be used in the strong, beautiful, true edifice—the moral character—which he is rearing above them.

CHOICE.

Having the two prior conditions, namely, something to be done, and a motive for doing it, the next essential, as was seen, is a choice; that is, a decision as to whether, under the existing circumstances, we will do the deed or not do it. Probably every time a matter is presented to us for decision, the question arises, either in words or in thought, and perhaps even unconsciously, almost, "Shall I do it?" Sometimes the weight of reason and motive is all on one side, and the decision is made so quickly as to seem immediate and unconscious. At other times, when the balance hangs almost even, the decision is only reached through a long and painful process of thought and reasoning. But be it long or short, there is no doubt that some

such process always takes place. Sometimes the Will is surrounded by such weighty conditions that the choice seems scarcely free. A little thought will show that in strictness we are free to make our own choice, although there may be practical certainty as to what that choice will be. The case of a man attacked by burglars and threatened with death if he does not reveal the place where he has secreted his money, will serve as an example. It is quite certain that if the money is his own, and there is no principle of honor or trust at stake, he will choose to give up the money, yet he may not; he has an alternative—death, with which no one can possibly interfere. The legal phrase describing a man in such a condition is *in duress*, and he is not responsible in law for what he does; for instance, a note given, or a deed signed, under such circumstances is void. The point is this: the freedom of choice is always ours, though the power to attain the choice may be taken away by accident, disease, or the superior force of others. Hence the just judge looks at the motives of the inner hearts of men rather than at their outward actions. The *choice* is always free, and therefore responsible.

It is well to note the order of action in which the three divisions of the mind act and unite to reach a choice, or Will-action. The order is this: Intellect, first; Sensibilities, next, and, finally, the Will. Passing along the street, I may see something in a show-window; my Intellect tells me that it is a good thing. But that would not be sufficient to induce

me to go into the store. Knowing its utility or beauty, I feel a desire for the article, and that desire furnishes a motive for considering the question of obtaining it; and, after measuring the question of good involved, I will to obtain it, or I will to think no more about it. Evidently this order is universal. Without the Intellect there is no knowledge of things; without the Sensibilities there is no motive. As differing from mere impulse, a rational Will involves rational choice; but without the Intellect there can be no rationality, and without the Sensibilities there can be no motive for choosing. But, having these, we have all that we need, not as a *cause* of Will, but as a *necessary condition* for the Will to act.

As these three products of the mind have a different origin, so they have differing natures, and perform different offices. We might have Intellect without Sensibilities or Will, but we could have no Sensibilities or Will without Intellect. So we might have both Intellect and Sensibilities without Will, but certainly no Will without both the former. The Intellect gives us knowledge, simply, and when the Sensibilities are added, a new field for investigation is opened to the Intellect. Then when the Will is added, its action not only opens new fields to the Intellect again, but gives new forms to the Sensibilities. Thus they intermingle and regulate each other, but their relative position, as stated, must not be forgotten. Now, when a choice is to be made between a lower and

a higher good, it is the nature of man to choose the higher good. This is man's moral nature. The first principle of right and wrong lies here in man's obligation not to violate a universal law of Nature by failing to choose the highest good. Only those feelings, those desires, those motives, those acts, are right, and to that extent are they right, which lead man toward his highest good. We now see man to be an intelligent, free, moral, forceful cause. He is a cause. By his intelligence, by his ability to choose and direct the forces in his own nature, he is a being capable of purposely causing that to be, which, but for him, would not have been. Herein, as respects freedom and power, he is in the image of the Creator.

We have now what cannot be found elsewhere in Nature: a being capable of building up character, of being loved, respected, venerated, and rewarded; capable; also, of being despised, contemned, abhorred and punished. You may train an animal, you may discipline him, but in no proper sense can he be said to have guilt. As has been said, an animal cannot make a fool of himself. But every human being, by his ability to understand and choose his course, may in time become an angel or a demon.

Finally, it appears that in man's free and intelligent choice he reaches a higher order of being. If he is free, there may be inducements to mould his choice, but no sufficient force. He is himself his own force. He is superior to all else in Nature. That force is his Spirit. This Spirit makes its

home in the pinnacle of the moral character each man builds. Its necessities are all below it. Remorse and shame will come by necessity after choice, where, by a similar necessity there might have been a virtuous self-satisfaction, hope and joy.

The grand climax of man's nature, bodily and mental, is thus reached: a free, intelligent, creative (causative) Spirit: a being capable of carrying its moral character into the future, capable of understanding and longing for immortality.

KINDRED TOPICS.

FREEDOM OF THE WILL.

In our examination of the Will we have arrived at the conclusion that it is free in its choice, but fairness demands the statement that this is a disputed point. It is not in keeping with our purpose to enter into the details of the discussion. There are many distinguished thinkers in each of the opposing ranks. Hobbs, Priestly, Leibnitz, Edwards, Calvin and Mill, are among those who have in various ways denied the freedom of the Will. It is not only among Christian nations that this question has been agitated; it was discussed among the ancient Greeks, and among the Jews; the Sadducees believed in the freedom of the Will, they and the Pharisees dividing upon this matter. Perhaps the discussion has nowhere been more violent than among the Mohammedans, their bible, the Koran, teaching the

non-freedom of the Will, or fatalism, and a large body, called Kadrites, dissenting from that belief.

A most complete showing of an extreme in this doctrine, is given by Diderot, who played so prominent a part in the French literature of the last century. He went so far as to deny all moral responsibility, and say that "the doer of good is lucky, not virtuous." "Reproach others for nothing," says he, "and repent of nothing; this is the first step of wisdom." The tendency of this doctrine is to destroy all such ideas as virtue, vice, sin, goodness, and to bring about such a system of philosophy as that indicated in the following sentences: "God is the real and only responsible doer of whatever comes to pass, and man the passive instrument in his hand. Remorse, regret, repentance, are idle terms, and to praise or blame ourselves or others, for anything that we or they have done, is merely absurd." Comment upon such teaching is unnecessary.

Among the great thinkers who have advocated the doctrine that the Will is free, are Cousin, Jouffroy, Tappan, Stewart, Hamilton, and Kant. The tendency of this doctrine is to hold men responsible for what they do. Vice and virtue are not mere names, but realities. If a man does wrong, he is blamable, because he might have done right.

STRENGTH OF WILL.

Men differ in power of Intellect, and in the strength of the emotional faculties of the mind. In like manner, their Wills differ in strength. One

man seems almost destitute of this valuable power; another is as firm as the unyielding rock. The men whose names are found worthy of inscription upon the scrolls of history have almost uniformly been men possessing great strength of Will—men who never deserted a purpose once deliberately formed. Among military men, Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Washington, and Grant, were such men; and their successes were won as much by this one characteristic as by anything else. There was one period of the American Revolution when Washington's patient firmness was the salvation of his country. Grant would "fight it out on that line if it took all summer," and he won. So with the others. The best examples in history are found in lives of men who left behind them the luxuries of life and unflinchingly endured privation for the sake of principle. Great scholars have always had a considerable degree of steadfastness; otherwise they would have shrunk from the long days and nights of toilsome study, not always agreeable by any means. Schiller's mighty Will enabled him, almost dead with pulmonary consumption, to enrich his native land and the whole civilized world by some of the finest literature of which any age or country can boast. It was firmness of Will, united to a high sense of honor, that took Regulus back to Carthage to suffer the infernal tortures that Punic ingenuity could suggest. It is the same thing that gives the American Indian power to die at the stake without

a murmur. The same spirit enabled the religious martyrs of the middle ages to make their heroic sacrifices. The most successful orators have usually, though not always, possessed this feature of character. Webster, Henry, Calhoun, and Adams, among those of America, were men of this stamp. Cicero, perhaps, with the exception of Cæsar the most wonderful man of Rome, was deficient in executive ability, though he managed to overcome it in the most celebrated event of his life—the defeat of Cataline's conspiracy. A political leader must have this property. Cromwell, amid turmoil and rebellion, established a firm government, strong enough to receive the hearty respect of the whole world. He died and left it to his irresolute son Richard, who was compelled to abandon it in little more than a year. The importance of a strong Will is perfectly evident from all these facts. Nothing can exceed it in the influence which it wields upon a person's character, no difference what may be his or her station in life.

Mary Borden held a position in a dry-goods establishment at moderately good wages. She was a lovable girl, of fairly pretty face and very handsome figure. She had many admirers and one or two lovers, but no one seemed an earnest suitor. Her heart was therefore, free, though it was her nature to respond quickly to kindness, to love easily and, perhaps, too passionately. One of the younger managers, a Mr. L., had charge of the department where she worked, and one evening while musing over the incidents of the

day the fact forced itself upon her thoughtful mind that he stopped to speak to her oftener than mere business required. His manner was warmer and more attentive than to others, and she knew that she had already sometimes waited a moment, or again hastened a little, that she might meet him in his rounds, as she was so sure of a kind word, a smile, or at least a sympathetic glance. These thoughts confused her, and for the next few days she was more reserved. But her manner now had only the effect of drawing more marked attention from Mr. L., and she feared lest her associates should soon notice his partiality for her. In her quieter moments, she calmly thought of his circumstances and hers. She was mainly ignorant of his history, or his daily life outside of the establishment where they worked. But she knew enough to know that marriage between them was out of the question, and, in fact, she remembered hearing him in conversation about a divorce case in the city, speak quite carelessly of the whole sad affair, and perhaps he belonged to that rather numerous class of men who seem to have a light opinion of the institution of marriage altogether. Here she felt her cheeks burning and she said to herself quite angrily, "Pshaw; how foolish I am! He has never made love to me, much less talked in the direction of matrimony. It is wrong for me to be thinking of him in this way. It is unjust to him. I know no evil of him, and he must be an honorable gentleman or he would not hold the position he does."

An evening or two later was stormy, and she did not refuse L.'s kindly offered company home, though there was no need of an escort in her case at all, and the lame girl in her department always went a much longer distance home entirely unnoticed by this gentleman. But she had few friends, because she was poor, as the world goes, and it was a genuine relief from her own thoughts at times to listen to his conversation, pure in itself, yet careless, free and jolly. She did not repel his mild caress at parting. He had been so respectful and kind, and her own nature responded so readily to his magnetism that she could not. He had asked her to accompany him to an entertainment she very much wished to attend, and though her good common sense loudly said "No!" her lips had answered him "Yes." That was a night of trial for Mary Borden. Her uncle, who had given her a home after the death of her parents, was an invalid, and entirely too poor to support her. If she left her present place of employment she could not hope to find another soon. But she had the wisdom to recognize her own weakness, and the growing danger of her position if she remained there any longer, and the morning's postman delivered a note from her to the head of the firm, saying she was obliged to resign her place at once.

A few hours later L. himself called "to see if she was ill," he said, and to tell her the proprietors valued her services very highly, and hoped she would return to her old place, or a better one soon, if she would

accept it. She replied that it would be impossible to return. Her aunt left the room and they were alone.

Mr. L. said he would miss her presence there more than he could easily express; that he had learned to regard her as his own sister and—but the girl interrupted him. In writing the note the night before she had taken one step in what she thought was the right direction, and she was now much stronger to follow cool, good sense. She interrupted him at once, saying she knew that the circumstances surrounding their lives made it altogether improper for them to entertain any such sentiments, and she hoped he would not embarrass her further. His face looked sad and, indeed, pained, and he drew nearer to her, saying, “Why, Miss Borden, I have certainly never offended you willingly, for no one can esteem you more than I, or have a higher respect for you.” She had never been approached so before. His manner had always been gentlemanly, and she was not able to argue with him. She saw one fact plainly, and what she had already done strengthened her Will to speak that fact out at once. “Mr. L., knowing what you do of your circumstances and mine, if you really had any true respect for me you would not be in this house at all. Please excuse me.” His face took on a brazen look, and he left the house without more words. Thus a Will not naturally strong was guarded by the thoughtful mind, and in moments when a proper choice was easiest, took such steps as would strengthen itself to make a proper choice at all times.

It is universally conceded that of two persons, the one possessing a brilliant Intellect and a weak Will, and the other a moderate Intellect and a resolute Will, the latter has by far the better chances for success in his life-work, whatever that may be.

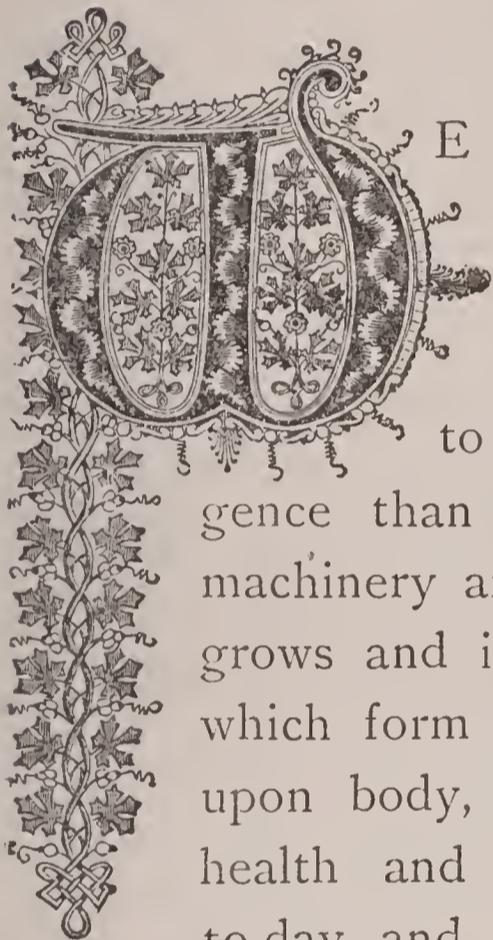
CULTIVATION OF THE WILL.

This faculty, like all others, has its extreme, which must be avoided; it is called obstinacy, or stubbornness. But there are vastly more people with Wills too weak than too strong. It is susceptible of cultivation, and we are to proceed about its improvement in the same way that we would about that of any other faculty. But one rule need be given: fix firmly upon some reasonable purpose, and then persist in it; never leave anything half-done without the weightiest reasons. The very strongest aid that can be given a weak Will is a well-formed habit.





GENERAL SUMMARY.



WE have seen in the preceding pages how the bodily nature of man, while showing its similarity to the animal world, yet is fitted to be the home of a higher intelligence than is found in any animal. The machinery and methods by which the body grows and is sustained, the system of nerves which form the medium of action of mind upon body, and the importance of perfect health and strength, both for a better life to-day and for a better life in the children of the future, were briefly but plainly shown.

And following that, the mental nature of man was analyzed, and we saw in the Intellect those qualities or capacities of mind called intuitive faculties, seeming to be inherent in the nature of all men, forming an inner life and coloring the existence of all in a similar manner; the five senses which form the highways for a knowledge of all outside things

to enter the mind; and how men know things and reason about them, and dwell upon them in memory and imagination. And in the Sensibilities, how our feelings thrill our nerves and quicken the circulation of the blood, giving rise to the popular notion which places the home of the feelings in the heart; we noted the simple emotions that spring up almost without thought, and the rational emotions which more or less call into play the reasoning powers; the affections of love and hate, which influence the lives of all; the desires we hold in common with the most ordinary animals, and the desires which mark us as creatures of the highest intelligence. Following that, the nature and functions of the Will were examined; and looking back at the other two branches of the mind we saw how the Intellect, following a stream of thought may come upon an idea which will arouse some one of the elements of the Sensibilities—will startle the heart, as it were—and produce a hastening pulse and glow of the feelings; and in turn, how the feelings may, and too often do, suggest to the Intellect what shall hold its attention. Then confining our view to the Will, we saw the power of habit, the science of motives, and how a man, understanding the tendencies of habits and thoughts, and throwing himself into line with helping influences, becomes a being with free choice,—in harmony with law a free moral agent. This shows that man should be a creator of circumstances rather than a creature of

circumstances, and that each human being is a free, causative Spirit. As the Intellect is built upon the body, as the Sensibilities are built upon both body and Intellect, and as by all three of these existing as they do, a free Will becomes possible, so finally above and upon all, as the finishing act of creation, is man's spiritual nature.

These facts brought us to the question: If man can control his course, which way shall that course lie? If he can arrest the stream of thought in his mind, in what direction shall he endeavor to turn it? In short, what acts, mental or bodily, or both, are right and proper? And we turned for answer to the fact in nature that all the vast volume of earth governed by simpler forces is used as the base upon which the creator built a plant life and an animal life governed by forces more and more complex; and find it suggested that man, in turn, should wisely cherish and use the broader, the baser, the animal side of himself, to subserve his higher intelligence, the more complex forces of his spiritual side; that he should compare himself with the animals, not to become a refined and more powerful animal, but to develop the new forces added to his nature, and become something really more and higher than any animal.

Thus man finds every precept of philosopher or saint which points him toward a higher life, to be founded in that law of creation forever building upon lower and simpler forms of existence other

forms more complex and higher. Thus will he take care to respect both the truth that is known and the possibilities of the truth that is yet unknown, to reverence the philosophy of mystery as well as the philosophy of fact. Neither will he neglect any one part of his nature, to unduly develop another, but while he trains the creative power of imagination for a flight into spiritual lands, he will remember the feeling which clasps his hand forever to the hand of his brother.

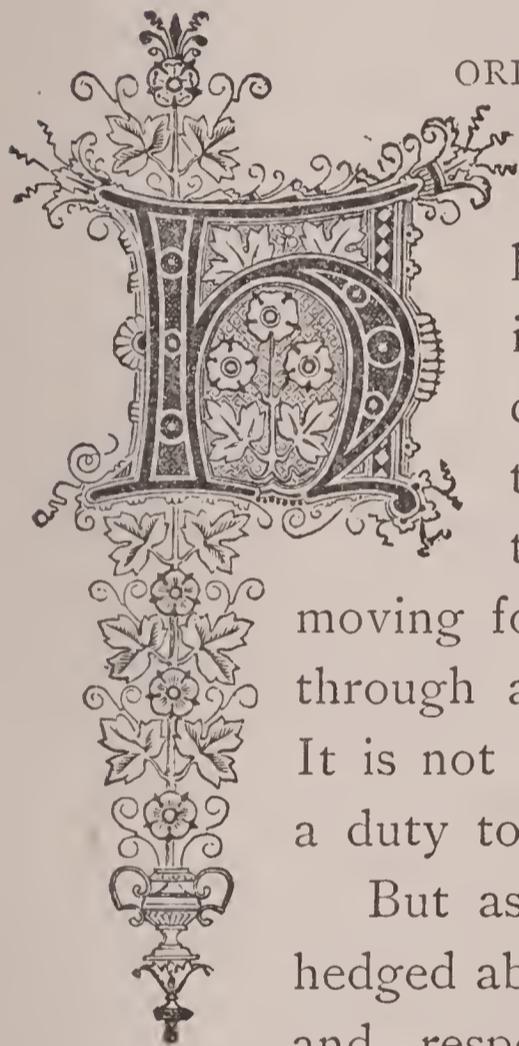
With such conceptions of truth and of life, that outgrowth of his nature known as Duty will never cease to be his earnest study.





DUTY.

ORIGIN OF DUTY.



AD man been made a stone—lifeless, witless, inert,—he would indeed have never felt what we call obligations or responsibilities. The stone, incapable of thought or action, awaits the moving force of a thinking being, or lies through ages the sport of circumstances. It is not in the nature of a stone to have a duty to perform. The idea is absurd.

But as a result of man's nature, he is hedged about on all sides with obligations and responsibilities. He must act, and every act will be as surely followed by some result, and every result will in some way reflect upon the actor. Such is the law of his nature. If he says, "I will not act," then immediately the elements of his being begin to decay. Inaction is death. Even the idle thoughts that are allowed to occupy the mind

leave their impressions behind, as the waves ripple the sand on the shore; the impressions harden and remain! Nowhere can a man turn and escape the responsibilities which are the direct outcome of his natural make-up. Trying to think of a rational being without duties to perform is as absurd as trying to bring a suit in law against a slab of marble. Human existence is a battle in which there can be no retreat. Cowards are not even allowed to die. Every one must either fight bravely or suffer miserably.

But a grand discovery breaks upon us here. The enemy has never yet proven invincible, and the brave fighters are always finding happiness. A duty carefully ascertained and faithfully done never failed to make the doer better, and betterment is the correct name for happiness. It is as natural as the falling of the dew.

The study of the origin and nature of duty, then, becomes one of boundless importance and unceasing interest.

It has just been said that duty is the natural result of man's peculiar make-up. By his Intellect he sees and knows things, and reasons upon them. Through his Sensibilities come the whole range of feelings that impel him toward action. In the Will is found his power to act or not, as he freely chooses. Shall he act? How? His choice in this matter decides the direction or tendency of his life. When we see a person going toward the east, we rightly think he has some object to attain in that direction. Does my way lie to

the east? What shall the direction of my life be? Thus does the study of the nature of man bring us to this question. Thus do we see why it is forever present in the minds of all. What shall the direction of my life be?

The course of Nature has always been from the lower toward the higher. (Read page 338.) This is the underlying lesson of all history, and of all natural laws. From the lowest germs of life in creation up to the highest rank of intelligence, each successive step points up to something higher, and appears but to pave the way for some more perfect form of being.

To be in accord, then, with the common law of Nature, the direction of my life must be upward, onward and upward forever, toward that divine perfection which planned the universe. Every part of man's nature must be held to its true place and use, and all must point toward the continued elevation and perfection of the highest element, the ruling Spirit (See page 343) of the man. The supreme aim of life, the measure which is to stand in man's Intellect (reason) as a guide for his choice, is found. This constant endeavor to attain a higher degree of perfection in our nature agrees not only with the law of Nature but with all true and pure religion.

But this supreme end always in view is not enough. The questions will come up daily, almost hourly: Is this the true road toward perfection? Will this aid me on my chosen way, or will it retard me? In other words: Is it right, or is it wrong? What ought I

to do? These questions should be answered clearly and decisively; and our actions should be regulated in accordance with the answers given. The right should never be pushed aside for the sake of the expedient. But in order to do the right, it is first necessary to know the right, and to this end some plain and simple rule is of the utmost practical value.

A duty is something that we owe; that is the meaning of the word; it is derived from a word which means "*owed*." Honesty, a payment of our just debts, then, lies at the base of all duty, and may be taken at once as a simple and comprehensive rule for all our lives, as we move on toward our one great aim. Because it is visibly the highest aim we could possibly have; and because, as we have just seen, it is our natural duty to carry ourselves to the highest point of development within our power to reach; perfection is to be our end, and a complete honesty is to be our plain and common guide.

NOBILITY OF DUTY.

What a glorious word is that, Duty! and what a glorious man is he who always keeps it in his mind, and shapes his conduct by it! His outward circumstances may be comparatively mean, but he is intrinsically far nobler than the rich or high-born barbarian who passes him haughtily by on the street. It may be that in following the behests of duty he will be compelled to go directly contrary to that which the

world thinks right and fitting. For this he may be contemned or persecuted. But if his greatness and nobility are not now understood and recognized, they will be sometime, after the heat of present competitions has had time to die away. Then his character will shine out, and be the splendid center of light for all his age. Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, can die, even in this world. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing under the ground, secretly making the verdure green; it flows on and on, gathering strength by the way; some day it will break forth a living well, where many a weary traveler will find rest, and will be refreshed. It has ever been so, and it will always continue to be so; the honest, duty-loving man, in the midst of base time-servers, cannot but receive the love and admiration of all right-thinking men.

The pride of every period in history is the names of its noble men whose sense of honor and honesty was so complete that they never allowed a thought of self to mar the discharge of every duty. What must have been the feelings of John Maynard as he stood at the wheel of the burning vessel, and the captain calling through the flames, "Can you hold us to the shore?" His voice went back clear and strong, "Aye, aye, sir." It was his to know that the fire was cutting off the last chance of his own escape; that all on board were at the farther end of the boat, next the shore, which was near at hand;

that their lives depended upon his running the vessel aground the shore. In every breast of that trembling company was one question, Would the pilot stay at the wheel? and their hearts stood still in suspense. None could reach Maynard. No one knows what his prayers were. The last words that ever reached mortal ears were the faithful promise, "Aye, aye, sir." That was his last promise, and he fulfilled it completely. All but himself were saved. No one asks if John Maynard sprang from some famous family. It is enough to know that his was the mettle of which heroes are made.

But let it not be forgotten that duty seldom calls men to such sublime positions as that just described. It is in the common trials of every-day life, and to tasks that seem little, that duty calls us oftenest; and it is in these that we may see the true worth of people. That nation is weak, indeed, whose young men have not the spirit to become John Maynards. Such weaklings make our faithless lovers, our defaulters, our promise breakers, our wife deserters and dishonest scoundrels.

HAPPINESS IN FULFILLING DUTY.

It has already been said that the greatest development of any part of our nature was favorable to all the others, and that the unhealthy condition of one part was likely to show itself in the weakness of others. We shall find here a good illustration of this statement.

Few persons are so depraved as not to suffer the pangs of remorse when they have consciously done wrong. This remorse is the keenest of all sorrows; it seems to eat into the very life, and gnaw at the vitals with its pitiless fangs. The agony of Prometheus, chained to a rock and eaten alive by vultures, was as nothing compared with the misery of him who is tortured by an outraged conscience. The spectre of a crime once committed will haunt the unfortunate doer of the deed until his mind and body go down in ruin. A man's health cannot long resist the attacks of that terrible mental torture which follows after a crime of any magnitude; and the more sensitive and true his organization, the less the crime required to unsettle his mind and weaken his body.

Duplicity, dishonesty, and other forms of wrongdoing, destroy that noble frankness and independence of soul, that is so admirable. How can a person who has just been lying to some one, or cheating him, face you with a square, honest look in his eyes, and talk to you frankly and fairly? No, something of that furtive, mean, sneaking nature that belongs to cheaters and to double-dealers, will inevitably cling to him wherever he goes, and in whatever he does. It will, after a time, become impossible for him to do anything directly, everything must be accomplished by circuitous methods; the short, straight, honest path will invariably be deserted for the sake of the questionable pleasure he finds in traveling a crooked one.

It is only by virtue and the doing of our duty that

we can be happy. There is no pleasure that can be compared with that of a consciousness that we have done right, performed our whole duty, in any given case; especially when in so doing, we have been obliged to surmount great obstacles and overcome many temptations. Such an act raises our own self-respect, and makes us feel stronger and better.

“There’s life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving,”

says Whittier, and the good old Quaker poet never said anything truer or nobler. Here is a pleasure which never palls, but which is as fresh in old age as in youth—the joy in duty done. The boy or girl at school is never so happy as after a day of hard, earnest work, an honest attempt to perform the day’s whole duty. So, the man or woman is happiest when he or she can look back in the evening over a day unsullied by any wrong act, and all has been done that should have been done.



ANALYSIS OF DUTY.



ALTHOUGH human obligation, or duty, does not naturally divide itself into parts, it will appear that our obligations take three forms; we owe duties in three separate places: we owe them to our Creator, to ourselves, and to other people. Yet it must always be remembered that these branches into which our duties run are so closely related to each other that we cannot fully discharge the duties due in one place while neglecting those in another.

The Creator has placed us here upon the earth, surrounded us with everything that could be needed for our comfort, pleasure, or advancement; given us dominion, and power to enforce that dominion, over whatever else than man inhabits the earth; granted us free use of the four great elements, earth, air, water and fire, which intelligence has transformed into so many powerful servants; and more than all else, he has given to us the lordliest faculties and powers possessed by any creature. Now, what does he ask in return? Evidently that we shall use and improve these powers and advantages so bountifully bestowed upon us. The familiar parable of the talents will teach a lesson here. The master was pleased with the conduct of the ser-

vants who, having received five and two talents, brought back ten and four respectively; whereas he reprimanded the one who simply returned the amount given him. So the maker of us all will be, I imagine, best pleased with him who shall by use have doubled or trebled the power given him; while the one who buries his natural faculties in the earth, and never strives to improve them, will be reprimanded as a slothful and dishonest servant who has sadly failed to perform his duties and discharge his debt. We owe duties to ourselves, because it is to our evident interest and advantage that we should advance and grow in power. The very acme of power of all kinds is plainly what it would be most desirable that we should reach. Clearly, then, it is our duty to ourselves to make the utmost use of those faculties which we have received from nature, and to exercise and cultivate them until they have attained the highest strength of which they are capable.

Our duty of making the most of ourselves as a way of paying our debt to the world, stands on clear, strong ground. For many centuries the world has been at work producing comforts and conveniences which are enjoyed mainly by those who live after the time of the immediate devisers of them. It is so working now. New comforts are constantly being thought out. Society furnishes schools to educate our children; prisons and officers to protect us from the criminal classes — all sorts of labor-saving, pleasure-giving safety and increasing appliances are about our

doors. All these we constantly employ, and profit by. Certainly now, in return for all these blessings which we enjoy at the hand of society, we must owe it something—and what? The answer is not far below the surface. Since society is doing all it can for our good, plainly our duty in return must be to do all we can for its good; which is, at the same time, the best we can do for ourselves, namely, do the best we can with our powers, use them in the right, with all the energy we possess, and thereby raise them to their highest strength. This is all we can do, and it is little enough—the efforts of an individual to balance the efforts of a million, dead and living, hard-working philanthropists, besides all the uncounted millions of those whose contributions to the world's progress have been slight, or made altogether from selfish motives. But, if everyone; nay, if one half of the people of the world, would do their duty, honestly and faithfully, our progress toward the “golden goal” we aim at would be immeasurably smoother and more rapid.

We cannot in any manner escape from duty. The hermit who withdraws himself from society, and refuses to partake of the advantages offered him by the world, may seemingly relieve himself in this way of the duties he owes to society in return for its favors. He may, perhaps, acting in the double capacity of debtor and creditor, set himself free from all obligations to himself. But supposing both these to be possible—whether they are, may well be doubted—he cannot get rid

of the duties he owes to his Creator. That debt has already been contracted and can be discharged only by a life of honest toil and endeavor; and as the duty to the Creator, to himself and to the world is the same, whatever way he turns he cannot escape that great duty, which includes all others, of the best use and highest improvement of all his powers. No steps he can take will interfere with that in the slightest degree, and to neglect it is a crime against his Maker, against himself, and against his fellow-men.

THEORIES OF THE RIGHT.

There have been many theories concerning the highest good and the supreme rule of right—all containing some elements of truth, and all leading to nearly the same final results. One of the most common ideas is that advanced so long ago by Epicurus: that “happiness is our being’s end and aim.” This does away with right altogether, and leaves nothing but expediency to be considered. The question is no longer “Is it right?” but “Will it pay?” I think it has appeared and will appear in the course of these pages, that the greatest amount of happiness will, in the end, at least, always flow from right action. But to make pleasure our aim, and bend all things to it, is to crown selfishness king of life, and to stifle many of the noblest impulses of our nature. Our very charity would proceed, not from any desire to better the condition of our fellow-men, but simply from the pain of living in contact with people in

distress. If we refrain from trespassing upon the rights of others, it is not from any sense of duty or right, but merely because such a course could produce more pain than pleasure. Although this system leads, in the right hands, to the same practical results as the others, I cannot think it either the noblest, or the safest.

Another very common idea is, that the intuitive knowledge of right and wrong, commonly called conscience, is the highest law of right; that every one knows intuitively what is right and what is not, and that in all questions of right and wrong he should trust his conscience, and seek no other guide. All this is, to a great extent, true, and yet conscience hardly deserves the praise of infallibility. It depends too much upon the education. The Hindu mother throws her child into the Ganges river as an offering to the gods. Many races have sacrificed human beings to their various deities. Dissenters, or heretics, as the fanaticism of the age styled them, were tortured in the most fiendish ways, and burned at the stake, only a few centuries ago, on account of their theological opinions. To this day some of the people in Mexico inflict the severest of punishment upon themselves, and for no other especial reason than as an annual mark of their repentance for the wrongs they have done during the year. All this is the work of mistaken conscience. It is evident that conscience is not alone a very safe guide unless we strive constantly to increase our knowledge of

right and wrong, and thus enlighten the judgment and educate the conscience aright.

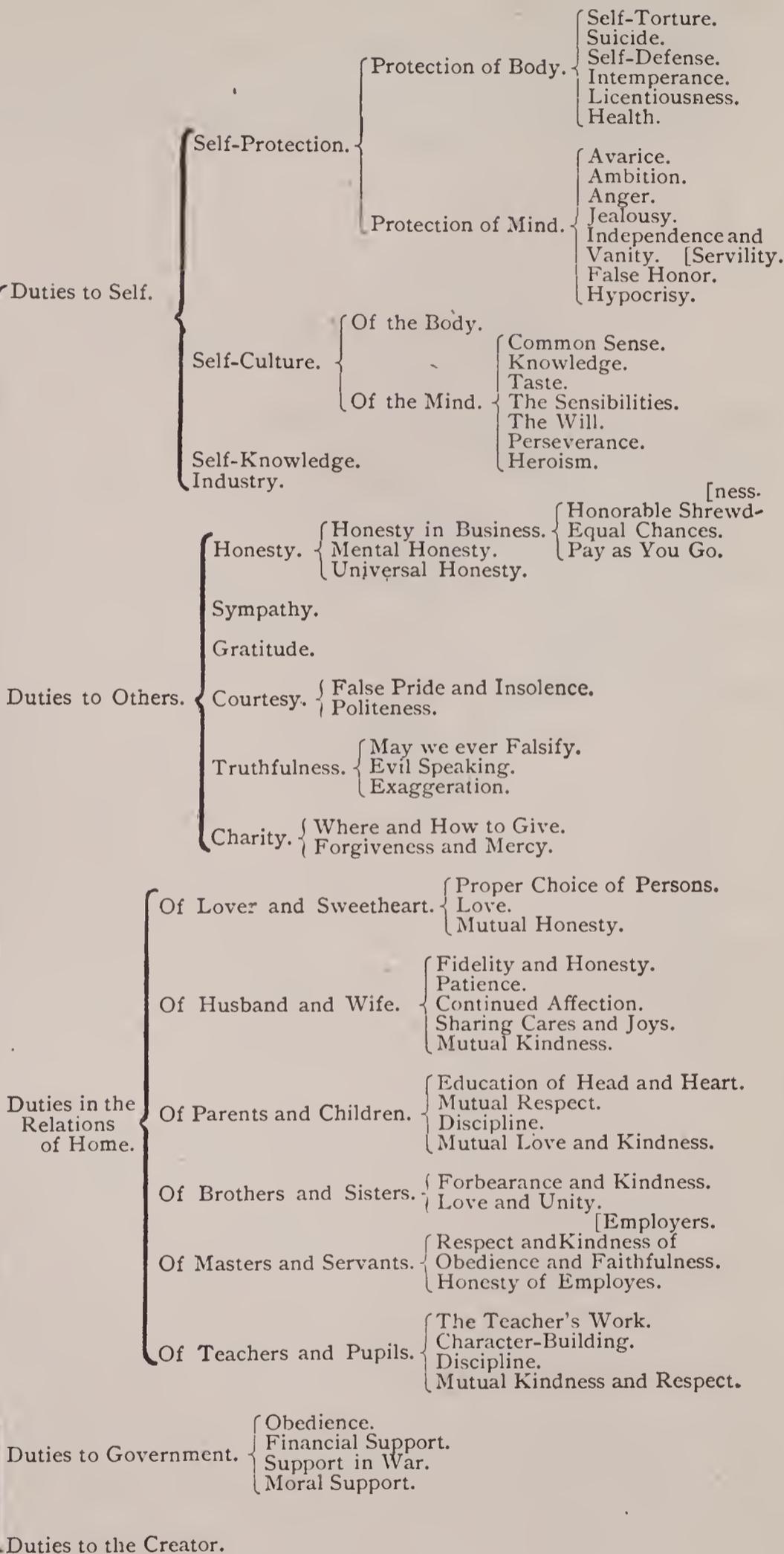
ALL DUTIES ONE.

It was indicated a page or two back that the duties we owe to the Creator, to ourselves, and to the world, are not separate duties, but only one grand obligation by which we are bound in all three quarters, namely, the obligation to make the best possible use of all our faculties, and thereby to raise them to the highest degree of power which they are capable of reaching. He who earnestly and honestly does this, striving after perfection with his whole soul, will rarely go amiss in the particular affairs of every-day life.

But, though all duties are thus embodied in one great duty, they meet us practically as separate duties; and while those which are owed to other people are owed also to ourselves and to the Creator, and *vice versa*, yet on the surface certain ones appear to be particularly due to ourselves, certain others to the world, etc., and for convenience' sake, we will follow these surface distinctions and make an arbitrary classification of duties thus: duties to ourselves, duties to other people, duties growing out of the relationship of home, duties to government, and duties to our Creator. In this way they will be discussed, only mentioning once more that the classification has no scientific basis, but is one of convenience alone, as each and every one of them arise equally out of the nature of man.

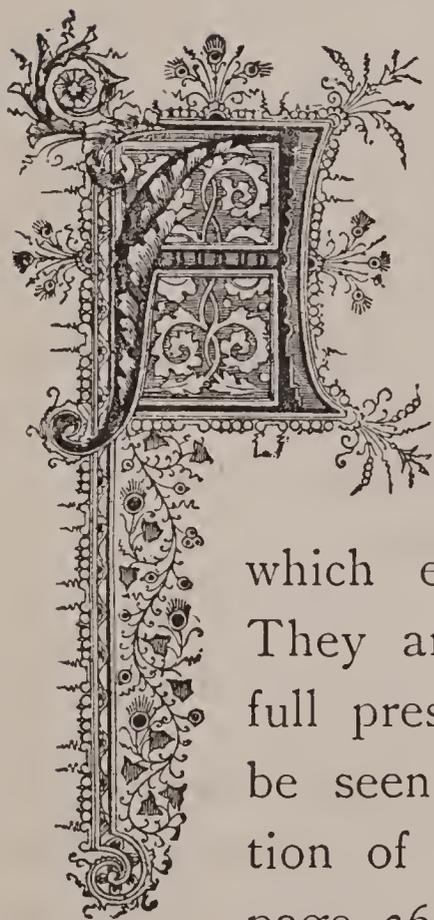
Mental and Physical Nature of Man. (For Complete Analysis, see pages 24 and 25.)

Duty.





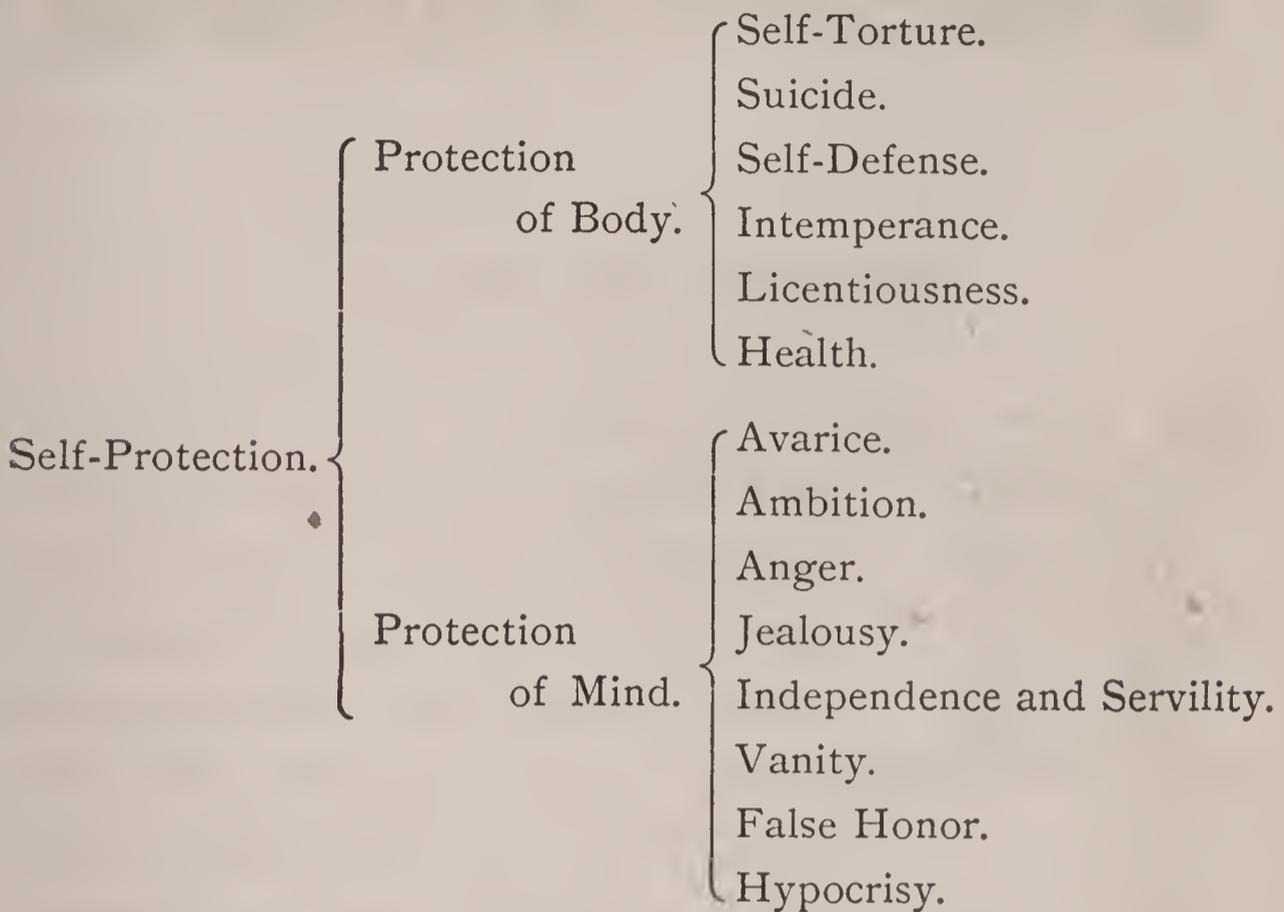
DUTIES TO SELF.



MAN owes to himself two principal duties, namely: self-protection and self-culture, both of which involve a number of other important things; and besides these, there are, notably, two other important duties which every individual owes to himself. They are self-knowledge and industry. A full presentation of our duties to self may be seen at a glance, in the upper portion of the complete analysis of Duty, on page 369.

If man's one great end, or duty, is to strive after perfection, he evidently cannot allow any of the faculties of his present life to decay; and not only that, he must be constantly improving them. The young person who speaks of his education as being completed, has just begun this task. Whatever may be his age or advancement in life, man's first two duties to self are self-protection and self-culture. The first of these

will now be examined, and, for convenience of reference, its analysis is presented here :



SELF-TORTURE.

If the position already several times stated be a true one, namely, that the body, the mind, and the soul, or spirit, are three parts of one man, each essential to his existence, and the healthful activity of each necessary to the well-being of the others, we are at once led to the conclusion, that to wilfully injure any part of the three-fold system is wrong, working against our highest duty and noblest destiny. It is wronging ourselves, and it is wronging him who put us here to work and improve, and who will, as most people believe, some day demand an account of the talents intrusted to our care. Besides, it is wronging the

world, which has a claim upon every man who lives in it. You enjoy the accumulated knowledge and power of all ages. You are clothed, fed, housed, and warmed by the efforts of the world; by its exertions you are furnished with the means of culture; and the world has a right to expect in return, that you should reach the highest point possible to you, that you should reward its efforts by efforts of your own, that you should give it something for the much it has given you. You are defrauding it then, if you do not put forth strenuous exertions for your own betterment and that of society, or if you, in any way, wilfully incapacitate yourself for such exertions.

It would seem from this that the devotees of the middle ages, when they so horribly tortured their bodies, were not merely unwise, but worse; they were wronging themselves, wronging the world, and wronging the God whom they adored and thought to honor in this mistaken way. Far better, had they spent their time in cultivating all their powers to the highest degree, and giving the world some benefit of the freedom from petty cares which they enjoyed by its bounty. Who can compute the good they might have done, had their ideas been less contracted, their culture broader and more liberal, and their united energies expended in ways more worthy of them? The world would not have groped so long in the Cimmerian night of ignorance. The dark ages would have been ages refulgent with light. The pages of history would not be blotted with the unsightly names of the inquisition

and the star chamber, the rack and the stake. The thousand tales of political and religious cruelty would not now have to be told. Still, if a guiltless wrongdoer be a possibility, these men were such; for they honestly believed they were doing the right, and they were in *earnest* about it—a great thing in itself. And, moreover, they did a vast amount of good, more good than harm, great as the latter certainly was.

If it is wrong to torture the body from the pure and lofty motives of religion, it is surely much more wrong to torture it from the comparatively trivial motives of dress. I do not propose here to enter into a long homily upon the evils of fashionable dress, but only to point out the fact that it is something worse than foolishness, if we so clothe ourselves as to interfere with the functions of any part of the body. It is only too true that thousands upon thousands of persons are to-day reaping the bitter fruits of their own and their parent's folly and—shall we call it crime? Think of it, mothers; it is a wrong done not merely to the somewhat vague world at large, but to your own children, if for the sake of attaining a fashionable form, or appearing clad in fashionable attire, you weaken and dwarf your physical system.

Another way which people, and especially American people, have of torturing themselves and crippling their whole beings, is overwork. We are a young nation, without very much of a past, but with a magnificent future; and each individual of us is anxious

that a large portion of that prospective future greatness shall be his. We are passing through a regular "storm and stress" period of our national life—a "storm and stress" of business. Not a single hour out of the twenty-four is sacred from toil. The overtasked business man racks his mind and body from early in the morning till late at night, keeping them at a constant tension that cannot be other than most destructive to their health and vitality. The housewife who is trying to support a large family and keep up an appearance of wealth, on small means, rises at five or six, and rarely closes her eyes before midnight. Are you surprised that she is a poor, broken-down, dispirited creature? She has no time, or rather she takes no time, to cultivate her mind and soul, or even to revive the exhausted energies of her body. Enjoyment is a word of whose meaning she has not the slightest conception. We do wrong to live at such a terrible rate. Money-getting is not the only thing to be attended to in this world. Properly it is but a small part of our work, and we ought not to let it thus usurp our whole life, and drive out of our minds things which are much nobler.

With a great many it is not the great amount of work they do, but the great worry about it that wears out their very life. It is not easy to exaggerate the evils of continued and excessive excitement. Hugh Miller, the distinguished geologist, died by his own hand, as the effect of too much work. The following is a contemporary account of the circum-

stances: "He possessed an extraordinary mind; but gifted and capable as it was, he overstrained and overtasked it, became insane for the moment, and committed the fatal act which hurried him into eternity. He left behind him a brief letter to his wife, in which he said that 'his brain was on fire,' and that 'a fearful dream was upon him.' Fearful, indeed, for it maddened, and induced him to place a pistol to his own breast. It appears that he had long been engaged on an elaborate work, entitled 'The Testimony of the Rocks.' At this he had labored for days and months, and sometimes, indeed, until long after midnight. Thus, at last, his intellect gave evidence of disorder; he became the prey of strange fears, and fancied that his faculties were failing him. It is stated that a few weeks before his death, the light was seen to glimmer through his window at an early hour in the morning, and that his untiring labor began to tell upon his mental health. He had always been somewhat apprehensive of being attacked by footpads, and had carried loaded firearms about his person. Latterly, having occasion sometimes to return to Portobello from Edinburgh, at unseasonable hours, he had furnished himself with a revolver. But now, to all his old fears as to attacks upon his person, there was added an exciting and overmastering impression that his house, and especially that museum, the fruit of so much care, which was contained in a separate outer building, were exposed to the assaults of burglars. He read all the recent stories of house

robberies. He believed that one night lately, an actual attempt to break in upon his museum had been made. Visions of ticket-of-leave men, prowling about his premises, haunted him by day and by night. The revolver, which lay nightly near him, was not enough. A broad-bladed dagger was kept beside it, while behind him, at his bed-head, a claymore stood ready at hand. About a week before his fatal end, a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came on only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent. The terrible idea that his brain was deeply and hopelessly diseased, that his mind was on the verge of ruin, took hold of him, and stood out before his eye in all that appalling magnitude in which such an imagination as his alone could picture it. And thus, at last, he corrected some proofs of his last volume, went to his chamber and took a bath, and then, no doubt, tortured, bewildered, and agonized by the horrid imaginings, that had so lately beset him, he seized a loaded revolver, placed it to his breast, and was, in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, in another world."

SUICIDE.

Suicide is only heightened injury done to ourselves. It is wrong for us to neglect to maintain our powers in full health; it is surely more wrong to cut them off altogether. There is something

fascinating in suicide, and in some ages it has been regarded as honorable to leave the world in a fit of righteous indignation against it, or to refuse to battle longer with the troubles that assail one here.

Has not a man the right to remove himself from a world of sorrow, if he so desires? No moral right whatever. It certainly accords much better with the exalted nature of man that he should struggle on, doing always the best that he can, than that he should weakly give up the fight and retreat to he knows not what. I like that saying of rugged Scotch Carlyle, that man "is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best."

Speaking of the prevalence of suicide, a prominent daily paper said recently: "Unless universal insanity be admitted as the cause for self-destruction, it is difficult to conceive of any grosser form of selfishness. A man deliberately and wilfully rushes away from financial troubles that his wife and children may bear the brunt, or a woman puts an end to herself that she may escape the misery of her spoiled existence. In both cases the trouble, with a heavy addition, is thrown upon those surviving. Even if the suicide leaves his family in comfortable circumstances he cannot take the life stain from his children. Neither time, nor generosity, nor custom, can efface this." True; it is cowardice to die by our own hand, and leave those who look to us for

protection to face difficulties and troubles that we thus refuse to meet.

“’Tis not courage, when the darts of chance
Are thrown against our state, to turn our backs,
And basely run to death; as if the hand
Of heaven and nature had lent nothing else
T’ oppose against mishap, but loss of life,
Which is to fly, and not to conquer it.”

SELF-DEFENSE.

Closely connected with the subject of suicide, is that of self-defense. Has a man the right to defend himself, or must he literally turn the other cheek? It seems that if you have not the right to injure yourself, no one else has that right, certainly, and you may properly prevent him from doing so, should he attempt it. But the right of self-defense does not imply that of vengeance. “Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” You may go only so far as is, in your best judgment, necessary in order to protect yourself, but to that full extent you may properly go, even if it should require you to take the life of your assailant. Such is the decision of the laws of our land.

But of far more frequent occurrence is the ruin of the whole man by the various passions. Body, mind and spirit go down in the general wreck, victims of the overmastering force of unregulated impulse. Though the three elements are equally necessary to a full manhood, they have not and should not have

equal authority. The reasoning and moral faculties ought to be supreme, and the body should be kept in constant subjection to them. There is no properly organized man or woman who cannot, by a little exercise of the Will power, keep all his or her appetites and passions under full control. The person who habitually falls into ungovernable anger, or who allows his appetite for strong drink to rule him, has but himself to blame for his misfortunes. A little resolute firmness before it was too late would have secured to him complete command over the rebellious passions. Whoever ventures to disregard this injunction of nature is certain to reap the whirlwind from sowing such seed. Who is there that cannot call to mind some acquaintance who has brought down destruction upon his head by undue indulgence of some part of his animal nature?

INTEMPERANCE.

The blar eye, the unsteady hand, the tottering form, the halting tongue, are familiar to everybody. They speak a well-known language, and tell of the general devastation of bright prospects and brilliant powers. Some idea of the extent of the ruin wrought by intemperate use of strong drink may be had from the following extract from a sermon delivered in New York city, October 15, 1882: "There are one million drunkards in the United States to-day; sixty thousand of the people annually die drunkards; one hundred thousand men and women are annually sent to prison

through this iniquity; two hundred thousand children thrown on the charity of the world by alcoholism. Judge Allison says that fully four fifths of the crime committed in this country is committed under the influence of strong drink. In Canada, out of twenty-eight thousand two hundred and eighty-four commitments to jail, twenty-one thousand two hundred and thirty-six committed their crime under the influence of strong drink. Dr. Harris, inspector of the prisons of New York state, says that eighty-five out of every one hundred cases of all the crime is the result of intemperance. There are thirty thousand maniacs and idiots now as a result of intemperance. England pays four hundred thousand dollars yearly for alcoholic insane paupers. Mrs. Comstock, the Quaker missionary, says that out of one hundred and fifteen thousand prisoners one hundred and five thousand were incarcerated by their intemperance. It is estimated that ninety-nine one-hundredths of the children not going to school in this country are the children of drunkards. The cost of, and ruin by, rum in this country, is one billion two hundred millions of dollars annually. In Edwards county, Illinois, it was decided, twenty-seven years ago, that they would have no rum in the county, and in twenty-five years only one person was sent to the penitentiary, and he committed a crime while drunk from rum got in another county. The most of the time the jail has been empty. There are only two or three paupers in all the county. The tax is

thirty-two per cent lower than the neighboring counties, though their tax-rolls show more property than any other county in the state of equal size. The court in that county sits three days in the year."

But even worse than the destruction of so many common lives and the production of so much crime, is the sad havoc which the passion for stimulants of various kinds makes among the most brilliant intellects. Edgar-Allen Poe, one of the finest of American poets, died of delirium tremens at the early age of thirty-eight. Richard Parson, one of the very greatest of scholars, had such a raging thirst that he would drink almost any thing. Spirits of wine for the lamp, ink, and an embrocation, are among the draughts he is said to have swallowed. After a banquet, he would pour the dregs of wine from the glasses of the guests into one glass and drink them. He died aged forty-eight. Alexander the Great,

"The youth who all things but himself subdued,"

after conquering so much of the world as was then known to the Greeks, died from the effects of too much wine at a banquet, aged only thirty-two. Robert Burns, the greatest poet of Scotland, died at thirty-seven, having shortened his life and rendered himself and his family miserable by a too free use of liquor. Coleridge and De Quincy, two of the greatest literary men of their time, destroyed their magnificent powers of mind by the use of opium.

No man has a right thus to defeat the highest purpose of his existence, to cheat the world out of the services which he owes it, to subject those who are dependent upon him to the ills of poverty, and to bring down disgrace and obloquy upon the innocent ones whose fate is united to his by the bonds of law or nature.

LICENTIOUSNESS.

Frightful as are the evils of intemperance, enormous as is the misery which it entails upon the world each year, there is another vice, equally wide-spread, which is said by competent judges to be even more destructive of life and happiness. No one can form the faintest conception of the horrors of licentiousness. Who has not walked the streets of our large cities, and seen there the haggard faces of men and women, old though young, weak and worn by debauchery, almost breathing corruption upon the air. Nothing is holy or pure to them, or if it is, it only excites their hungry desire to pollute it. As you pass them, they fasten their eyes upon you with a brazen stare, and you see their features, loathsome with disease and the evidences of crime. Nor is that all: this vice breaks in upon the family circle, gnaws like a canker at the happiness of home, parts husband and wife, parent and child, asunder. How many homes has it destroyed! It has entered with unblushing face many a royal palace, and whole nations have felt its curse. The English Reformation with its long series of cruel per-

secutions on both sides, began just here. It enters the school and the church. No place is so sacred as to be safe from its pestilential invasions, and no more damning proof of the debasing effect of allowing the animal desires (see last paragraph, page 291) to rule men can be found.

HEALTH.

“Let all men,” says Carlyle, “if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy! He who in what cause soever sinks into pain and disease, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but surely evil—may, or may not be, on the way toward good. There are many other passages in his works which show the high value he placed upon health, a blessing which he, unfortunately, did not enjoy. Otherwise, some of the vinegar, which seems to have offended people so much since his death, might have been left out of his works and private papers; and, what was of far more importance to him, he might have lived a much happier life, and contributed more than he probably did to the enjoyment of those about him.

Truly, health is a grand thing, and its value cannot be overestimated. (See page 43.) It is the basis of all good things; as Sir William Temple said, it “is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. One of the best foundations you can give your children, for a life of usefulness and happiness, is a

healthy body. Perfect physical health induces mental and moral health and strength. If you would give to the world men and women sound in judgment, pure in thought, with loving hearts, add to culture wholesome food, regular habits, plenty of sleep and out-door exercise. An unimpaired digestion is a fortune to any child, and is a security for cheerfulness, and usually a long, happy, and useful life. Therefore, as you value such a boon for your child, see that in youth he does not lose it all by indulgence in candy, pickles, cake and pastry, and sitting up till mamma's bedtime."

If, as has been said so often in these pages, good bodily health is necessary to the highest development of the mind and spirit, evidently it must be wrong to do that which will injure the health of the body. He who recklessly exposes his system—without sufficient cause—to disease, he who plies the already weary body with tasks that it ought not perform, he who neglects the matters of diet, exercise, pure air, and other things essential to health, is, then, unwise, and more than that, he is guilty; for he is wilfully going contrary to his highest destiny and duty.

AVARICE.

Although intemperance and licentiousness probably do more harm than any others, there are many affections and desires which, when in excess, become passions and exercise a very great influence for evil. A passion of any kind will tear a man to pieces

and make a general wreck of him, if given free sway for a little time. As one of the greatest thinkers, Goethe, has truly said, "Unconditioned activity, of whatever kind it may be, finally leads to bankruptcy." These powerful impulses must be kept in check, and not allowed to usurp all the faculties of the mind. A perfect man must be able to maintain an equilibrium between his opposite natures, not allowing any one of his tendencies to wax unduly and disproportionately strong at the expense of others, and finally to crush them out.

We have already seen in the section on that subject (page 298), that the love of gold is one of the strongest passions, and one of those most likely to gain complete control over the whole being, bending all other feelings and powers to its purposes. The typical miser, with palsied hand, and cowering form, gloating over the money-bags which he is afraid to call his own, is perhaps not a common sight. But every day we meet those whose avarice has gone far enough to strangle every finer feeling of their natures, and crush out even the perception of beauty and grandeur. They are cold, hard, stern, unsympathetic and unmerciful. To them, no color is beautiful save the yellow glint of gold, no sound has in it so much of music as the merry clink and jingle of coin. They have no hopes or aspirations other than for more money. Their only conception of right is the legal right which is theirs to grind the last cent out of a sick and starving debtor; of this, their understanding

is perfect. "More money, more money; grant me power to get more money," is their only prayer. I think no reader will find much trouble in deciding for himself whether such a life is right or wrong, whether or not it is living in accordance with that highest duty which has been pointed out.

Closely connected with avarice is the passion for gambling, so strong in some people. Rev. C. C. Colton, author of "Lacon," was a pastor in England. He became addicted to gambling and extravagance. He was a successful gamester, and is said to have made at play one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, in two years, in Paris. He finally died by his own hand. Reni Guido, one of the most distinguished Italian painters, died broken in spirit and burdened with poverty as a result of his passionate love for the gaming table.

An inordinate love of money is constantly sending its miserable victims to the insane asylum and to the lonely grave of the suicide.

AMBITION.

Ambition, or the desire for superiority or power, (see pages 295 and 300), when in such excess as to become a passion, acts in something the same way as avarice, but is perhaps not quite so ruinous to the person himself, though more so to others. Its effect is to harden the heart and shut its doors against all gentler feelings. It makes its victim heedless of the happiness of others. He does not hesi-

tate to crush anyone who stands in his way whenever he can do so. He governs his actions by the principle that the end justifies the means; and what foul means he will use to accomplish the end of personal advancement for himself, every one knows who is at all acquainted with the methods of politicians in this or any other country. Slander, libel, bribery, false promises and simulated friendship—these are a part and a fair sample of the regular stock in trade of too many men engaged in political life. It is so to some extent in the other fields of ambition, though I believe it is nowhere else carried to such an excess as in politics. Such a life of hard-hearted selfishness certainly cannot be a fitting one for man, with his natural sympathy and love for his fellows.

Moreover, disappointed ambition, and in the nature of things the ambition of most men must be disappointed, is perhaps the most effective means known for souring men's tempers and making them disagreeable and hateful to themselves and others. We have all met such people and have been afflicted by them. They have failed, perhaps, to receive some office upon which they had fixed their minds, and which they thought justly due them, on account of their faithful party service, or for some other reason; and now they are querrulous and fault-finding, complaining of their party, of their friends, and of almost everybody and everything else. They seem to have forgotten their high dignity as men, and to have given themselves up absolutely to the weak, foolish spite they feel against

the world on account of their failure. Some distinguished men are supposed to have died from the effects of their bitter disappointment when defeated in some of their ambitious schemes. Such is the power ambition wields when it once gets full control of the mind. The only right thing we can do is to keep it in proper subjection to the reason and the moral faculties.

ANGER.

“To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves,” says Pope. I suppose there is no other passion which can do so much harm in so little time, as anger in its various forms. It seems to wrench the body and the mind quite out of their original and proper shape. The face is twisted and distorted, the brow is drawn into great furrows and ridges, the eyes gleam with an unnatural light. Plutarch thinks that if a man could see himself “so unnaturally disguised and disordered,” it would go a great way toward dispelling his anger; and he himself would not at all take it ill if, when in that condition, some friend should hold up before him a glass that he might see the horrible distortion of his face.

But the deformity which we see in the face, great as it is, is only a faint reflection of what is going on within.

“The wildest ills that darken life,
Are rapture to the bosom’s strife;
The tempest in its blackest form
Is beauty to the bosom’s storm;

The ocean lashed to fury loud,
 Its high wave mingling with the cloud,
 Is peaceful, sweet serenity,
 To anger's dark and stormy sea."

So terrible is the strain which anger puts upon the mind, that it is probable that a person could not live more than a very few hours if kept constantly wrought up to the highest pitch of anger; or if his life did not fall a sacrifice to passion, his reason certainly would, and he would be driven into permanent madness. It is extremely fortunate for mankind that anger in its worst form is very short-lived, never lasting longer than a few minutes; after a short time, it either dies out, or settles into the quieter form of hate, which is a lasting passion, but not nearly so wearing upon the whole nervous system as anger.

JEALOUSY.

"Thou jealousy,
 Almighty tyrant of the human mind,
 Who canst at will unsettle the calm brain,
 O'erturn the scaled heart, and shake the man
 Through all his frame with tempest and distraction."

In its effects upon the person unfortunate enough to be subject to its afflictions, jealousy is very like anger. It is as if a tornado had passed through the soul, and with its terrible power had wrecked, and twisted, and blown to fragments all the faculties of the man. (For the natural origin of jealousy, see page 287.) Who that has ever read or heard Shakespeare's wonderful play, "Othello," can fail to

realize how fearful is the power of jealousy! A strong, brave man, duped and maddened by his blind passion, until with his own hand he plunges his sword into the bosom of his innocent wife. And scarcely a day passes that the papers do not contain an account of just such a tragedy enacted in real life.

And here let it be once again repeated that the man or woman who wishes to reach a full manhood or womanhood must, and can, keep all these passions in check; make them subject to those higher faculties whose proper sphere it is to rule and guide our lives. When kept in the state of dependence which belongs to them, they are useful, and as essential as any other elements to the completeness of manhood or womanhood. But when allowed to run wild, they are like the great fires that sometimes rage through our northern forests, burning farm houses and villages, as well as the uninhabited wilderness; fierce and uncontrollable, they rush along, sweeping everything in their mad course, burning up not only the trash in our natures, but fastening their all-devouring flames also upon the noblest powers that we have; and when they have gone by, we find that nothing but ashes and cinders are left of the life that once was strong and fair.

INDEPENDENCE AND SERVILITY.

The spiritual in humanity is degraded whenever it submits to have ends imposed upon it, and yields itself blindly to the dictates of another. Self-posses-

sion and self-direction are essential to virtue; and the obligation to take upon himself the control of his own conduct, and sustain his own spiritual worthiness, is inseparable from man. No one can rightfully give up this responsibility to another, and no one can rightfully assume it for another. The true dignity of man's spiritual being can be sustained in no other manner than by proposing to himself his own ends, and resisting to the last extremity all interference with this inalienable prerogative. There can be no question allowed as to whether he may not live longer, or avoid more care, by allowing his spirit to be ruled by some other agency than himself; the assent to such dictation is a renunciation of the prerogatives of personality, and consenting to become a thing, and thereby an attempt to give up the authority of his own rationality, than which nothing can be more debasing. It is man renouncing his manhood, and willingly taking the place of the animal, to be used by others.

Independence is all that makes one a moral and responsible being, it is what makes him a man; and when he consents to yield up his independence, and subject himself to the will of another, he is sacrificing his manhood, putting himself upon the same level with horses and dogs, making out of himself, as has just been said in the last paragraph above, a mere thing. And yet how many are doing this very thing in one form or another! How many make themselves slaves to the man of position and power, to public opinion, and to fashion!

Of course this does not apply to the payment of honest debts, as where one man for a certain consideration agrees to do certain things for another, and do them in such way as may be desired ; nor does it apply to the case of obedience to rightful authority ; the pupil should obey his teacher, just so far as the teacher's rightful and reasonable authority extends, and should do it cheerfully and willingly ; the child should obey his parents in the same way, and so likewise should we all submit to the lawfully constituted government which has dominion over us. Obedience in these and like cases is no sacrifice of independence ; it is not debasing, but dignifying.

Servility by its derivation means slavishness, and is the extreme opposite of independence. It includes all absolute giving up of self into the hands of another to do as he pleases with, it includes all cases of fawning or flattery, and it includes a good many other things which the people do without thinking of any sacrifice of independence. Thousands upon thousands of young men join one or the other of the great political parties, having but very little knowledge of the principles upon which these parties divide, and forever after that they are Democrats or Republicans, as the case may be, and their great pride is that they never "scratch a ticket," but always vote as the "wire-pullers" of their party dictate. Ignorant and servile, no matter how evil and ruinous the principle advocated may be, no matter how degraded, dishonest and incompetent the candidates, they will

vote for them merely because the ticket containing their names is headed "Democratic Ticket," or "Republican Ticket." Now, in all matters of politics these people are mere slaves to the candidates and candidate-makers, and they are counted in political calculations just as so many horses or cattle would be in financial calculations. "These men are ours," say the "bosses."

In similar manner, only it is worse, because it is giving into the hands of others the fate of the immortal soul—little children, who not only do not, but in the nature of things cannot, understand those deep and complex questions which underlie all religion, or even the simpler and far less important questions which divide religious sects, rush into some church under the influence of revival excitement, or the persuasion of parents or companions, and through life they are Methodists, or Catholics, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, or whatever else the denomination may be. They have stifled their natural right of inquiry and investigation, and most of them go through life and down to death obeying the behests of their church organization, and trusting their souls to doctrines concerning the truth of which they have never once taken the trouble to satisfy their minds. Is that anything but servility in its most dangerous form? To let others do all their thinking upon this most important subject of all! Another exhibition of this spirit of servility is to be seen in the strict adherence to fashion on the part of untold thousands of men

and women. Does it accord with the high dignity of true womanhood, that a woman should go beyond her means for the sake of wearing clothes that are in fashion, that she should sacrifice her health to the desire of possessing a fashionable form, that she should wear things unbecoming to her particular style of beauty—and frequently things that do not beseem any woman—that she should give up to the demands of dress the time that ought to be spent in cultivating her own higher nature, and in caring for her husband and children, and promoting her own and their happiness? Is that true womanhood? Is it consistent with true womanhood? Is it anything else but slavery to the makers of apparel and the contrivers of fashion-papers, and to the opinion of those who, like herself, are slaves? But dress is by no means the only thing that is subject to the whims of capricious fashion. Would that it were!

A mother was reproaching her daughter for not having called upon an acquaintance; the reply was that they had never been intimate with the family in question. “But,” said the mother, “circumstances have altered. They have moved into the West End, and besides that, they keep a carriage and horses now.” Yes; that is it. They may have been the most ignorant and uncouth family in the city; their lives may have been stained with vice of every kind; the money necessary to support a household in the West End may have been obtained through the most shameful dishonesty; but all these things are

mere trifles; they live in a stylish locality and keep a carriage and horses, and that is their sure passport into "society," for the decree of almighty Fashion has gone out to that effect, and all her devotees must obey. Thus fashion presumes to dictate the clothes we shall wear, the company we shall keep, the food we shall eat, the houses we shall live in, the churches we shall attend, the authors we shall admire—everything, in fact. Besides these examples given of bowing abjectly to political or church dignitaries, and to fashion, there are innumerable species of flunkyism which prevail all over the world. How many cringing, fawning, flattering *nothings* crowd around every man of influence and power! It is baseness, unrelieved by anything that is good or great, thus to surrender your manhood, and put yourself upon the level of the dog that licks the hand of its patron. If there is one man more contemptible than another, it is the one who makes himself a slave to others, not because he must, or because he wishes to help them, but simply because he has not spirit enough to do otherwise. He is constantly fawning upon others, loading them down with the most sickening flattery, striving by all means to gain their attention. If a great or a prominent man deigns to notice him, he acts as if he were a worm, and would deem it an honor if the great man would step on him. Perhaps, after all, he is not far wrong, and it would be an honor for such a worm as he to be crushed by the foot of a man of sense

and spirit. Such conduct seems all the more stange, because it must always fail to command the respect of the very persons whose good graces are thus courted. It is evident that he has not sense enough to understand this truth, and his weakness and folly become even a little more pitiful.

VANITY.

Vanity, like other forms of servility, grows out of an undue desire for the esteem of others (see page 305), and is one of the most common of the modified forms of servility. Swift said that a man might be too proud to be vain. A man who is truly proud and self-sustained is not, and cannot be, vain. Vanity is always a mark of servility. The person who is constantly looking about to see if others do not think him handsome or clever, is weak, very weak, and must be constantly fed upon the milk of approbation to keep life in him. "Vanity is the fruit of ignorance," says somebody. "It thrives most in subterranean places, never reached by the air of heaven and the light of the sun." The vain person is principally desirous of the esteem of others, and his self-esteem is so largely developed that the most extravagant professions of admiration for him are not doubted for an instant. He and the flatterer are well mated. To every one else, flattery is disgusting; to him it is meat and drink. He does not perceive any difference between real admiration and sham admiration; he measures the depth of feeling

wholly by the sound of the words which give it expression, thinking that the same words mean always the same thing, whereas they mean now one thing, now another, and again nothing. Hence it is that the preposterous words of a wily, unfeeling flatterer are as good to him, nay, better, than the sincere encouragement of an honest friend. Hence it is, also, that he can always be led about, and induced to do whatever may be desired of him, by offering him the bait of a little false esteem. It might well be debated in some village lyceum whether the vain man is rather the subject of pity, or of contempt. Certain it is, that vanity often destroys prospects which might otherwise be brilliant. The tendency of the man afflicted with vanity is, after receiving a little applause, to think that he has done as much as could be expected of any one man, and that he has earned the everlasting gratitude of the world, and garnered for himself undying renown; and thereupon "he sits down," as a young preacher once rather oddly expressed it in a sermon on idleness, "on the stool of do-nothing," and there he sits henceforth and forever.

FALSE HONOR.

False honor is another manifestation of servility. The man who worries himself about what people are saying, and wants blood every time he thinks he has been insulted, is making himself a slave to public opinion. The man who looks to his own mind for

a guide as to his actions, is not slow in coming to the conclusion that it is far more harmful and dishonorable to him to fly into a passion of anger over some petty insult, than to simply pass the matter by and pay no attention to it. It is only he who gauges his actions by what people will say, that thinks blood the only atonement for a disrespectful word. "True honor will be found," writes one, "in that course which secures his highest spiritual worthiness. But when a man turns off the eye from his rational spirit, and looks out upon popular opinion and public estimation, and deems that to be honor which gives him reputation among the multitude, he has come to an estimate of personal dignity most false and really degrading. His honor is not worthiness, but popular repute; his standard is not inward excellence, but human opinion; and instead of ruling his own spirit, the conventional maxims and factitious customs of the society where he may happen to dwell will rule him."

HYPOCRISY.

Still another very large class of serviles consists of those who try to appear something which they are not. The man of true independence is willing to seem to be exactly what he is. The one who is always devising some way to appear richer, or higher born, or better educated than he is, or the one who tries to make you think he is a member of a social circle to which he does not belong,—all such are slaves, and

slaves held in the most unrelenting and degrading servitude. What man is more ridiculous than the one who is always telling you about the prominent people with whom he is intimately acquainted? When you question him closely, you find that he has never seen most of them except in public places, perhaps some of them not even there. The hypocrisy of those who are not rich, but would seem to be so, must surely be a most painful burden to carry. What an amount of toil it involves! What a sacrifice of comforts for the sake of luxuries to put upon the outside for people to look at! What a dearth of thought, and reading, and music, and all things that go to make life noble and high; and all for the sole purpose of having the appearance of that which, when real, gives little comfort to most of its possessors. Was ever thing more unwise, or further from the true end of life? What a sad perversion of that noble element in our natures (see page 305), the desire for the esteem of others.

There is another kind of hypocrites, not yet mentioned, who are so not out of servility to the opinions of others so much as from desire for wealth, office, or social influence. They would care little for public opinion if it were not the road to something else they are trying to reach. These are the religious hypocrites, men who put on the sheep's clothing of piety, while inwardly they are ravening wolves. They are worse than contemptible, they are villainous. By their long prayers in public places, by their solemn looks and pious tones, and by their active participation in

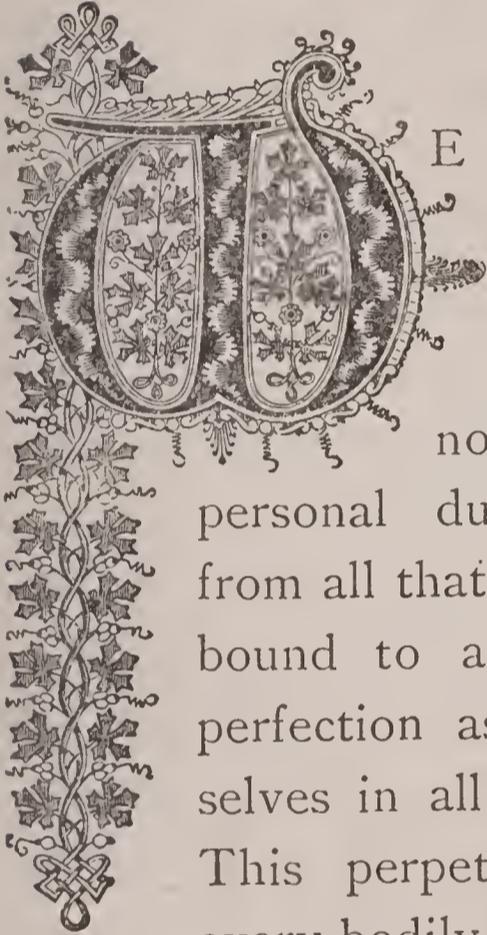
church and Sunday school affairs, they deceive people and win their confidence, and then they mercilessly fleece them, robbing the rich and poor alike of their capital, their hard-earned savings, or their honor.

“Their friendship is a lurking snare,
Their honor but an idle breath,
Their smile the smile that traitors wear,
Their love is hate, their life is death.”





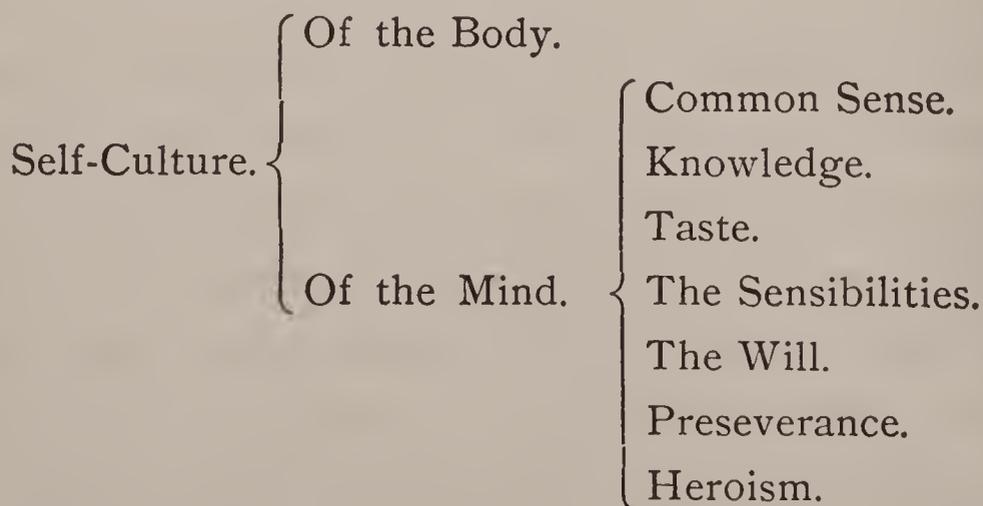
SELF-CULTURE.



Now come to the second class of duties which a man owes to himself: those involved in the general idea of Self Culture. It is not a sufficient fulfillment of our personal duties that we control ourselves from all that will induce harm; we are morally bound to advance to as high a degree of perfection as is attainable, and improve ourselves in all things as we have opportunity. This perpetual and complete self-culture of every bodily and mental faculty is due in the right of our own spiritual being, and it is unworthy of any man to neglect any portion of his person which admits of improvement. We have started upon the hypothesis that a man's duty is continually to improve himself, and to approach as nearly as possible to absolute perfection. Let us now enlarge somewhat upon that idea, and endeavor to find out just what it means, and just how much it contains. The thought is one of great scope; its range is, in fact, unbounded. It includes everything which goes

to make up perfection of manhood, and perfection is infinite. All that is right or wrong in human nature, all that is beautiful or repulsive, strong or weak, noble or base, enters into the question of perfection. I mention these qualities separately, because ordinarily they are separate in meaning; but so far as concerns human character, any one of them includes all the others. The perfection includes all the elements of strength, beauty, and nobility. The man who is absolutely and perfectly strong is beautiful and noble in his strength. He can have no weaknesses, and as wrong is always weak, he must be always pure. It only remains, then, to determine what qualities must be present, and what absent, to constitute the perfection of right, strength, beauty, and nobility, in this our high ideal; and certainly, this is no light task. As has been said before, we shall have need of all those tests of conscience, self-respect, happiness, etc., which have been regarded by various philosophers as final rules of right.

The culture of self naturally divides into two branches, that of the body, or physical culture, and that of the mind.



PHYSICAL CULTURE.

The culture of the body was spoken of (page 44), and of that little more need be said. Only let me once more urge the necessity of properly caring for and training this wonderful piece of mechanism. The methods belong to the science of hygiene, and come principally under the headings of exercise, diet, air, cleanliness, and dress. The perfect man must be perfect in every respect; the body has therefore a claim upon our attention on its own account. More than that, the body is the medium through which the mind acts, and unless it be strong and healthy, the mind cannot work to good advantage. The best of mechanics must have good tools in order to give effect to their skill. I do not mean that every man should get his body into such a condition as would be necessary to the prize-fighter, or the acrobat, but he should bring it up to such a degree of strength as will enable it to perform readily any reasonable task which may be imposed upon it.

Moreover, the body should be made as comely and beautiful as possible, and it should be neatly clothed,—handsomely, if so may be. It is but folly to affect ragged, ill-fitting, coarse, and filthy garments. If fine clothes cannot be afforded, wear plain ones, by all means. But let them be clean, neat, and whole; that does not involve any expenditure of money, and it makes far more difference in the appearance

than the texture of the cloth can. This much the body deserves; only have a care not to neglect that which is higher and of more importance, for its sake.

CULTIVATION OF THE MIND.

Somebody has said that there is nothing great in the world but man, and that in man there is nothing great but mind. If that be true, it necessarily follows that there can be no other subject so worthy of engaging our attention as the cultivation of the mind. It is the one all-important thing, paramount to everything else; for, in the words of Seneca, "as the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind without cultivation can never produce much good fruit."

The mind is susceptible of greater and more constant improvement and expansion than the body. It is somewhat later in coming to full maturity, but it retains its vigor long after the body has withered and grown weak. There must probably be some limit to the power of the mind, but it is not easy to say where it is. It stretches off toward infinity, far passing the range of sight. Each generation is crowned with mental achievements which lift it higher than the generations before it. With every age the number of known facts and principles gets larger, and mind always proves itself equal to the demands made upon it, and uses these for the discovery of others.

Whether mind itself is growing stronger with the lapse of time may fairly be doubted, but its practical applications are becoming more numerous and comprehensive every day. Moreover, whatever may be thought concerning the question of race-improvement, it cannot be doubted that individuals may increase their mental power to an indefinite extent. That keen Frenchman, La Rochefoucauld, was of the opinion that, owing to our natural indolence, "no one has ever yet taken the pains to enlarge and expand his mind to the full extent of its capacities." If Socrates, and Bacon, and Shakespeare did not reach the full limit of their intellectual power, what may we not hope for?

Nearly everything of importance that has ever been accomplished in the world, has been done by persons of much thought, persons who had cultivated their mental faculties to a very high degree. Most of them were men who had received what is called a liberal education. It is said that a very large proportion of the discoveries of science were the results of fortunate accidents and lucky guesses. That is true: but it is also true, that for some mysterious reason nearly all these happy accidents and guesses have occurred to men of the class described. Here again is confirmation of the idea that we should strive to attain the highest possible degree of culture, as thus we are not only discharging our highest duty to ourselves, but also putting ourselves into the best shape to discharge that which we owe to the world.

COMMON SENSE.

“Fine sense and exalted sense,” says Addison, “are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.” This faculty, or whatever it may be considered, called common sense, is one of the qualities most essential to full intellectual power. It is the intellect of every-day life, the soul of business, society, and home affairs. It is the framework and walls of the intellectual house; wit and brilliancy are the trimmings, the adornments, and should be considered as of only secondary importance. But as we often see beautifully ornamented houses whose walls are mere shells, so we frequently meet persons whose conversation sparkles with bright, witty sayings, but whose life seems either to go along just as it happens, or to be led about hither and thither by the wildest vagaries that an uncontrolled fancy could conceive.

Common sense is opposed to all such things as carelessness, stupidity, rashness, credulity, and skepticism. The person with an abundant endowment of good common sense will see whatever is going on around him, will rapidly accustom himself to his environments, and become at home among them. When he is brought into contact with any unfamiliar set of circumstances, he will carefully observe them, and will not fail to draw correct conclusions from them. The

stupid dolt, who passes through the world with his mouth open and his eyes shut, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, comprehending nothing; the careless man, who pays no attention—no real, thoughtful attention, at least—to his surroundings, and to the signs and portents of the future, upon whom a disastrous business crash might come all unlooked for, though heralded for months by the plainest symptoms, and expected and guarded against by all his neighbors; the rash man, who needlessly rushes into plainly indicated danger, not noticing it, or, if he does notice it, not caring for it, so deeply wrapped up is he in some pet scheme. All these are lamentably deficient in that homely, but inestimably valuable, quality of common sense.

When common sense rises to its highest stage, it becomes a genius of itself.

“Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven.”

It is wonderful how much it sometimes accomplishes, even without the help of favoring external circumstances. Some of the finest achievements of civil and military history, when sifted down, seem to have been the result of nothing else than a healthy, active common sense.

The man of good common sense is not the one who believes everything that is told him, simply because somebody said so. He is not the one who is being constantly duped by men who go about the

country selling all sorts of humbugs ; not the one who can be wronged time and again, and always be put off by some ridiculous story of repentance or accident. Cotton says, somewhere in his varied essays, that we ought always to forgive an injury, but never to forget it. We owe it to the offender that we should forgive him, and we owe it to ourselves that we should remember his offense, to the end that he may have no opportunity of repeating it. The man of sound sense obeys this maxim, particularly the last part—the first part belongs to the sphere of morals ; the same person is not likely to have the chance of injuring him twice, unless it be in some way that it was out of his power to control.

On the other hand, he is not one who believes only things which he has seen and can fully understand. He recognizes the fact that his intellect does not reach out on all sides to the uttermost boundaries of intelligence. A certain degree of doubt and skepticism is, of course, necessary in every sound intellect, but the extreme of it is highly injurious and is incompatible with healthy mental life. The confirmed skeptic and the over-credulous believer are equally lacking in this first requisite to intellectual strength, common sense.

The man of common sense, again, is not the one who hastily embarks all that he has in some unconsidered speculation. He is not the one who lets go all hold upon the good thing that he has, in the blind hope that he may get something better. He dismisses

the good thing only when he is sure of the better one. He is not the man who takes any careless risks. He does not plunge headlong into anything, but always acts with deliberation and caution, and keeps on the safe side of everything so far as he can. Such are the men who form the strength of any country; it is to them that it must look in time of trouble; it is they who have the solid substance from which alone it can draw the support it needs. They are often rich and seldom poor. Almost all of the men who have amassed great wealth by business, have been of this sensible, cautious temperament. If common sense, then, is so vital a part of every healthy mind, how necessary is its earnest cultivation to every one who would bring out all the power that is in him! No one ought to neglect this most important part of his nature for the sake of cultivating in himself those more showy but less valuable faculties which secure the admiration of the world for a season, but when asked for bread can give nothing but a stone.

KNOWLEDGE.

“That jewel, Knowledge, is great riches, riches which is not plundered by kinsmen, not carried off by thieves, not decreased by giving,” says the Hindu Bhavabhuti, who lived about eleven hundred years ago. And the old Indian philosopher spoke truly. There is no jewel so precious as knowledge; no possession so safe; it does not fluctuate in value; it is not subject to loss by fire, water, or thieves; it cannot be

taken away by the sheriff. The more you give of it, the more you have; win it and it is yours forever.

Without knowledge, the brightest intellect is as the uncut diamond; its beauty is not half brought out. With knowledge, the most stubborn and unpromising mind is like the granite column; originally anything but fair, its polish has made it a thing of great beauty.

When God asked Solomon what he should give him, Solomon chose, out of the whole universe of things,—knowledge and wisdom. And because he chose knowledge and wisdom, instead of riches, or honor, or lives of his enemies, or long life for himself, God gave him wisdom and knowledge, and also riches and honor more than any king before him ever had. And he does the same thing now; the man who possesses wisdom and knowledge, has a valid claim upon riches and honor, and if he wants them, he can get them sooner than another. But the scholar does not often engage in the pursuit of wealth or position. He has something better. While they would be very desirable possessions, the time that it would cost to get them can be spent for something else whose power of producing happiness is greater. What pursuit can be so delightful as that of knowledge? Intellect uncultivated has but few pleasures, and those are low and gross. But the pleasures of cultivated intellect are found among the most refined and noble as well as the most ecstatic that enter into and form a part of human happiness. To the man of truly cultivated power of thought, there are a thousand voices that

speak the rich language of instruction and wisdom, to which the uncultivated ear is totally deaf. He possesses not only all the common enjoyments of life, home, friends, the bounties and beauties of munificent nature, in a degree greatly elevated by his cultivation, but he holds within his hands the keys that unlock the grandest treasures of the universe, and give him permission to walk the heights of glory where the angels tread. To him the sun pours down his glory-wreathed beams of warmth and life, laden with the rich instructions which science teaches of that glorious illuminator and governor of the solar system. Every ray is a dispatch from that gorgeous world of light, speaking of its opaque body, its vast magnitude, its luminous atmosphere, its revolutions on its own axis, its mighty attractive powers, its distance from us, the mysterious and almost godlike influence which it exerts upon our earth, the life and beauty it infuses into all things here, and all the rich and varied instruction gleaned by the penetrating mind of man from this source of light. The stars bring to him intelligence from the regions they inhabit, and each constellation affords him historic information of those who have gazed upon its stellar beauty in centuries gone by. The comets come to him on rapid wings of light, with their banners streaming back, telling by their inconceivable velocities, of the measureless depths they have penetrated in the immensity of the Creator's realm. The moon pours down its floods of light, freighted with its burden of knowledge. The clouds come over

him but to tell him the story of their vapor-wreaths and the mission they have to perform. The lightnings flash but to give him instructive joy. The thunders rattle but to make him music. The winds roar but to whistle in his ears the story of their lives and labors. The earthquake moans but to send a voice of instruction from below, and the volcano flashes up its flames, a great torchlight, to read the earth's ancient history by. Old ocean pronounces in his ears its solemn sermon of grandeur, and the plains and mountains send back their instructive responses. The little flower beneath his feet opens its roseate volume to his admiring gaze; the blade of grass translates its mystical language for his pleasure, and the delicate leaf breathes about him its silent words of wisdom. He finds instruction in the cattle upon the thousand hills, in the birds above him, and the fishes below him. He finds books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and a voice in everything bidding him to a great feast of intellectual pleasure.

A good library is a "holy of holies" to the scholar, and it may be entered at any time. One of the good things that Goethe puts into the mouth of the generally contemptible Wagner is this:

"How the mental raptures bear us
From page to page, from book to book!
Then winter nights take loveliness untold,
As warmer life in every limb had crowned you;
And when your hands unroll some parchment rare and old,
All Heaven descends, and opens bright around you."

In the works of nearly every author may be found a tribute to books and study :

“Prefer knowledge to wealth : for one is transitory, the other perpetual.”

“A taste for books,” writes another, “is the pleasure and glory of my life. I would not exchange it for the glory of the Indies.”

“If the crowns of all the kingdoms of the empire were laid down at my feet in exchange for my books and my love of reading, I would spurn them all.”

“I no sooner come into my library but I bolt the door to me, excluding lust, ambition, avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is idleness, the mother of ignorance and melancholy. In the very lap of eternity, among so many divine souls, I take my seat with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all that know not this happiness.”

“Give a man this taste (for good books), and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all natures, a contemporary of all ages.”

“A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures.”

“Who can overestimate the value of good books? Those ships of thought, as Bacon so finely calls them, voyaging through the sea of time, and carrying their precious freight so safely from generation to generation. Here are the finest minds giving us the best wisdom of present and all past ages; here are intellects gifted far beyond ours, ready to give us the results of lifetimes of patient thought, imaginations open to the beauty of the universe far beyond what it is given us to behold; characters whom we can only vainly hope to imitate, but whom it is one of the highest privileges of life to know. Here they all are; and to learn to know them is the privilege of the reading man.”

“I have friends whose society is extremely agreeable to me; they are of all ages and of every country. They have distinguished themselves both in the cabinet and in the field, and obtained high honors for their knowledge of the sciences. It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company, and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of the past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some, by their vivacity, drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires, and to depend wholly on myself. They open

to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."

"In the best books, great men talk to us, with us, and give us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices of the distant and the dead; books are the true levelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society and the presence of the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling, learned men and poets will enter and take up their abode under my roof."

One of the best, as it is one of the most celebrated, of these tributes, is from the pen of Robert Southey, who was once poet laureate of England, and whose stores of books were, as he says, "more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand." He had about twenty-five thousand volumes. He says:

"My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

"With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude."

“A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you with their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times,” says George S. Hillard. This being the case, then, and no thinking reader will question it, is it not a manifestation of wisdom to cultivate a taste for good reading? that which will make us better, happier, stronger? But, alas, how sadly it is neglected! How many young ladies and gentlemen grow up into womanhood and manhood without ever opening a volume and tasting the purifying nectar enclosed within its lids. How many seek for strength in mathematical solutions, for mental drill in conjugating the dead words of languages buried when their time came to die, yet are wholly ignorant of the beauties that are treasured in their libraries. Here is food for mental drill. Here is food for mental strength. The wise Socrates said, “Employ your time by improving yourself by other men’s documents; so shall you come easily by what others have labored so hard for. Prefer knowledge to wealth; for the one is transitory, the other is perpetual.” A few dollars judiciously expended will place within your reach the wisdom of a lifetime. Our mental growth is measured by what we read, understand, and apply; our physical by what we eat, digest, and assimilate. Full minds make full lives—lives of usefulness; empty

minds make empty lives—lives of idleness. Every act is a result of mental stimulus, an outgrowth of thought. As the thoughts are, so are the actions. Pure minds lead pure lives in channels of purity. Impure minds lead impure lives in channels of impurity. The mind must act. The wheels of thought must turn. To stop them is to stop the beating of the heart. It must have food. “What kind must we give it? Spoiled bacon, dry bread, spoiled butter? These weaken and sicken. Give it the best. It costs no more.”

That old person is fortunate who, in youth, when his powers were yet vigorous, stocked his mind with the grand thoughts and deeds of all ages. He has something to fall back upon after all else fails. His eyes are dim, and his limbs tremble; active life is no longer possible for him; but he has a treasure-house within, upon which he can draw for the currency of happiness. His imagination carries him to Venice, and he is in the court where Portia pleads in heavenly tones—

“The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.”

Or he dwells among the Athenians, and watches with eager interest the contests of cestus and chariot, and the loftier contests wherein Æschylus and Sophocles, those kings of tragedy, strove for the mastery. Or he wanders out with Faust, and breathes the delicious

air of Easter morning. Or he laughs again, and for the hundredth time, at the misanthropy of Alceste, the stinginess of Harpagon, and the ridiculous aspirations of M. Jourdain.

The man of much knowledge is shielded against temptation to crime. It is not often that the genuine scholar, the one who loves learning for its own sake, is hung or locked up in prison. His mind, by dwelling among pure and lofty thoughts continually, is itself filled with nobility, and lifted above crime and its temptations.

“Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another,” says Addison. Most other distinctions are external and largely accidental. Wealth often comes by accident; exalted station by right of birth is always an accidental possession, and is as likely to fall to the lot of an idiot as to that of anyone else. Such possessions add nothing to the real, native dignity and inward worthiness of a man; neither do they afford any evidence that his mental powers are even respectable. Knowledge and culture, on the other hand, are never accidents. They are always the result of high aspirations and hard work on the part of the possessor of them. They are proof of a mind unusually strong and pure. Moreover they add to the power of the mind, and make it continually more worthy of respect.

The cultivated intellect is a source of never-failing pleasure to its friends and companions. It is a mine of wealth sparkling with instruction. It has

an attractive force, which draws around itself the minds of others, and delights them with its companionship. Its words are rich with the magic power of thought. It charms the ear with its varied harmony of rich and glowing language. It ravishes the heart with its recitals of the poetry of passion and love. It fires the imagination with the flights of its fancy, and the gorgeous drapery of its figures. It captivates the judgment by the justness of its opinions, the cogency of its reason, and the comprehensiveness of its views. Who that has ever enjoyed the companionship of a truly cultivated intellect, but knows its power to please and instruct the mind, to captivate and ravish the heart? How full of interest is the conversation of a truly intelligent man or woman! How eagerly do we seek the company of such, and how long do we enjoy it before we tire! Great are the charms which the cultivated intellect has for its companions. Then shall we not cultivate ours?

Again, the cultivation of intellect increases our abilities to do good. Is a nation oppressed with tyranny? Are unjust laws grinding the face of the poor? Are existing institutions opposed to the well-being of the masses of the people? Are old errors blinding the public mind and veiling the soul of humanity from the light of truth? Is ignorance palsying human energies and dwarfing human powers? Is the whirlpool of intemperance swallowing up its thousands? Are war and slavery cursing their millions? Cultivated intellect must apply the Archime-

dean lever of reform to these ruinous evils, or they can never be removed. Shall we not, then, cultivate our intellects?

If all this is true, and no one can for a moment doubt its truth, it is evidently the duty of every human being to get all the knowledge possible. Willful ignorance is an outrage against self, and it might almost be called a crime against society. Says Carlyle: "It is not because of his toils that I lament for the poor; we must all toil, or steal (howsoever we do our stealing), which is worse; no faithful workman finds his task a pastime. The poor is hungry and athirst; but for him also there is food and drink: he is heavy-laden and weary; but for him also the heavens send sleep, and of the deepest; in his smoky crib, a clear, dewy haven of rest envelopes him, and fitful glitterings of cloud-skirted dreams. But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge, should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two specters, Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated! Alas, was this too, a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded! That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy, were it to happen more than twenty times in a minute, as by some computations it does. The miserable fraction of science which our united

mankind, in a wide universe of nescience, has acquired, why is not this, with all diligence, imparted to all?" This section began with a quotation from an old Hindu philosopher; let it close with one from another: "Learning is a companion on a journey to a strange country. Learning is strength inexhaustible. A man without learning is a beast of the field."

TASTE.

No one can be a complete man or woman without the power to appreciate beauty; and the more keenly one is impressed by the beautiful, and the more taste one has in arranging things so as to make them beautiful, the more complete he is in this particular direction. It is quite a common notion that in a man the love of flowers, or poetry, or music, or pictures is evidence of some degree of effeminacy. It is nothing of the kind; it is only evidence of fine-grained manhood. That a man prefers to have his house surrounded by a smooth, well-sodded lawn, rather than by a corn-field or a mud-puddle, is no sign that he is not a strong, rugged, practical man; it only signifies that he is elevated somewhat above the pig in his ideas of living. I have known men who called flowers *weeds*, and would not allow their wives and children to raise house-plants or have flowers about the yard. Such men, instead of glorying over their masculinity, ought to be ashamed of their coarseness. God filled the universe with beauty, and surely he did not intend that man, the highest creature in the universe, should

be incapable of perceiving and enjoying that beauty which he had made for him. The gorgeous sunset, the silver brooklet, the delicately perfumed and richly tinted flower, and the singing bird, were not made for naught. Had beauty not been made for a purpose, the grass and the trees might just as well have been a dull, lifeless, rusty color, instead of having the rich, velvety, and many-shaded green with which we are familiar, and which is so charming. The sky and the ocean might have been of a dirty, muddy hue, as well as of the two magnificent shades of blue they now show. Colorless, shapeless and odorless flowers would answer all the purposes of reproduction as well as those splendid masses of color and perfume that now delight us. The bray of the donkey, the howl of the cayote, or the screech of the magpie, would do quite as well as a means of communication as the song of the canary. Our own voices might have been made as harsh and unmusical as the grating of a saw, our own faces as unattractive as that of the baboon. There was no necessity in the economy of nature, other than the desire to please, that there should be any odors more agreeable than those of the onion or the pig-sty. But beauty was created, and evidently that we might derive pleasure from it; and he is not a full man, nor is she a complete woman, who does not enjoy it. Every one, not less the man than the woman, not less the boy than the girl, should cultivate to the utmost of his power this faculty of recognizing and loving the beautiful in all its forms, this *taste*, which has been defined as a gen-

eral susceptibility to truth and nobleness, a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen.

THE SENSIBILITIES.

From that part of our nature known as the Sensibilities come all the motives that impel men to action.

All the emotions of sympathy, joy or grief; all the affections of love or hate; all the myriad forms of incessant desire, spring from this source. These, like all other branches of our nature are subject to improvement, and the influences of training and habit. Duty demands that we throw ourselves into such company and such circumstances as will draw out the nobler emotions, and develop the purer and higher forms of affection and desire.

Probably the widest and most powerful feeling in the entire Sensibility is that of sympathy. There is nothing more lovable and charming than the disposition which shows itself in a quick and full sympathy with whatever is good and noble in others, and a hearty, generous joy in recognizing it. Appreciation is the bond of peace among neighbors; the manifestation of love in families; and the shining mark of "the communion of the saints." Washington Allston speaks of it, in a very beautiful way, as proof of devotion to our own chosen work. "If a mechanic," he says, "love his trade for its own sake, he will delight in excellence wherever he meets it,

as well in the work of another as in his own. This is the test of a true artisan." And this is true of every calling. Appreciation shows that a man is doing his own work in the right spirit, and is in the free current of humanity—not a useless wreck on the shore.

It was necessary in the study of the Sensibilities (beginning page 251), to speak of the relative importance of the various elements, and at the close of that subject, under the head of "Observations" (page 312), our duty in regard to them becomes very apparent.

THE WILL.

In the chapter on the Will (pages 361–376), we saw something of the importance of this part of our minds. We saw that it alone can give effect to the workings of the Intellect and Sensibility, that it is the executive, the acting, faculty of the mind, without whose co-operation no voluntary act of any kind can be performed. We saw how pitiful would be the condition of a person entirely destitute of Will power, and how helpless are those whose animal passions have been allowed to grow so strong that the Will can no longer control them. We saw, too, that almost every great deed ever accomplished was performed by the expenditure of a great deal of Will force, and that nearly all the men whose names have passed beyond the bounds of their own country, or their own generation, have been men rich in this most valuable quality of mind. But there are yet some subjects connected with this theme

which need fuller consideration, namely, perseverance and heroism.

PERSEVERANCE.

“Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance,” says Johnson, and often it is even so; Lucretius says:

“A falling drop at last will cave a stone.”

Who has not seen deep ravines that were produced by the long-continued wear of very small streams? Upon the shore of Lake Superior are great rocks which have been worn into all sorts of fantastic shapes by the beating of the waves upon them. Other things are not more hard than rock, and they can be molded by the same process of patiently applying a small force to them. “Let us only suffer any person to tell us his story morning and evening, but for one twelve-month, and he will become our master,” said Burke. Those who are conversant with the history of legislation know that precisely this has been the course of every great reform. It was so with the anti-slavery movement in both England and the United States; it was so with the great Parliamentary reform movement which relieved England of her “rotten boroughs”; it is so with the wonderful temperance agitation which now rages so violently all over the United States. First a few individuals get in earnest about the matter, and they begin telling their story morning, noon and

night, to every one who will listen, and before many twelve-months roll by, behold a great party, boiling over with enthusiasm, and marching irresistibly on to the desired end. This is the almost uniform history of great popular movements.

It will be seen from these facts, and such as these, that perseverance is one of the trustiest arrows that a man can have in his quiver. The statement which the school boy finds so often repeated in his copy books that "Rome was not built in a day," is so true, metaphorically as well as literally, that it cannot be too strongly impressed upon either the child or the adult mind. Do you desire wealth? Be patient. Remember the inscription upon Sir Federigo's chair—

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

Great fortunes are not commonly won in a day, but by the slow process of earning and keeping cent after cent, and dollar after dollar, and so on, in a gradually increasing ratio.

"From the birth of Christ to December 25, 1815, one penny, at five per cent simple interest, amounts to 7s. 3 1-2d.; at compound interest it would be £1,227,742,357,141,817,589,060,967,240,755,491, 9s. 9d., which, counted in dollars, would, at the present time, amount to something like \$184,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. Allowing a cubic inch of gold to be worth £38, 16s. 6d., and the above sum to be condensed into a globe of gold, its diameter will be six million one hundred and ninety-three

thousand six hundred and four miles, five hundred and forty yards, one foot, six inches, and a fraction, which would exceed in magnitude all the planets in the solar system; and supposing this earth to be solid gold, it would not pay one hour's interest of the above sum." Such is the result of so small a thing as a penny, working constantly for not quite two thousand years.

Is position, power, your ambition? Sill be patient.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
 But we have feet to scale and clime
 By slow degrees, by more and more,
 The cloudy summits of our time.

* * * * *

The heights by great men reached and kept
 Were not attained by sudden flight,
 But they, while their companions slept,
 Were toiling upward in the night."

Is it learning you would have? Would you enjoy the secrets of knowledge? Here, least of all, could you by any possibility succeed without the aid of unyielding perseverance. A lucky speculation, or such an accident as the discovery of oil or gold upon an almost worthless farm, may make a man rich in a day; a fortunate—or unfortunate, which?—chain of circumstances may lift an unworthy man into a position of the most exalted dignity and power; but there is no such "short cut" to learning; nothing but years of patient, persevering, unremitting toil, can ever

make a man a scholar. And if you wish scholarship, you must make up your mind to travel that road of labor, rough as it is. There is rich recompense however, for all the hardship involved; it is like climbing the Alps: the road is steep and rugged, but on every hand are magnificent views, scenes of almost heavenly beauty, which he who stays in the valley below will never see.

Then, whatever your aim, persevere. Bear in mind the motto of that brave old frontiersman, Colonel Davy Crocket, "Be sure you are 'right, then go ahead." Attempt nothing which is not right and just; but when that point is decided, and the work has begun, let nothing stop you. You may be surrounded by many discouragements, it may seem almost impossible that you should succeed, the world may seem to be specially bent on making you fail; but however great the obstacles in your pathway may seem, do not yield to them; if you cannot preserve a hopeful courage, at least do not let go your hold upon that grim "desperate courage" about which Carlyle has so much to say in the letters written during the first thirty-five or forty years of his life, and to which we unquestionably owe the splendid work that he did then and afterward.

Especially is perseverance necessary in all steps for the improvement of the mind, or the formation of wise, fair, and just opinions. A sudden glance of truth without meditation upon it, brings nothing to perfection. The frequent change of occupations bring

success in none. There is an old saying, "The hen that soon leaves her nest, never hatches her chicks," but we never see animals thus foolish. The hen never loses confidence in her undertaking till she has kept her eggs faithfully warm for three weeks, at least. It is seldom, indeed, that persistent efforts in a proper field, and properly directed, end in anything else than success.

HEROISM.

Scarcely does there exist a quality of mind or heart which can do more to compel the admiration of the world than genuine heroism. In all its varieties, from the lowest animal fearlessness to the grandest moral heroism, its exhibition always excites in us some degree of admiration for the possessor, and even reverence, where the act is one of high quality: as was the case, for instance, where a boat caught fire on Lake Erie a short distance from shore, some years ago. The boat was crowded with passengers, every one of whom must perish unless the shore could be reached in time. The fate of these people depended solely upon the pilot. If he would stand by his post to the last, they might be saved; if not, they must die. The noble man did stand to his duty, and he held his wheel firmly, until one foot after the other, and one arm after the other, became helpless from the flames. Just as the boat touched shore he dropped dead, burned to death. Everyone else on board escaped; he was the only victim of the terrible disaster. But

how a recital of that man's deed will stir an audience! Every man and woman in a vast hall would almost fall down and worship him. The name of John Maynard will go down in poetry and song to the remotest generations, a burning protest against the idea that there is nothing great, nothing noble, in man.

During the plague at Marseilles, when people were in such dread of the disease that the closest ties were severed, the physicians of the city held a consultation. Not understanding the nature of the pest, they could make no efficient resistance to its progress. It was decided that the only chance of saving the city from depopulation was that one of their number should dissect the body of some person who had died of the plague, and write down carefully the results of his observations and leave the papers for his brother physicians. To do this was certain death, and the question was, Who is noble enough to sacrifice his own life that others may live? For a little time no one spoke; but presently a surgeon named Guyon, rich, happy in his family relations, in the prime of life, and of great celebrity in his profession, bound to earth by every possible tie, stepped forth amid the admiring but incredulous looks of his comrades, and offered himself as the sacrifice. He then left the assembly, made his will and prepared everything, and early next morning he shut himself up with a corpse, which he proceeded to dissect, noting upon paper all that he saw and learned. When he had finished, he put the papers into a vase of

vinegar, went to the lazaretto, and died in twelve hours. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Here was a true hero, not despising death and not wishing to die, yet voluntarily facing it in its most horrible form that he might thereby save the lives of his fellow-men.

Somebody, speaking of martial heroism, has very truly remarked that the really brave man is not the one who is unconscious of danger. Such a man is a mere brute, fool; to be surrounded by great dangers, and not to know it, or rather not to feel what it means, is surely no quality of a high mind, and ought not to win much credit and admiration for any man who possesses such a nature. Stupidity is not bravery. He is the truly brave man who perceives his danger, and fully feels the awful weight of responsibility resting upon him, but who, though his cheek may be blanched at the peril he is encountering, goes straight ahead in the performance of his duty.

But it is not only in matters of life and death that there is opportunity for the exercise of heroism. In fact, it is often much easier to subject ourselves to great danger, or to place ourselves in positions where we must undergo great hardship, than to do some other things which upon the face do not seem nearly so difficult. When a soldier leaves home for the seat of war, which do you think is the harder for him to do—to face unflinchingly the dangers and privations which Mars demands of his followers, or to leave his weeping family, to tear himself away from all his

pleasant associations, to burst the bonds that bind friends and kindred together?

When Columbus started on his ever memorable voyage, it is probable that he sailed away bravely, hopefully; he was bent upon a great achievement, he was surrounded by an applauding host, he was borne up by the excitement incident to the commencement of so long and so adventurous a voyage. But can we imagine how he looked the night before, when he was bidding farewell to his family and friends? I think his face could scarcely have been marked with that gayety and hopefulness which characterized it the next day. His cheeks were probably wet, his eyes dim, and his voice husky; then was when he passed through the severest struggle of his departure; then was when he wished, if ever, that he had not embarked in his romantic enterprise. There are occasions which call for active heroism almost daily in our ordinary life. It is heroism for him who is strongly tempted to do some wrong deed to stand firmly and say "No!" It is heroism for a man to pursue steadily the course which his judgment tells him is right, when the world is clamoring about his heels, trying to coax, buy or scare him into some other mode of action. It is heroism for one to make personal sacrifices for the sake of that which he thinks right, or for the well-being of others.

Since heroism, moral bravery, adds so much to the dignity and lovableness of every person who possesses it, is it not perfectly plain that our duty is to cultivate



FAREWELL OF COLUMBUS.

this admirable quality? When taken in its proper and highest sense, heroism is greater and rarer holding than knowledge, or intellectual acumen, or any other natural or acquired quality of mind. Perhaps some one may doubt whether heroism can be cultivated. I think that if we reflect upon the subject for a little while, we shall agree with the great Scotchman whom I have so often had occasion to quote, that sincerity is the base of all heroism, and sincerity surely is capable of cultivation. Here is what he has to say about the matter: "Hero-worship never dies, nor can it die. Loyalty and sovereignty are everlasting in the world: and there is this in them, that they are grounded not on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities. Not by shutting your eyes—your "private judgment;" no, but by opening them, and by having something to see! * * * If hero mean *sincere man*, why may not every one of us be a hero? A world all sincere, a believing world: the like has been, the like will again be—cannot help being. That were the right sort of worshipers for heroes: never could the truly better be so revered as where all were true and good!"

IN THE STRIFE FOR PERFECTION.

Without a will as strong as steel, no energetic and successful struggle after perfection can be made. Thousands of difficulties and obstacles are constantly presenting themselves. There is hard work to be

done; many an hour must be spent in labor which those who have no lofty aspirations may pass in sleep or play; the "midnight oil" must often be burned; many sacrifices of material interest must be made for the sake of the right and honorable; the passions and selfish propensities must be kept under strict control; there must be a sedulous cultivation of generosity, and other sympathetic traits.

Longfellow's beautiful little poem, "Excelsior," gives a fine picture of the life of one who is aiming at some high end. It ought to be memorized by every person whose sentiments are in sympathy with the meaning of that motto, "Excelsior." Though the poem was written years ago, it will never grow old, and we will venture to insert it:

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device:
"Excelsior!"

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
"Excelsior."

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
"Excelsior."

“Try not the pass!” the old man said;
“Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!”
But loud that clarion voice replied,
“Excelsior!”

“O stay,” the maiden said, “and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!”
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
“Excelsior.”

“Beware the pine-tree’s withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!”
This was the peasant’s last good-night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
“Excelsior!”

At break of day, as heavenward,
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
“Excelsior!”

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
“Excelsior.”

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
“Excelsior.”

So it is. He will be met by dangers and hardships ; he will be counseled by the worldly-wise not to persist in so toilsome and fruitless a search as his seems to be, but to descend to a humbler and less fanciful plane, and enjoy all the pleasures of animal existence—to “eat, drink, and be merry”; love will employ all her soft allurements to coax him into staying his course, and substituting pleasure for duty as his guiding principle ; the greed, avarice and ambition of himself and others will daily test the strength of his devotion to duty. But whose heart fails to thrill in sympathy with him who never turned aside from his upward course while life lasted? And *after* death, may we not truly hear that same voice from the clouds above, “Excelsior”?

We see, then, that a strong will is of the utmost importance to the attainment of any high aim, and especially to that of the one I have pointed out as the most exalted one possible. It would be superfluous to urge any farther the duty of cultivating it to its fullest extent.



SELF-KNOWLEDGE.



ESIDES those particular duties to self which come under the general headings of self-care and self-culture, there are two which do not seem to be clearly reducible to either class; these are self-knowledge and industry.

Considerable has already been said about self-knowledge, that being the key-note of this book. "He that knows himself," says Colton, "knows others; and he that is ignorant of himself, could not write a very profound lecture on other men's heads."

There is nothing that helps a man in his conduct through life more than a knowledge of his own characteristic weaknesses, which, guarded against, become his strength, as there is nothing that tends more to the success of a man's talents than his knowing the limits of his faculties, which are thus concentrated on some practical object. One man can do but one thing well. Universal pretensions end in nothing. When a man perfectly understands himself, mentally, and physically, and morally, his road to happiness is smooth, and society has a strong guarantee for his good conduct and usefulness. Some, by attempting what they can never accomplish, lose the opportunity

of doing what they might, and are oftener perplexed than benefited by their folly.

“When the furious Orson saw his own image reflected from his brother’s shield, he started back and stayed his blow; and many of our own attacks on our brother’s faults might be arrested, if there were a mirror on his bosom to show us our own likeness there. You had better find out one of your own weaknesses than ten of your neighbors.” A thorough knowledge of ourselves and our weaknesses will act in a two-fold manner in enabling us to control our propensities; we shall be utterly unable to maintain command over ourselves unless we know our dispositions; if we do know them, the chance will be much better. Again, knowing that we have many faults, many evil traits which it is extremely hard for us to manage, we shall be much more sympathetic and liberal in our dealings with others who are also imperfect—much less apt to fly into a passion of anger at some fault of theirs. The great and wise Goethe said that the older he grew, the less harshness he felt toward criminals of all classes, because he found, as he became better and better acquainted with his own character, that there was no crime which he himself, under some circumstances, might not have committed. Here, then, in this added control over ourselves, is another reason for considering the acquirement of self-knowledge to be nothing less than a duty.

Again, it was shown some pages back that it is our duty to seek knowledge in general. Self-knowledge

being one of the most valuable and dignified of all kinds of learning, it surely follows that to attain it is also a duty we owe to ourselves and the world. But it is not merely on account of its value in business and social affairs, that we need self-knowledge; there are some circumstance which bring it much nearer home to the great aim of life, and make its acquirement a positive duty. A man who did not understand the construction, workings or purpose of a twine-binder would be a poor hand to suggest improvements in its mechanism. No one is likely to improve a thing which he does not understand, and man himself is the most complex object upon which anybody ever tried his skill in improving things. All this being true, it is manifest that self-knowledge must precede self-cultivation. Is not, then, in point of time, our very first duty this of learning to know ourselves?

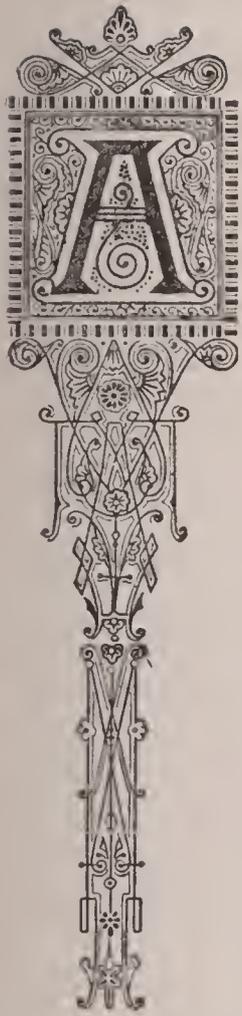
Thought and knowledge rule the world. Ignorance is the mother of weakness, pain and ruin. Knowledge alone is strength inexhaustible. The highest intelligence is of self. The only true wealth or real advancement are of the mind and spirit; and the supreme aim of life is to advance toward the highest good. To do this, we should be like Plato—searchers after truth. The examination of human character brings us to the study of the lives of others, and there can be no greater aid than to keep before our minds the models of the noblest men and women, which, like beacons on the ocean's shore, will not only light, but inspire us on toward the harbor of perfection and a nearer approach

to divinity. It is not enough for man to have pointed out to him the distant heights on the farther shore, or to simply be told what he ought to do; he must have set forth before him in the clearest manner the principles and laws which underlie all actions and mold human character. Such knowledge will be a light in the hands of the wanderer, enabling him to see through causes and their effects; to discriminate the good from the bad; to right his own impulses, thoughts, and actions, and approximate his true career and destiny. Thus may he feel that—

“The tissues of the life to be
He weaves with colors all his own,
And in the fields of destiny
He reaps as he has sown.”



INDUSTRY.



LIFE of earnest purpose is by no means an easy one; perhaps there is more real hard work in it than in any other plan of existence a person could well choose. And certainly no man is going to succeed in it without constant and persistent industry. The industrious man, the one who labors unceasingly, willingly, yes, lovingly, at his task, is the only one who ever succeeds in any great work. Lazy men who go complainingly to their work, are extremely apt to return at the end of it with still louder complaints. They cannot comprehend the difference between their achievements and those of their more energetic comrades, and must attribute it all to "hard luck," "unkind Providence," etc., for the last fault that a man will admit, even to himself, is laziness.

Before we go on with the general phases of industry, let us stop to consider for a brief while that particular application of industry which is by half the people practically thought to be all there is in the subject, namely, industry in business. It is every man's duty to get, if he can, enough wealth to make himself

and his family comfortable, to provide proper means for their education and continual refinement, as well as for their amusement and pleasure, to render them safe from hardship in case he should die, and to meet the demands of reasonable charity. More than this is superfluous. But to amass only so much as will supply all these wants requires a great deal of care and labor; he must be an industrious man who can do it, and not make of himself a mere slave to business. There are other things in each man's life which need doing quite as badly as money-making, and in order to get time for them, he must be active enough about his business so that he can get through with it in something considerably less than the sixteen waking hours which every day brings. In some towns, the retail dealers open their stores at about six in the morning and keep them open until anywhere from nine o'clock in the evening to midnight. They say they are compelled to do it for the accommodation of their trade. Such trade ought not to be accommodated; it ought to be compelled to go without shoes, and dresses, and cabbages until it learns to buy them during reasonable business hours. The public work of the vast banking interest has managed to condense itself into the narrow space between nine o'clock A.M., and four (in some cities three) o'clock P.M. Something like this ought to be done in all branches of business; it might easily enough be arranged if only the co-operation of all could be secured. This would give to the overworked business man, clerk, and

mechanic, the time they so much need to spend with their families in the cultivation of the refinements and pleasures of civilized home life.

“Do with thy might what thy hands find to do.” Whatever you engage in, be vigorous about it; get out of it all that there is in it for you of profit or delight. Do not always act as if you expected to live forever and spend all the time upon the particular piece of work at which you are now engaged. A lazy man, or a lazy woman, is an abomination in the sight of the Lord, and in the sight of humans as well. It is said that Epaminondas, the great Theban general, found one of his captains asleep during the daytime and, so strong was his hatred of idleness, slew him. For this he was reprimanded, when he answered that he left the man as he found him—a dead man being as good as an idle one.

Comte de Buffon, the great French naturalist, had a saying that “genius is labor,” and his own career is an excellent illustration of the fact. His mind was somewhat slow, and in youth he was noted for stupidity more than for anything else. But he determined to make his life a success. Not being able to rise at a sufficiently early hour, he instructed his servant to rouse him, and promised him a crown every time he succeeded in getting him up before six. At first it was a difficult task; Buffon would make all sorts of excuses to be allowed to remain a little longer in bed. Once the servant, in order

to drive him out, resorted to the rather peculiar but quite effective experiment of throwing a pan of cold water under the covers. Buffon worked nine hours a day at his desk, and re-wrote "Epochs of Nature" eleven times before he was content to leave it. Richard Baxter was weak and feeble of body, and was persecuted on account of his religious views, being kept in prison at one time for eighteen months; but, notwithstanding these difficulties, his industry was so great that he was able to enrich the polemical and religious literature of the English language with no less than one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. Luca Della Robbia, a celebrated sculptor of Florence, and the discoverer of the art of enameling, worked all day and far into the night. It was his custom to place his feet in the basket of shavings, to keep them from freezing, while he worked on his drawings at night. Palissy, a famous French potter, and the inventor of enameling in that country, worked sixteen years on his discovery. Meanwhile he was in such destitute circumstances that he parted with a portion of his clothing to get material for his experiments, and broke up the furniture and shelving of his house to feed his furnace. As might be expected, this patient industry was at last rewarded by complete success.

The greatest orators have been those who made most careful preparation. Cicero wrote out his speeches beforehand, taking care to introduce into them passages which would have the air of being

extemporaneous. Of the six orations against Verres, only one was actually delivered; yet the remaining five contain touches which would seem to be entirely the result of momentary impulse. Webster disliked to speak upon any given subject without careful preparation. It was the same with Demosthenes. There is a good story which shows how Webster worked. "On a certain occasion Mr. Webster startled the Senate by a beautiful and striking remark in relation to the extent of the British Empire, as follows: 'She has dotted the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' On going out of the Senate, one of the members complimented Mr. Webster on this, saying that he was all the more struck with it as it was evidently impromptu. 'You are mistaken,' said Mr. Webster; 'the idea occurred to me while I was on the ramparts of Quebec some months ago. I wrote it down, and re-wrote it, and after several trials got it to suit me, and laid it up for use. The time came to-day, and so I put it in.'" One of the keenest of English wits, the dread of Parliament, had all his witticisms cut and dried, and sought opportunities to introduce them naturally.

The amount of labor expended by Demosthenes in fitting himself for his work as a public orator was marvelous. When he made his first attempt at a

public oration, his feeble and stammering voice, his interrupted respiration, his ungraceful gestures, and his ill-arranged periods, brought upon him general ridicule. Returning home in the utmost distress, he was reanimated by the kind aid of the actor Satyrus, who, having requested Demosthenes to repeat some passage from a dramatic poet, pronounced the same extract after him with so much exactness of enunciation, and in a manner so true to nature, that it appeared to the young orator to be quite a different passage. Convinced, thereupon, how much grace and persuasive power a proper enunciation and manner add to the best oration he resolved to correct the deficiencies of his youth, and accomplished this with a zeal and perseverance which have passed into a proverb. How deeply he commands our respect and admiration by his struggles to overcome his natural infirmities, and remove the impressions produced by his first appearance before his assembled countrymen! He was not indebted for the glory he acquired either to the bounty of nature, or to the favor of circumstances, but to the inherent strength of his own unconquerable will. To free himself from stammering, he spoke with pebbles in his mouth, a story resting on the authority of Demetrius Phalereus, his contemporary. It also appears that he was unable to articulate clearly the letter r; but vanquished the difficulty most perfectly—for Cicero says: “By exercise he acquired the ability to speak very distinctly.” He removed the distortion of features which accompanied

his utterance, by watching the movements of his countenance in a mirror; and a naked sword was suspended over his left shoulder, while he was declaiming in private, to prevent its rising above the level of the right. That his enunciation might be loud and full of emphasis, he frequently ran up the steepest and most uneven walks, an exercise by which his voice acquired both force and energy; and on the seashore, when the waves were violently agitated, he declaimed aloud, to accustom himself to the noise and tumult of a public assembly. He constructed a subterranean study, where he would often stay for two or three months together, shaving one side of his head, that, in case he should wish to go abroad, the shame of appearing in that condition might keep him within. In this solitary retreat, by the light of his lamp, he copied and recopied, ten times at least, the orations scattered throughout the history of Thucydides, for the purpose of molding his own style after so pure a model. Whatever may be the truth of these several stories, Demosthenes got credit for the most indefatigable labor in the acquisition of his art. His enemies, at a subsequent period of his career, attempted to ridicule this extraordinary industry, by remarking that all his arguments "smelt of the lamp," and they maliciously embraced the opportunity of denying him the possession of natural talents, ignoring his greatest talent, namely, untiring industry.

Men of that class, known in this country as "drummers," often have peculiar experiences. The

following anecdote, which is an excellent illustration of the value of perseverance, forms something of a contrast with the intense earnestness of Demosthenes. It is told of a Scotch commercial traveler, hailing from Leith, and representing a Scotch tweed house: On a very cold December day, Sandy interviewed a prospective customer, and pressed him very hard to look at his "wee bit cloth paittrens." After exhausting all his more subtle arguments, Sandy said: "Mon! you might jist luik at ma paittrens; it wadna tak ye a minit."

"What's the good of wasting your time and mine? I want nothing."

"Ot, that disna mait'er, mon! If ye jist see ane, I ken ye'll buy a piece or twa."

"It's no use, I tell you! I wish you would take a denial, and not keep on bothering."

"Me maisther said to me, when he sent me oot, says he, 'Sandy, when ye get a likely customer, my lad, aye stick til him.' Noo, I think you're a likely chap to buy, and I maun jist dea as I'm tel't, ye ken."

"Don't you see my shop is full of customers, and you keep on bothering me like this?"

"Well, ye canna serve customers richt unless ye hae the richt stuff, ye ken. Sae the sunner ye luik at ma paittrens, the better for us baith."

"Will you go out of my shop, once for all?"

"No' me. I've come a' the way frae Leith to sell ye stuff, an' I'm no gaun awa' without trying what I can dea. Gang awa,' mon, an' serve yer costumers, I

can wait — I'm in na hurry. Ye'll buy a piece — may be twa."

"Be off with you, or I shall have to kick you out."

"Hech, sir; ye wadna do that. 'Twad be actionable, ye ken!"

"I'll do it for you, nevertheless, if you're not off, soon."

"Ma guidness! ye wadna dea't. Gang on the noo. I'll bide yer time, mon."

"Are you going, or are you not?"

"No' jist at present, ma maunie. I maun show ye ma paittrens."

"Go, follow your cap, then," said the enraged shopkeeper, as he seized hold of Sandy's Glengarry and pitched it into the street, which was slush and mud.

Sandy uttered not a word. He simply left his bundle on the counter, and stroking down his hair, deliberately walked out into the street, picked up his cap, and coming back into the shop with an unruffled countenance, brushing his unfortunate head covering, said to the merchant:

"Weel, as you've pitched oot ma cap intil the street, maybe ye'll be good eneuch to luck at ma samples noo."

The people waiting to be served, and the merchant himself, as well — all burst out into a hearty, good-natured laugh at this instance of unruffled placidity under insult. Sandy made pride subservient to interest, and never dreamed of allowing his muddy cap, or his wounded feelings to stand in the way of selling a

“bit or twa of tweed, ye ken.” The popular feeling was all in Sandy’s favor, and the merchant’s customers strongly insisted that there must be something worth looking at in the bundle of the persevering Scotch traveler. So the merchant relented, and when the place was cleared, examined Sandy’s samples of tweeds, and found them really good and cheap.

As a matter of course, virtue should always be rewarded, according to orthodox popular narration. Sandy booked an order. He now relates this anecdote, and is proprietor of one of the finest estates in Scotland. He can afford to look back with equanimity on the days when he was struggling hard as a salesman. But he never forgets the Sandy of former days, since the same muddy cap hangs in a conspicuous place in his library. When any of his friends ask him why he takes so much care of that OLD THING, he replies that it is always to him an emblem of perseverance. For the experience in which that Glengarry played so conspicuous a part so impressed itself upon Sandy’s mind that he never rested until he had drove his nail home, and placed himself in his present high position. “Go thou and do likewise.”

When Benjamin D’Israeli made his first speech in Parliament he was met by a storm of ridicule on account of his florid style and extravagant gestures. He stopped short, with this remarkable prophecy: “I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.” For several years after, he made

but few speeches, and studied very carefully the best parliamentary orators. The result was that he became the acknowledged leader of the Conservative party of his nation, and so far overcame the prejudice against his race (he was a Jew), as to be made Prime Minister of England at two separate times, and to be created a peer with the title, Earl of Beaconsfield.

The founder of Russian civilization was Peter the Great. When a boy, designing parties tried every possible way to corrupt his morals and destroy his energy of character. But his mind was strong enough to resist their wiles and convert the very instruments of corruption into means of education. So great was his desire to civilize his country, that he applied himself personally to learn the arts of Western Europe that he might the better introduce them into Russia. For the sake of the drill, he enlisted as a private in a company of soldiers, he learned the arts of fortification, ship-building, etc., and thus paved the way for the great advance his country made during his reign.

Jared Sparks, once president of Harvard College, was, at the age of twenty years, a carpenter's apprentice. Constant, untiring industry was the lever that raised him to his exalted position. Michael Faraday, the greatest of chemists, was the son of a blacksmith, had a brother who was a gas-fitter, and was himself in his boyhood a book-binder's apprentice. Hard work is what made him. It is what makes every man; one may perhaps be a person without

work, but he can hardly rise to the dignity of a man. "The idle man is an annoyance—a nuisance. He is of no benefit to anybody; he is an intruder in the busy thoroughfare of every-day life; he is of no advantage; he annoys busy men, he makes them unhappy. He may have an income to support his idleness, or he may 'sponge' on his good natured friends, but in either case he is despised. Young men, do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world! Move for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourself. Do not be idle. God's law is that by the sweat of our brow we shall earn our bread."

Here, I think, is the finest thing I ever read on the subject of labor. It is one of Teufelsdröckh's sayings: "Two men I honor, and no third. First, the toil-worn craftsman, that, with earth-made implement, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, but wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the scepter of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living manlike. Oh, but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert thou so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded;

encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor: and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on: *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread.

“A second man I honor, and still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty; endeavoring toward inward harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavors, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and inward endeavor are one: when we can name him Artist; not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker, who with heaven-made implement conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that he have light, have guidance, freedom and immortality? These too, in all their degrees, I honor: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth.

“Unspeakably touching is it, however, when I find both dignities united; and he that must toil outwardly for the lowest of man’s wants, is also toiling inwardly for the highest. Sublimier in this world I know nothing than a peasant saint, could such now anywhere be met with. Such a one will take thee back to Nazareth itself; thou wilt see the splendor of heaven spring forth from the humblest depths of earth, like a light shining in great darkness!”

When the Romans crossed the Alps, and began to overrun that part of Europe which now includes Germany, northern France, and some smaller countries, and when they crossed the channel to what are now known as the British Islands, the things that most attracted their attention were the cold, barren, inhospitable nature of the climate and soil as compared with the smiling warmth and fertility of their own sunny Italy, and the coarse savageness, the utter absence of culture, comfort, and everything else that civilization brings with it, notable among the inhabitants. All this was less than two thousand years ago. What a contrast between the view that presented itself to Cæsar and his armies and that which now draws hundreds of tourists from our far-away western land every year! The country that was a barren wilderness then supports at least one hundred and twenty millions of people now. Everywhere one is surrounded, not by the signs of barbarism, but by those of the very highest civilization now visible on earth. Everything is there almost that a man could wish to see in the way of material things. The physical man could scarcely ask for a comfort of any kind which could not be readily supplied in those great centers of trade—London, Paris, Berlin. The mental part of our nature is yet more richly supplied. It has the British Museum, and the National Library of France; Germany, too, can furnish it with many fine old libraries, and with great galleries containing the works of a long list of

masters of that finest of the arts, painting. Persistent industry, united to intelligence, is the only avenue through which all this could have been brought about. And history shows that industry has been at work in those countries nearly all this time, patiently removing difficulties, and converting a desert into a blooming garden. For lack of intelligent minds and industrious hands, Egypt, with her wonderful natural advantages, has sunk to an almost insignificant place in the management of the world's affairs. For the same cause many other countries of Africa, Asia, and South America are kept far in the background, though they possess great natural advantages of soil and climate, of which lands lying far north of the equator cannot boast.

“A used key is always bright,” says an old proverb. So is anything, used. Rust eats the vitality out of things much faster than use wears it away. A complex and delicate machine may be used constantly for years, if well taken care of, but a long bill of repairs will have to be paid if it is left standing idle and exposed to sun and storm for a few months. If a man uses his mind and body under the right conditions, they become constantly smoother and more vigorous in their actions, while if he lets them lie dormant, it gets harder and harder with every day that passes for them to act; the rust of inactivity seems to eat into them, taking away the vitality and strength. Literary men are perhaps the ones who put the heaviest and most constant burdens upon their minds, and yet Mr. D'Israeli made

out a list of twenty industrious literary workers of whom, if I remember rightly, not one was under ninety when he died, and whose aggregate age was almost two thousand years, to make which would require an average of one hundred.

There is no man so pressed with business or household cares that he does not find some leisure hours; in fact, if each man will stop to count up all the time he wastes in the course of a week, he will be startled at the amount of it. If all this time which he commonly wastes were put to some good purpose, he might accomplish more than he has dreamed of. Many of the world's master minds took their first lessons in thinking in just this way. Horace Greeley was one such man. Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln were two more; Garfield was another. A modern scholar of considerable note learned to write and solve problems in the leisure moments of his life as a shoemaker's apprentice, using, instead of the paper and pencil, which he had not money enough to buy, waste bits of leather hammered smooth, upon which he scratched with an awl. Orange Judd is another triumph of clear grit over environment. Without a dollar of help not earned by himself, or the prospect of any, he started for the school where he was to prepare for college; earned corn by working for neighboring farmers; carried it himself to the mill to have it ground, and brought back the meal to his room; cooked it himself as mush; milked a cow or two daily for his pint of milk per day;

and so lived on mush and milk as his chief subsistence for months together. Afterward he worked his own way through Wesleyan University and a three years' post-graduate course at Yale. He afterward became one of the wealthiest men of the nation, and in 1869 gave to the same college he had worked his way through when young, the munificent sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Employ these odd minutes, then. Do something useful with them. An astonishing amount of work of whatever kind you please can be accomplished in these minutes, if only they are not allowed to escape.

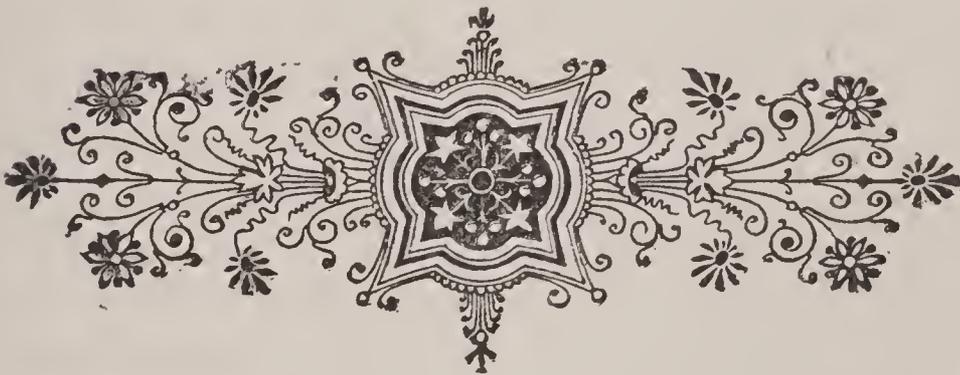
I should not like to be understood however as counting amusements to be of no value. Often to spend our time in good hearty amusement is the very best disposition that we can make of it. All rivers, whether they are small or large, agree in one character; they like to lean a little on one side; they cannot bear to have their channels deepest in the middle, but will always, if they can, have one bank to sun themselves upon, and another to get cool under; one shingly shore to play over, where they may be shallow and foolish, and child-like; and another steep shore, under which they can pause and purify themselves, and get their strength of waves together for due occasions. Rivers in this way are just like wise men, who keep one side of their life for play and another for work; and can be brilliant and chattering and transparent when they are at ease,

and yet take deep counsel on the other side when they set themselves to the main purpose.

“Satan finds work for idle hands to do,” “An idle brain is the devil’s workshop,” are two old proverbs that contain a deal of truth. It is not generally from among the industrious, working classes that our criminals come, but from among the street loafers. A working man has neither time nor occasion for the commission of crime. A warden of the Massachusetts state prison said: “Eight out of every ten come here by liquor, and a great curse is not learning a trade. Young men get the notion that it is not genteel to learn a trade; they idle away their time, get into saloons, acquire the habit of drinking, and then gambling, and then they are ready for any crime.”

A concomitant of human industry is thoroughness. Thorough and through are the same word; Shakespeare uses either of them, as suits his measure best. Thoroughness, then, is the quality of carrying everything *through*, finishing it. And it is indeed a valuable quality to possess; it is the result of perseverance and industry united. The man who is thorough about whatever he undertakes, does it well, finishes it, gets a great deal more personal satisfaction out of the result of his labors, and rises a great deal faster and farther in his trade or profession than the one who does his work in a slipshod manner or leaves it half done. Be thorough, then; remember the maxim that “Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well.”

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness, is to keep busy. "It is better to do the most insignificant thing in the world," Goethe somewhere says, "than to regard a single half-hour as insignificant." Industry "sweeteneth our enjoyments, and seasoneth our attainments with a delightful relish," says Barrow. A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.



KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.



HERE is one more duty which may be most conveniently mentioned in this connection; it is that of avoiding all cruelty in our treatment of animals. Kindness is one of the essentials to a beautiful character. Harshness, crabbedness, and cruelty are always and everywhere vulgar and ugly. They are signs of a coarse-grained, weak nature. Kindness to everybody and everything, especially to inferiors, is an element of the manliest manhood. Occasion will arise hereafter to speak of the duty of kindness to persons, but that of kindness to animals is a duty to ourselves, for we cannot afford to be unkind to anything. This matter has never been agitated much until within late years. It was not until 1835 that bull-baiting was prohibited by law in England. Bull-fights still occur occasionally in Spain, though the custom is dying out. A match at pigeon-shooting is a thing we frequently hear of. The same sport is thus spoken of in England: "One need only go to Hurlingham on ladies' day to see the cruelty with which pigeons are treated. The poor things are let out of their trap, and are shot down for a bet, dyeing the ladies' dresses with their blood. There

is as much clapping of hands as at a Spanish bull-fight. The pricked bird, the bird with a broken leg, contrives to fly out of the field, and falls into some covert place, and there dies after a long agony. Is this the lesson of humanity that English women would teach to their sons and daughters? The fashion for birds' wings in ladies' dresses has been a woeful thing for birds. They have been shot down in all countries to supply 'gentle woman's' passion for birds' wings. The 'Spectator' mentions a marriage in which eleven bridesmaids wore dresses trimmed with swan's down and robins. What a slaughter of birds for that one wedding! The robins should have been draped in blood. But ladies will permit the slaughter rather than be out of fashion. But bird slaughter has now reached proportions which threaten the extinction of some of the most beautiful of God's creatures."

"I venture to hope," said the Archbishop of York, "that the time is not far off when it will be a matter of curious history that English gentlemen once used to publish it abroad with satisfaction that they and their friends had in a couple of days killed two thousand head of game that had been driven together into a wood for certain death. Then, again, the trapped bird, released without a chance, wounded again and again, and picked up fluttering and suffering, is made a pastime for strong men, and when women make a holiday over such sport, it shows that they are without love or pity. It reflects a shadow, and becomes a painful study indeed."

The draught horses in common service are often poor, crippled, over-loaded, galled by the badly fitting harness; and when, under such circumstances, they cannot do the work their brutal masters think they should, they are unmercifully beaten. The horses that draw the fine carriages of the rich, sometimes receive treatment that might almost be called worse. Their heads are held in an unnatural position by tight reins, and their mouths are torn by harsh bits. Birds, and various animals whose nature it is to roam freely through the air and forests, are captured and held prisoners during the remainder of their lives. Innumerable are the modes of cruelty practiced upon the helpless brutes, both wild and tame.

To man was given the dominion over all creatures; but the right was only given him to use, and not to abuse them. We have a right to employ the horse, the cow, the dog, the sheep, any animal in our service; but we have no right to starve them, beat them, over-work them, or shut them up in foul, unhealthy pens. These faithful and affectionate creatures surely deserve better treatment at our hands. We must not try to excuse ourselves with the thought that they know no other way, have no finer feelings, and could not appreciate better treatment if we gave it them. The hog is notorious as the most filthy of all domestic animals, and even he, if given a fair chance, will divide up his sty into apartments for the different purposes of eating, sleeping, and other requirements of hog life, and will vigorously adhere to the division he has made,

and lead a comparatively clean existence. Most brutes are a great deal more susceptible to the influences of gentle usage than very many men imagine. A number of cases are on record of dogs which have remained at the graves of their masters until death by starvation ensued; as, for example, the well-known case of Bobby, the dog who watched over his master's grave for four years, until he finally died in his task. A monument was erected outside the churchyard to perpetuate the memory of the faithful beast. And only recently an instance was reported from one of the southern states of a negro who had been confined in prison for some offense, and whose dog remained outside the building and howled so piteously for his master, that the citizens of the town, out of sympathy for the poor creature, built a kennel for him and provided him with food, and finally petitioned for the pardon of the criminal on account of the affection for him exhibited by the dog, thinking that one wholly bad could not be the object of so warm an attachment.

“Thoreau, of Concord, Massachusetts, was like the old hermits in his love for animals. He took to the woods, near Walden Pond, in 1845. He began to build a house, to the surprise of the raccoons and squirrels. But the animals soon began to know that he meant them no harm. He would lie down on a fallen tree, or on the edge of a rock, and remain quiet. The squirrel, or raccoon, or woodchuck would come closer and closer upon him, and even touch him. The news went through the woods that there was

a man among them who would not kill them. There arose a beautiful sympathy between the man, and the birds, and the animals. They came at his call. Even the snakes would wind round his feet. On taking a squirrel from a tree, the little creature would refuse to leave him, and hide its head in Thoreau's waistcoat. He had built his house over a wood-mouse's nest; and at length the wood-mouse, at first terrified, came and picked up the crumbs at his feet. Then it would run over his shoes and over his clothes. At last the wood-mouse became so tame that it ran along his sleeves, while he was sitting at his bench, and round and round the paper which held his dinner. When he took up a bit of cheese, the wood-mouse came and nibbled it, sitting in his hand, and when it was finished, it cleaned its face and paws like a fly, and walked away. We have never heard of such a communion between man and animals, except in the case of hermits, so plentifully recorded by Kenelm Digby, in his 'Mores Catholic.' "

In the chapter on memory an anecdote was quoted of an elephant which, having been kindly treated by a soldier in an Eastern army, shielded him for several hours against the officers who wished to punish him for drunkenness. (See page 122.)

One of the most zealous of the English apostles of kindness to animals is Edward Fordham Flower, a man who has had a very remarkable history. He was born in Hertford, England, in 1805. An incident of his boyhood which probably had much influence

upon his subsequent career, is thus described: "At six, he got a pony. His uncle, Edward K. Fordham, purchased for him a beautiful present—a saddle, bridle, and whip. One day he was out with his father, and flogged the pony because he shied at something on the road. His father saw it, and called him back. 'Now, Ned, why did you flog that pony?' 'Because it shied.' 'Well, don't you see that there was a deep hole into which you were leading him?' His father took from his hand the whip and laid it across his shoulders. 'Do you like that?' 'No,' said the boy, 'I detest it.' 'Well, then, Ned, never flog a pony unless it is absolutely necessary.'" When he was twelve years old, his father sold his property in England and removed to America, settling in Edwards county, in the southeast part of Illinois, a vast wilderness at that time, inhabited mostly by Indians. This was during slavery times, and the Flowers took an active part in helping the negroes who had escaped across the Ohio, and also against the bands of kidnappers who made a business of capturing free blacks and selling them in the southern markets. By this opposition they gained the hatred of the pro-slavery men, and Flower was obliged to flee the country in order to save his life. He returned to England at the age of twenty, and has lived in that country since then. In 1869 he had a stroke of paralysis and lost the use of the English language. He had to begin again with nouns, adjectives, adverbs, and thus on.

He went to Rome, and his health improved. Then he went to Pau in the south of France. In all places he saw the cruelty inflicted upon horses, mules and donkeys. He almost cried over them. When he came to live in London, in 1873, he set himself to work to cure the mischief that was being done to horses—especially by the use of bits and bearing-reins. He bought a black horse. It had previously been curbed, bitted and tortured. He cured the horse at once by taking off the instruments of torture. He wrote a letter to the "Times," and, through the instrumentality of the late Sir Arthur Helps, it was inserted. It was at his instance Sir Arthur composed his work upon "Animals and their Masters." He went to a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and found a dozen carriages at the door with the horses gagged up by bits and bearing-reins, standing there for hours together. He went to the committee, but they would not hear him. The chairman ordered him out of the room.

He went on his way, nevertheless. He was not to be gagged. He wrote letters to all the daily papers, which were inserted. He thus roused public opinion on the subject. He next published his pamphlet on "Bits and Bearing-reins," and scattered it broadcast throughout the country. It was followed by "Horses and Harness," a sequel to the first pamphlet; and that, too, was largely circulated. Mr. Flower gives the following description of the harnessing of the horses of a fashionable "turn-out": "A

tight bearing-rein is used to pull the horses' heads up, and a fixed martingale to pull them down, close blinkers to prevent them seeing their way, cruppers which are obliged to be tight to hold the bearing-reins in their places, so that the heads and tails of the animals are tied tight together. To obtain a little ease by shortening its back when standing still, the horse extends its fore feet beyond their natural position, while the hinder ones are proportionately thrown back, causing inflammation and navicular lameness. The tight bearing-rein, by holding the head in an unnatural and fixed position, strains the windpipe and respiratory organs, inducing 'heavy-breathing' and other maladies. The front part of the bridle is frequently too short, thereby hurting the lower part of the ears; also the winker strap, which, when tight, besides drawing the winkers too close, pulls forward the top of the bridle so as to press upon and hurt the back of the ears; and when the horse shows signs of uneasiness by throwing up its head, he is punished by more and tighter straps, the coachman seldom troubling himself to find out and remedy the cause of the irritation.

“Fashion is strong — stronger I fear, than our humanity — but still I have hopes. Fashion no longer orders horses to be cropped, docked, and nicked; therefore, these new forms of distortion and cruelty may give way. If a few leaders of fashion would join with men and women of common sense and lovers of humanity, we should soon wipe out this blot upon

our civilization. I am happy to have been allowed to raise my feeble voice in the cause; and I heartily thank all of those (and they are many), who have come forward to help and encourage me. I shall persevere, and, though I am old, I do not despair of living long enough to deserve to have it engraved upon my tomb-stone: 'He was one of those men who caused the bearing-rein to be abolished.'"

Aside from all moral considerations, self-interest ought to be a sufficient incentive to the proper care of animals. A well-fed, well-groomed horse will do much more work than the half-starved, ill-tended skeleton, so common on our streets. The cow that is kept clean, and allowed the run of a good pasture, and given plenty of turnips, pumpkins, and other things which cows esteem as delicacies, will give more and better milk than one which is stinted in her allowance of food. To beat an animal upon the slightest provocation is by no means the best way to train it to a habit of constant obedience. On the contrary, it is the surest possible method of making it timid, vicious, and worthless. Mr. Rarey, probably the most successful of all horse-trainers, never used the whip.

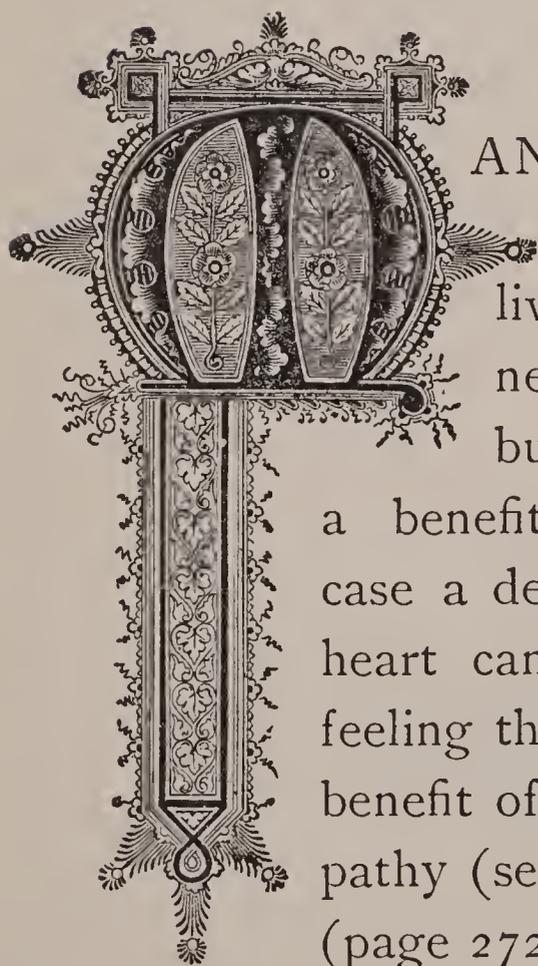
A man who, in spite of all the dictates of prudence and humanity, can so degrade himself as to beat or otherwise misuse the helpless creatures intrusted to his care, must be himself worse than a brute; he must have a lump of steel where his heart ought to be. It is to be hoped that Mr. Flower, Mr. Bergh and their co-laborers will succeed in educating the public senti-

ment to such a point that it will be a disgrace, and universally acknowledged as such, for a man to in any way mistreat his animals; and that it will be felt by every one that to deprive them of their liberty is enough, without adding any more of trouble to their not too pleasant lives.





DUTIES TO OTHERS.

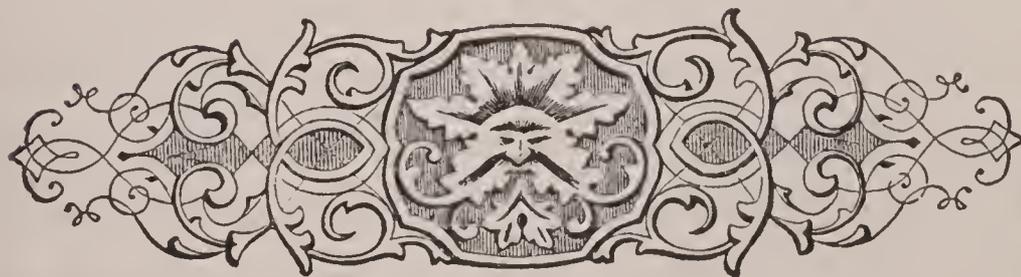


AN is a social being by nature, and he could not if he wished, live profitably in entire selfishness. That enterprise, labor, or business, which is not in some way a benefit to other people is in every case a degrading business. The human heart cannot long be satisfied without feeling that it is doing something for the benefit of others. The elements of sympathy (see page 259), the love of others (page 272), and the desire for the esteem of others (page 305), are too deeply rooted in the nature of man to be either ignored or slighted. The general welfare of the race demands that men should labor for one another, and we find that the highest elements in man's nature are strengthened and improved by a faithful discharge of all our duties in this direction.

The Egyptians, in their hieroglyphics, expressed

the unprofitableness of a selfish life by a single millstone, which, being alone, grinds no meal, though with its fellow it would be exceedingly profitable for that purpose. Our duties to others can be conveniently analyzed, and shown as follows:

Duties to Others.	{	Honesty.	{	Honesty in Business.	{	Honorable Shrewdness.
				Mental Honesty.		Equal Chances.
				Universal Honesty.		Pay as You Go.
		Sympathy.				
		Gratitude.				
		{	Courtesy.	{	False Pride and Insolence.	
Politeness.						
	{	Truthfulness.	{	May we ever Falsify?		
Evil Speaking.						
Exaggeration.						
	{	Charity.	{	Where and How to Give.		
Forgiveness and Mercy.						



HONESTY.



AN honest man 's the noblest work of God," says Pope. He might also have called him the rarest work of God; for a thoroughly honest man, a man honest in business, honest in social life, honest with others and *honest with himself*, seems to be rather a rare thing. Animals are not respecters of the rights of others and if men will allow themselves to listen to the whisperings from the animal side of their natures, they will be quite sure to show a tendency to dishonesty. They may pay all their debts to the last cent; their word may be as good as their bond; they may not cheat you about anything you are buying of them or selling to them; they may even supply your lack of knowledge by telling you fairly the defects of the thing they have to sell, and the merits of the thing they wish to buy of you. But while they are honest in everything else, they will defraud the government in making out their lists of taxable property; or, if they hold official positions, their requisitions for stationery and other office supplies will be altogether larger than their needs would justify; or in some of the manifold relations of

society their integrity will prove weak. It needs no argument to prove that all this is wrong. Everybody admits that honesty is right, and that everything opposed to it is absolutely wrong. But people have a hundred little loop-holes, out of which they try to slip in particular cases.

A separate outline of this subject is presented before treating in detail :

Honesty.	Honesty in Business.	Honorable Shrewdness.
		Equal Chances.
		Pay as You Go.
	Mental Honesty.	
	Universal Honesty.	

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

Probably the first, simplest and most universally acknowledged requirement of an honest business man, is that he shall pay his debts. But a very great many refuse to fulfill the requirement; if they owe you a debt and you have not legal evidence of it, they refuse to pay, because they know that no course in common law can compel them. In all moral right, they are just as much bound to pay the money they owe upon a verbal promise, as that for which they have given note and mortgage, but they decline doing it, simply because the debt cannot be proved upon them and they can escape it. If a mistake has been made in the calculations of a bar-

gain, they will not rectify it, although the mutual understanding was clear for the amount rightly due. But we will not stop longer upon this point, for such men are the outlaws of every business community, and it is not long before the people find them out and utterly refuse to trust them in any way.

HONORABLE SHREWDNESS.

It is not so with the shrewd man, who always does as he promises, but always tries to get the best end of every bargain by fair means or foul. He seems to be held in high honor as the embodiment of sharpness. He is proud of his acuteness. You will often hear him boasting about his great bargains, and glorying over his tremendous shrewdness in trade. There can be no doubt that this is a false state of public opinion. Fraud and treachery ought not to be elevated to the position of demi-gods, while honesty and simple-heartedness are laughed at as evidences of "greenness." The day may come when it will appear that after all the swindler was "greener" than the swindled. That quaint philosopher, Josh Billings, has said, "Beware ov the man who iz prouder ov hiz smartness than he iz of hiz honesty."

AN EQUAL CHANCE.

The excuse commonly urged in palliation of cheating is, that all persons have equal chance; that it is generally understood that every person will get as

much as he can, and give as little as he can; that it is a game of diamond cut diamond. Surely this is no valid excuse. I have no right to do wrong merely because I give some one else the privilege of doing a counter-balancing wrong. My duty is to find out what is right, and then do it, regardless of what other people may be in the habit of doing, or of what they may have the permission of society to do. Besides, the man with whom I am dealing may have a conscience not quite so lax as mine; he may not feel himself at liberty to cheat, or he may not know how to cheat, and in either case he has not the equal chance I talk about.

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF IGNORANCE.

There is a very nice question in connection with honesty in trade, namely: Is a man in duty bound to supply the deficiencies in his neighbor's knowledge when engaged in trade with him? For illustration: it is said that Rothschild, the great London banker of half a century ago, anticipating the battle of Waterloo, and knowing the great effect that a decisive battle would have upon the prices of government securities, was himself present at the fight. He had posted relays of horses at intervals of a few miles, and as soon as he had seen the defeat of Napoleon, he traveled as fast as his fresh horses could carry him, reaching London nearly two days in advance of the official messengers, there being no railroads or telegraph at that time. The people were very anxious and fearful, and hence

government securities were low. Rothschild bought up all he could of them, and made a great sum by the rise in prices that of course followed the news of England's victory. Now the question is, did Rothschild do right, or was it his duty to inform the people of the battle and its result? There are writers on ethics who would claim that the action was morally wrong, and that he had no right to take advantage of the ignorance of the people concerning the battle. But such a view chills much active enterprise. If he did not in any way excite or seek to excite their fears, he had a perfect right to take all advantage of his superior enterprise and foresight. He was not violating any trust, because people did not depend, and had no right to depend upon him for information. The holders of the bonds were as competent as he was to judge of their value, had they but taken equal care to learn the circumstances.

Had Rothschild been employed by the government in any way, and had then taken advantage of his knowledge gained in this capacity, it would have been different. But his superior information in this case was his own private expense and enterprise. The boundary line is narrow, but to me it seems perfectly distinct, between the action of Rothschild in this case, and that of a merchant who does not expose the defects of his wares. The distinction has already been pointed out. In the merchant's case, the customer, comparatively ignorant, and excusably so, of the articles dealt in by the merchant, relies upon

him for correct information as to the quality and value of the goods he wishes to purchase, and it is a gross betrayal of confidence if he withholds facts essential to that information. The cost of the article to the merchant is, however, immaterial to the purchaser. The fact that the merchant got it cheap does not make it any the less valuable to him. If I wish to buy a diamond, it makes no difference to me whether the seller paid a thousand dollars for it at a jeweler's, or found it while walking for pleasure. The price I can afford to pay for it is the same in either case; it is in no way affected by the amount of profit to the seller. Hence I have no right to ask its cost to him, but may only demand that he shall correctly inform me of its quality, weight and value at current prices.

It has been said that "honesty is the best policy," and it has also been said that "honesty is no policy at all." Both sayings, though apparently opposites, are in a sense true. Honesty is not policy, because true honesty must have a deeper spring than mere policy. True honesty must do the right, so far as known, under all circumstances, whether it seems politic or impolitic to do it. Honesty has in its nature nothing to do with prudence or policy. On the other hand, it has been noticed that honesty is not compelled to wait for another world for its reward; it is paid in this. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas

integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practices it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him; which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life. Men of great wealth are usually men of strict honesty (taking the word in its commercial sense), and very often their honesty, more than anything else, was the beginning and cause of their prosperity. Innumerable examples might be given.

Probably the wealthiest family in the world is that of the Rothschilds. The commencement of their wonderful career is said to have been this: In 1806, Napoleon ordered that the sovereigns of Brunswick and Hesse-Cassel should be deprived of their estates. The landgrave of Hesse-Cassel had a very large fortune in coined money, which he desired to secrete. He was afraid to trust it with any of his subjects, and finally put it in the care of Meyer Anselm Rothschild, a banker of Frankfort-on-the-Main, because he could think of no other person so worthy of confidence. Rothschild's reward for keeping it was that he might use it without having to pay interest. He managed carefully and made large profits from it. After the first fall of Napoleon, the landgrave returned to his country, and was about to recall the money. When Napoleon escaped, however, he again urged Rothschild to keep the enormous fund, and pay two per cent for the use of it, and this arrangement was

made and kept until the landgrave's death, when the banker returned the money, declining to keep it longer. It was their fidelity in this matter that gave the house of Rothschild its start; and throughout their career, its members have adhered to the same strict honesty.

Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the greatest private fortune in America, began life as a boatman; and he was soon able to get all the best contracts, and at prices largely in advance of those of some of his rivals, simply because he could always be depended upon to do exactly what he promised to do. One of the principal causes of the success of A. T. Stewart, who had the largest fortune ever won in mercantile business, was the fact that a child could go to his store and get just as good an article, and get it just as cheap, as the most experienced trader. He required his clerks to be absolutely honest in all their dealings with customers.

One reason why Lincoln was elected President of the United States, and has always been so wonderfully popular all over the world, was the fact that he was "Honest Abe." It is sad that honesty is so scarce an article that it makes available capital for a race for the highest office in the country. It ought to come a little cheaper than that. We ought to be able to take it for granted that all candidates for positions of honor and trust possessed this first of all requirements, honesty. But we are sometimes almost forced to feel that we must consider ourselves fortunate if we do not get thieves and swindlers in

our highest offices, and we are compelled to cry out in the words of Whittier:

“Praise and thanks for an honest man!”

PAY AS YOU GO.

“Mr. President,” said John Randolph in the Senate one day; “I have discovered the philosopher’s stone! It consists of four short words of homely English, *Pay as you go!*” And well he might call his short and homely maxim the philosopher’s stone, for it converts into gold all that it touches. Few men have incomes so small that, acting upon this advice with due care, they may not live in the enjoyment of reasonable physical comfort, and of that spiritual luxury worth more than any external convenience, which springs from perfect independence. Few men, on the other hand, have incomes so large, that the pernicious habit of consuming things not paid for may not poison their every pleasure, and render their lives one long succession of miseries. The man involved in debt knows not the joy of looking the world squarely in the face and saying: “I owe you nothing.” There must be always a timorous dread of meeting his creditor, and a fear that he may be called upon to pay, and be shamed in his inability to do so. The man who buys on credit feels obliged to trade always at the same place, whether it is the most desirable place or not. The man who pays as he goes, has the

world open to choose from. He walks with the sovereign right of the honest man into whatsoever shop he will, always welcome, always getting the best, and getting it at the lowest price. His sleep is sweeter, his meat is more toothsome, his clothes feel easier, his joys are more ecstatic, and his sorrows are lighter than those of the debtor.

Paying of debts is, next to the grace of God, the best means in the world to deliver you from a thousand temptations to sin and vanity. Pay your debts, and you will not have the wherewithal to buy a costly toy or a pernicious pleasure. Pay your debts, and you will have nothing to lose to a gamester. In short, pay your debts, and you will of necessity abstain from many indulgences that war against the spirit, and bring you into captivity to sin, and cannot fail to end in your utter destruction, both of soul and body.

Avoid debt, then, with religious care. If you never owe anything, you are sure never to be dishonestly avoiding payments, and never to be harassed by creditors.

“The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
Its links, all corrosion and rust;
Gild it o'er as you will, it is never of gold;
Then spurn it aside with disgust.”

It is said that a skilled detective can always tell a criminal at sight. The consciousness of guilt never leaves him, and wherever he goes, whatever disguise he may assume, his face is marked by a furtive, hunted

look. He cannot look you in the eyes; it seems to him that you read his guilty soul through and through at every glance. And this is true, not only of great criminals, but also of those whose offenses have been less. Something of that same timid, sly look will inevitably cling to them. A man feels so much stronger and manlier, he respects himself so much more, when he is conscious of having been fair and honest in all his dealings than when he has a lingering sense of some mean act. "Let honesty be as the breath of thy soul," says Franklin; "and never forget to have a penny when all thy expenses are enumerated and paid; then shalt thou reach the point of happiness, and independence shall be thy shield and buckler, thy helmet and crown; then shall thy soul walk upright, nor stoop to the silken wretch because he hath riches, nor pocket an abuse because the hand that offers it wears a ring set with diamonds."

MENTAL HONESTY.

Honesty has thus far been spoken of only in its connection with money affairs; but its sphere is a much wider one. It permeates all the affairs of social life. Our honesty or dishonesty may make itself felt in a hundred different ways. Are you stingy in according to your neighbor his meed of praise for the good he has done? Do you withhold from him the recognition of his good qualities, his courage, his generosity, his honesty, his industry, his learning?

Do you try to dodge the debt of gratitude you owe him for his good will and his practical kindness to you? If so, then you are dishonest, and weakly dishonest. Do you try to pass in the world for a more religious man than you are? Then you are that basest of creatures, the hypocrite. Do you pretend to greater wealth, more extensive information, or higher ability than is really yours? That, too, is dishonesty. Be honest in all these things. Pay to every man his just dues of recognition as well as of money; do not attempt to seem what you are not. Be honest and frank, even with your enemy. Above all, be honest with yourself. Self-deception is most baleful in its effects; it will cripple all your efforts, and render them unproductive of good for yourself or anybody else. Examine yourself carefully, and find out just what you are; then make no attempt to flatter yourself or convince yourself that you possess desirable traits of character which really form no part of your nature.

UNIVERSAL HONESTY.

We have already seen that the word duty means a thing owed, and that hence the fulfillment of duty is nothing more nor less than the payment of debt. Thus honesty lies at the very bottom of all right doing, is the basis and foundation of it, and if we would live right lives we must lay this idea of perfect honesty next our hearts and make it a part of

our inmost souls. Hillel, a famous Jewish Rabbi, who lived a few years before the time of Christ, was once asked in derision by a heathen whether he could teach the whole law while standing on one foot. "What you would not like done to yourself, do not to your neighbor," he answered; "this is the whole law: all the rest is commentary on it—go learn this." Christ himself strengthened the command and made it active instead of passive, saying: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "These are the precepts of right," says Justinian; "to live honestly, not to injure another, to render to each one his own." Whoever squares his life by these rules, he is the perfectly honest man, and no other. He alone reaches the full dignity of manhood and makes out of himself all that the Creator intended him to be.



SYMPATHY.



THE highest mode of life is not that of the hermit. Still less is it that of him who lives in the midst of men, but who seems unconscious of their existence, except at times when he can turn them to his advantage. Such a man lives in a cold, deadly atmosphere which soon kills his higher spiritual nature. A life of that kind is a corrupt soil which can bring forth nothing good, but is crowded with weeds and thistles and thickly strewn with rocks. If wheat is sown on it the harvest will be nothing but tares. People are of necessity brought into more or less close contact by their social and business life; and it is fitting that they should live in fellowship, and have for each other a sympathy, a fellow-feeling.

The political economists have shown that what benefits one person in the world of commerce, benefits all; that my neighbor's prosperity is properly a matter upon which I may congratulate myself. Hence it is not only uncomfortable to envy others and hate them on account of their prosperity, but it is foolish. And it is likewise foolish to rejoice in the troubles of others, since their ill-fortune concerns us as well.

How utterly uncalled for then is that feeling of hostility which so many manifest toward others, and how unwise also is a cold indifference to the weal or woe of our fellow men!

“When I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind,” says Addison, “there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction than that tenderness and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind. My own circumstances are, indeed, so narrow and scanty that I should taste but very little pleasure should I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflections, I am happier than any single person can be with all the wealth, strength, beauty and success that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as vested in himself and in his own private property. By this means, every man who does himself any real service does me a kindness. I come in for my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses.”

We are much happier by sharing the pleasures and pains of others, and allowing them to share ours. It has been well said, that to share a joy with another person, multiplies it, and that to share a

sorrow with another, divides it. Thus the sympathetic man is doubly the gainer by his sympathy—his joys are greater, and his sorrows are less.

“Every man rejoices twice when he has a partner of his joy,” says Jeremy Taylor; “a friend shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double. For so two channels divide the river, and lessen it into rivulets, and make it fordable, and apt to be drunk up by the first revels of the Sirian star; but two torches do not divide, but increase, the flame: and though my tears are the sooner dried up when they run on my friend’s cheeks in the furrows of compassion, yet when my flame hath kindled his lamp, we unite the glories and make them radiant, like the golden candlesticks that burn before the throne of God, because they shine by numbers, by unions, and confederations of light and joy. There is a warm, kindly glow about sympathy which is entirely absent in calculating selfishness, and than which no feeling is more delightful.”

“Man is dear to man; the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and dealers-out
Of some small blessings: have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for the single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.”

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of

merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition. A man may lose position, influence, wealth and even health, and yet live on in comfort, if he is resigned; but there is one thing without which life becomes a burden—that is human sympathy.

A man who for any cause fails to secure the sympathy of his fellows, will have a sad journey through life. No matter how firmly we may believe in the righteousness of our cause, and how much confidence we may have in our deserts, if others do not sympathize with our aims and our work, very much of the pleasure of our well-doing is lost. Admiration and awe-struck astonishment will not take the place of genuine sympathy. During Christ's ministry he was constantly attended by great crowds of people who gathered, some to see his miracles, some to be healed of their bodily disorders, and others to bring their afflicted friends before the wondrous physician, the very hem of whose garment possessed the power of healing all diseases. But out of these crowds not one understood his spiritual aims or sympathized with them, and his life was one of continual sadness, even before the persecutions of the Rabbis began. And the biographies of almost all great men will illustrate the same fact. The lives of nearly all have been to a greater or less extent embittered by a lack of sympathy with the ideas and aims which they regarded as great and vital to the well-being of humanity.

Said Joseph de Maistre, at the end of his life: "How few are those whose passage upon this foolish planet has been marked by actions really good and useful. I bow myself to the earth before him of whom it can be said, *Per transivit benefaciendo* (He has gone about doing good); who has succeeded in instructing, consoling, relieving his fellow creatures; who has made real sacrifices for the sake of doing good; those heroes of silent charity who hide themselves and expect nothing in this world. But what are the common run of men like? and how many men are there in a thousand who can ask themselves without terror, 'What have I done in this world? wherein have I advanced the general work? and what of me do I leave behind for good or for evil.'"

Mr. Collyer tells the following story, which well illustrates the power of sympathy. "Away off, I believe in Edinburgh, two gentlemen were standing at the door of a hotel one very cold day, when a little boy, with a poor, thin, blue face, his feet bare and red with cold, and with nothing to cover him but a bundle of rags, came and said, 'Please, sir, buy some matches.' 'No; I don't want any,' said the gentleman. 'But they're only a penny a box,' the little fellow pleaded. 'Yes; but you see I don't want a box.' 'Then I'll gie ye twa boxes for a penny,' the boy said at last." And so, to get rid of him, the gentleman, who tells the story in an English paper, says, "I bought a box, but then I

found I had no change, so I said. 'I'll buy a box to-morrow.' 'Oh, do buy them the nicht,' the boy pleaded again; 'I'll run and get ye the change; for I'm very hungry.' So I gave him the shilling, and he started away. I waited for him, but no boy came. Then I thought I had lost my shilling; but still there was that in the boy's face I trusted, and I did not like to think badly of him.

"Well, late in the evening, a servant came and said a little boy wanted to see me. When he was brought in, I found it was a smaller brother of the boy who got my shilling, but, if possible, still more ragged, and poor, and thin. He stood a moment diving into his rags as if he were seeking something, and then said, 'Are you the gentleman that bought the matches frae Sandie?' 'Yes!' 'Weel, then, here's fourpence oot o' yer shillin'. Sandie canna come. He's no weel. A cart ran ower him, and knocked him doon; and he lost his bonnet, and his matches, and your elevenpence; and both his legs are broken, and he's no weel at a', and the doctor says he'll dee. And that's a' he can gie ye the noo,' putting fourpence down on the table; and then the poor child broke down into great sobs. So I fed the little man," the gentleman goes on to say, "and then I went with him to see Sandie.

"I found that the two poor little things lived with a wretched, drunken step-mother; their own father and mother being both dead. I found poor Sandie lying on a bundle of shavings; he knew me as soon as I came in and said, 'I got the change, sir, and was

coming back; and then the horse knocked me down, and both my legs are broken. And Reuby, little Reuby! I am sure I am deein'! and who will take care o' ye, Reuby, when I am gane? What will ye do, Reuby?' Then I took the poor little sufferer's hand, and told him I would always take care of Reuby. He understood me, and had just strength to look at me as if he would thank me; then the light went out of his blue eyes, and in a moment

'He lay within the light of God,
Like a babe upon the breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

We must not make too much of sympathy, as mere feeling. We do in things spiritual as we do with hot-house plants. The feeble exotic, beautiful to look at, but useless, has costly sums spent on it. The hardy oak, a nation's strength, is permitted to grow, scarcely observed, in the fence and copses. We prize feeling, and prize its possessor. But feeling is only a sickly exotic in itself—a passive quality, having in it nothing moral—no temptation, and no victory. A man is no more a good man for having feeling than he is for having a delicate ear for music, or a far-seeing optic nerve. The Son of Man had feeling; he could be touched. The tear would start from His eyes at the sight of human sorrow. But that sympathy was no exotic in his soul, beautiful to look at, too delicate for use. Feeling with Him led

to action: "He went about doing good." Sympathy with Him was this: "Grace to help in time of need."

The life of John Howard, the prison reformer, furnishes a good example of the practical working of sympathy. His attention having been attracted to the miserable condition of convicts throughout Europe, he spent several years in traveling about from one town to another, from one country to another, visiting prisons and relieving the inmates in various ways. At Gloucester (in England) he found the castle in the most horrible condition. The castle had become the jail. It had a common court for all the prisoners, male and female. The debtor's ward had no windows. The night room for male felons was close and dark. A fever had prevailed in the jail, which carried off many of the prisoners. The keeper had no salary. The debtors had no allowance of food. In the Episcopal city of Ely the accommodation was no better. To prevent the prisoners' escape they were chained on their backs to the floor. Several bars of iron were placed over them, and an iron collar covered with spikes was fastened round their necks. At Norwich, the cells were built under ground, and the prisoners were given an allowance of straw, which cost a guinea a year. The jailor not only had no salary, but he paid forty pounds a year to the under-sheriff for his situation! He made his income by extortion. Howard wrote a book on "The State of Prisons," testified before a parliamentary committee, and in various other ways attracted public attention to the subject.

His labors resulted in many changes of laws which very much improved the condition of the prisoners. In the course of twelve years he had traveled forty-two thousand miles, and had expended a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in his work of humanity. He visited all Europe to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend the neglected; to visit the forsaken; to compare and collect the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original, and it is as full of genius as it is of humanity. It is a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity; and already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country.

Florence Nightingale, the good "Lady with the Lamp," to whom so many soldiers owe their lives, was another practical sympathizer. Mrs. Chisholm, also, who devoted her life to helping poor young women in England, to migrate to Australia and other places where they might find good homes and be free from the dangers that, in all wealthy and populous countries, surround young women destitute of money and protecting friends.

Thomas Wright was a foundry-hand in Manchester, receiving only about seventeen dollars a week. His sympathies were aroused in behalf of prisoners whose terms of punishment had expired, and who were now seeking employment that they might live honest lives,

but who, being looked upon with suspicion, failed to find work, and were compelled to return to a life of crime. He made it the business of his life to assist such; and often, when he could not otherwise obtain employment for them, he pledged himself as security for their honesty. Others were aided by him in going to foreign countries, where they might begin anew, and be free from the shadow of their crime. In this way he succeeded in reforming a great many men and making useful and honorable citizens of them. The following is only one case of the many: A man who had been undergoing penal servitude at Portland, was discharged, and repaired to Manchester with a ticket-of-leave and a letter from the chaplain to Thomas Wright. Employment was found for him as a scavenger. Mr. Wright had him promoted to be a mender of roads; and here also his conduct was approved. He obtained admission for him to the late Canon Stowell's Sunday and week-day night schools, in both of which he became a teacher. He showed so much capacity for learning that Canon Stowell felt a great interest in him. The canon was made acquainted with his antecedents. Nevertheless, he made arrangements for "reading" with him, and in due time the Portland convict was ordained a clergyman.

One man who had been assisted by Wright to emigrate to America, and had prospered in honorable life, wrote back to his benefactor, enclosing a contribution for a reformatory institution and saying:

“To your never-to-be-forgotten fatherly aid I owe all my success. You were indeed my best, my kindest, and my sole advising friend on this earth. You rescued me from a life of vice by your own unaided help. When all others had turned their faces away from me as a miscreant and a vagabond, you, like the prodigal’s father of old, welcomed me back to the paths of virtue and integrity of life, consoling my youthful heart with the hope of brighter days yet in store, and blending your fatherly counsel with a still purer hope beyond the grave. God bless you, dear father! God bless you for all your kindness! Tears of kind remembrances fall from my cheeks as I think upon all your noble efforts for your poor fellow-men.” It was sympathy that moved these, and it is sympathy that originates every deed of philanthropy, every attempt to better the condition of the poor, or the degraded.

There is nothing like the balm of a sympathizing soul, when one comes to us. There are some ears that hunger for sympathizing words; there are others that, while deaf to these words, are not insensible to presence. To hold your peace in the shadow of another’s grief is oftentimes more balm and consolation than anything else you can do. When a man is in trouble, and it seems as though the world is sweeping away from him, go and stand by his side, and he will never forget that—not if he is generous. If anybody has stood by you in a crisis, and faced the world with you and for you, the memorial in your heart ought to be as deep and strong as life

itself, and forever. When a man has come to bankruptcy, and suspicion, and trouble, and shame, that is the time for friendship, and that is the place for friendship to show what sympathy can do—what strength it can give, what despair it can drive away, what elevation and inspiration it can rekindle in men's hearts. Ah! when the heart has been bruised through and through, there is no poultice like another heart put right on it, and held there. When men have been lost to virtue, have thrown away their chances, and life itself is a drug, it is very seldom that you will reclaim such persons by penal institutions. Yet a man may be brought out from the valley and shadow of death, and brought back to virtue from all defiling crimes, if only there is somebody that will make atonement for him; somebody that will see him daily; somebody that, when he has fallen again contrary to all promises, will not be discouraged; somebody that will supply his pressing wants; somebody that will say to him, "I have more hope for you than you have"; somebody that will not let him go; somebody that will even say to him, "Though you go down at last through the gates of death in darkness, I will not leave you, nor forsake you, till the very last gasp; you *shall* be reformed; I will bear you up and out." Oh! how many would be brought back if there were only somebody to take them, to love them, to be compassionate with them, to be patient with them all the time, and to lead them! It must be a desperate

case in which a living, loving heart is not medicine enough for the diseases of a vicious life.

Although we cannot love their weakness, yet we must love the weak, and bear with their infirmities and their misfortunes, not breaking the bruised reed. Infants must not be turned out of the family because they cry, and are unquiet and troublesome; though they be peevish and forward, yet we must bear it with gentleness and patience, as we do the forwardness of the sick; if they revile we must not revile again, but must seek gently to restore them, notwithstanding their censures.

This patience is far too rare. We do not make allowances enough for our fellows, but sweepingly condemn those whom we ought to cheer with our sympathy. If we are out of temper ourselves we plead the weather, or a headache, or our natural temperament, or aggravating circumstances; we are never at a loss for an excuse for ourselves; why should not the same ingenuity be used by our charity in inventing apologies and extenuations for others? It is a pity to carry on the trade of apology-making entirely for home consumption; let us supply others. True, they are very provoking, but if we suffered half as much as our irritable friends have to endure, we should perhaps be even more aggravated.

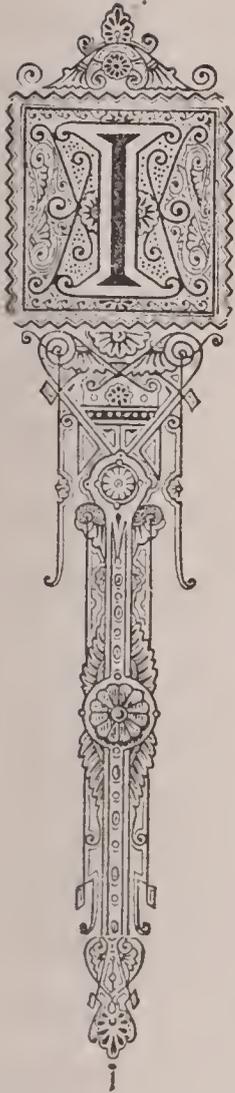
But there is one danger in a feeling of fellowship which must not be lost to view. Our love for another, or our sympathy for his weakness, must never lead us for one moment into tolerating a fault itself. Love

and forgive always but never give companionship in any evil act to prove the sincerety of your forgiveness. When cripples laugh at us for walking upright, we simply pity their folly, and if they become our companions, would it be sensible for us to hobble our limbs that we be obliged to walk as they do?

Let us cherish sympathy. By attention and exercise it may be improved in every man. It prepares the mind for receiving the impressions of virtue; and without it there can be no true politeness. Nothing is more odious than that insensibility which wraps a man up in himself and his own concerns, and prevents his being moved with either the joys or sorrows of another.

“Sympathy glories humanity.” Its synonym is love. It goes forth to meet the wants and necessities of the sorrow-stricken and oppressed. Wherever there is cruelty, or ignorance, or misery, sympathy stretches forth its hand to console and alleviate. The sight of grief, the sound of a groan, takes hold of the sympathetic mind, and will not let it go. Out of sympathy and justice, some of the greatest events of modern times have emanated. The abolition of slavery in England, America and France; the education of the untaught; the spread of Sunday-schools; the efforts for the spread of temperance; the improvement of low, degraded, or suffering humanity everywhere, which in the olden times received very little attention; these are some of the high and holy results of human sympathy.

GRATITUDE.



IT seems scarcely possible for a person to receive a favor from another and not have at least some feeling of thankfulness. It is one of the most painful forms of disordered Sensibility—the insanity, not of the Intellect, but of the feeling—which shows itself in the entire indifference and apathy with which the kindest attentions are received, or even worse, the ill concealed and hardly suppressed hatred which is felt even for the generous benefactor.

The lack of gratitude for a kindness arises in the mind in the following manner :

Suppose a man is dishonest enough to avoid paying his debts in every way that he can. Such a man dislikes to see the person to whom he owes a debt, and soon learns to almost hate his creditors. He even studies them to find in their lives some bad feature, so he may have a show of an excuse for his ill-will. Evidences of this feeling are too often seen. The man of such a mind would never do any one a kindness of any consequence unless quite sure of a full repayment, and it is impossible for him to believe that anyone else could

give a favor when none is expected in return. His soul is too mean to understand the true nature of kindness. He greedily accepts all the good he can get, and then, thinking that his benefactor is expecting payment, or at least a continued feeling of obligation on his part, his pitiful little heart begins to shun the very man who befriended him.

It is, indeed, one of the saddest mistakes which the human Sensibilities can make, for nothing will bind our friends closer to us in genuine sympathy than the thankful acceptance of a well-meant kindness offered us; and to owe a debt of gratitude, instead of at all lessening our independence of mind, really strengthens our character and sweetens the heart. The truly good and great are never guilty of this grave error.

“Ingratitude is always a sort of weakness. I have never known that men of consequence were ungrateful,” says Goethe.

Duties are reciprocal. If I owe you a duty, you owe me one in return. If you are in distress, it is my duty to help you to the extent of my ability, and on the other hand, having helped you, you owe me a debt of gratitude, which you should discharge upon every opportunity. The mere formal “thank you,” though certainly it and other like courtesies should not be neglected, is not enough. You ought to do me a substantial service the first time it is in your power to do so, not to pay for my service to you, but merely as evidence of your true gratitude. This is a delicate

matter. I have no claim upon you. If I do you good in the hope of receiving something from you, I am no longer doing it as a kindness, but as a speculation; and gratitude does not play any part in the transaction. But the fact that I cannot claim anything, does not release you from the obligation to return my favor. No rules can be laid down in this matter; it must be governed entirely by a healthy and enlightened moral sense. A consciousness of rule and of well defined obligation would crush all the life out of both charity and gratitude.

Nothing can be more beautiful than a constant and unselfish interchange of favors between persons who are brought into connection with each other in any way. Especially ought members of the same family to keep up this practice. It will infuse into the domestic life a degree of warmth and pleasantness that cannot be obtained in any other way. It is a sovereign panacea against the quarrels and bickerings that mar the happiness of so many families and blight the characters and prospects of so many young people.



COURTESY.

FALSE PRIDE AND INSOLENCES.



AS we desire to be treated decently and with respect by others, it is our duty to treat them in the same way. We have no right to bruise their feelings by adopting toward them a harsh, contemptuous, or careless manner.

And our duty in this matter does not depend upon the person. Men are not, in most respects, born free and equal. A has more brains than B; and C's morals are better than those of D, while, perhaps, E is superior to each of them in all respects. They are not alike, then; there is an infinite diversity of natural and acquired gifts; in infinitely different degrees are men worthy of our esteem and admiration. But in one thing, they stand upon a footing of absolute equality—they have equal claim to kind and considerate treatment at our hands. The ignorant black laborer who does the menial work about your house, the person who serves you in any way, and the beggar who seeks alms at your door, are just as much entitled to gentle words, a patient hearing, and

forbearance with their defects, as a college president or a United States senator would be; and it is even more blame to your character, as a gentleman or lady, to refuse these little marks of attention to your inferiors than it would be to refuse them to your equals or superiors. "As the sword of the best-tempered metal is the most flexible," says Fuller, "so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors."

A number of false notions prevail concerning courtesy, as well as other forms of beauty. One of these notions is, that roughness necessarily accompanies strength. It does not. It is the imperfectly made and badly cared-for engine that squeaks and jars; the mightiest ones, those that propel enormous masses of machinery, are smooth and noiseless in their motions. Perfect steel is smooth as glass; when the rust begins to eat into and destroy it, it gets rough. The polished granite column is not less strong than the rough and ragged granite rock upon the mountain side. A will as hard and solid as adamant may lie behind a soft and pleasant word, yet always be there when needed. The hand of steel may wear a velvet glove. Those who have read the autobiography of David Crockett, will remember the incident of the Texas bee-hunter, the bravest man in all that wild western country during the turbulent times of the Texan revolution, and who was yet as mild and gentle as a maiden in love. Was Chevalier Bayard any the less a knight "sans peur" because he was

also a knight “sans reproche”?* Did Sir Philip Sidney fight any the less bravely at the battle of Zutphen because he was the pattern of all chivalric gentleness and courtesy? Did the famous regiment of New York thugs and shoulder-hitters in our civil war distinguish itself for valor and strength above the regiments of mild-mannered gentlemen?

“Ill seems (said he) if he so valiant be,
That he should be so stern to stranger wight;
For seldom yet did living creatures see
That *courtesy* and *manhood* ever disagree.”—*Spenser*.

Pride and egotism are very good things. “All men are egotists,” says Goethe in his “Gross-Coptha”; “only a novice, only a fool can wish to change them. Only one who does not know himself, will deny that it is even so in his own heart.” The man who is not proud, and, in one sense, egotistical, is very much to be pitied; he will never accomplish anything of value. The world owes more than figures will count to its egotists, past and present. But egotism is like any other good thing in that when it passes its proper boundaries, it becomes an evil. The Mississippi river benefits the country through which it passes more than any other stream; still, in times of high water, when it overflows its banks and carries death and devastation through wide stretches of populous territory, it is about as harmful a thing as could well be imagined. The bank which marks the proper

* “*Sans peur et sans reproche*” (without fear and without reproach), a phrase applied by somebody to Chevalier Bayard.

extension of pride and egotism is the point where by going farther they would begin to encroach upon the rights, dignities, or sentiments, or feelings of other people. Thus far they should go, but no farther. A person who is puffed up with unreasonable pride, and is haughty and supercilious in his relations with others, is as contemptible on the one hand, as a person who has no mind of his own, but vacillates weakly from one opinion to another, from one counsel to another, is, on the other hand, pitiable.

But not only is this negative duty of abstaining from evil imposed upon us; we have also a corresponding positive duty to perform. There are a hundred occasions every day in the life of each of us, where the spirit of courtesy may properly be exhibited. Opportunities for great deeds of kindness do not often occur, but we need not wait for them. Great deeds make but a small part of the wonderful sum of existence. It is the little acts, unostentatiously performed, that so much sweeten our lives—the giving of a draught of fresh water, the proffer of an easy chair, the present of a bouquet of flowers, the soothing word and glance of sympathy in time of sorrow, the graceful sign of appreciation, all these and thousands more like them, increase human happiness many-fold.

A catholic love of humanity, and a genuine respect for its rights, is the only sound basis for good manners. A tender and pure regard for woman, added to this among men, furnishes all the spring and impulse

necessary for the best and finest forms of politeness. It is not necessary to go to the Latin peoples, with their traditions of art and their æsthetic culture; it is not necessary to see countries where classics are recognized and manners take the form and are shaped to the arbitrary rules of etiquette; it is not necessary to study manuals of social usage, or sit at the feet of Mr. Turveydrop, in order to learn good manners, provided a man thoroughly respect his fellow, and find himself possessed of that sentiment toward woman which makes her his ideal and idol. Without this respect and this love, there is nothing more hollow and worthless than fine manners. They become, in this case, simply the disguise of an egotist, more or less base and contemptible.

Everything that is called fashion and courtesy, humbles itself before the cause and fountain of honor, the creator of titles and dignities, namely, the heart of love. This is the royal blood, this the fire, which, in all countries and contingencies, will work after its kind and conquer and expand all that approaches it. This gives new meanings to every fact. This impoverishes the rich, suffering no grandeur but its own. What *is* rich? Are you rich enough to help anybody? to succor the unfashionable and the eccentric? rich enough to make the Canadian in his wagon, the itinerant with his consul's paper which commends him "To the charitable," the swarthy Italian with his few broken words of English, the lame pauper hunted by overseers from town to town, even the poor insane

or besotted wreck of man or woman, feel the noble exception of your presence and your house from the general bleakness and stoniness; to make such feel that they were greeted with a voice which made them both remember and hope? What is vulgar but to refuse the claim on acute and conclusive reasons? What is gentle, but to allow it, and give their heart and yours one holiday from the national caution? Without the rich heart, wealth is an ugly beggar. The King of Schiraz could not afford to be so bountiful as the poor Osman who dwelt at his gate. Osman had a humanity so broad and deep that although his speech was so bold and free with the Koran as to disgust all the dervishes, yet was there never a poor outcast, eccentric, or insane man, some fool who had cut off his beard, or who had been mutilated under a vow, or had a pet madness in his brain, but fled at once to him; that great heart lay there so sunny and hospitable in the center of the country, that it seemed as if the instinct of all sufferers drew them to his side. And the madness which he harbored he did not share. Is not this to be rich? this only to be rightly rich?

The truest politeness comes of sincerity. It must be the outcome of the heart, or it will make no lasting impression; for no amount of polish can dispense with truthfulness. The natural character must be allowed to appear freed of its singularities and asperities. Though politeness, in its best form, should, as Saint Francis de Sales says, resemble water — “best when

clearest, most simple, and without taste"—yet genius in a man will always cover many defects of manner, and much will be excused in the strong and original. Without genuineness and individuality, human life would lose much of its interest and variety, as well as its manliness and robustness of character. "In all the superior people I have met," says Emerson, "I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal?"

It is always a mark of gentleness to refrain from complaints about the insufficiency of accommodations furnished, or favors of any kind shown us, by others. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the Pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humor of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his pris-

oner to those that sent him, saying that no phlegm could be found that would burn him; for that in whatever condition, Basle remained the same courteous good-humored Basle. The legend says his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

POLITENESS.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get one a good name or to supply the want of it.

Manners are of more importance than laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law touches us but here and there, and now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe, corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine us, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation, like that of the air we breathe in. They give their whole form and color to our lives. According to their quality, they aid morals, they supply them, or they totally destroy them. A person could better eat with one who did not respect the truth or the laws, than with a sloven and unpresentable person. Moral qualities rule the world, but at short distances the senses are despotic. The manner of saying or of doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself, says Seneca. It was well said that a favor that was done harshly and with an ill-will, is a stony piece of bread: it is

necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in the going down.

The power of manners is incessant,—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, or wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare and draw people together; how in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey, and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power and beauty.

“In the year 1821,” says one gentleman, “I made, in London, in a spirit of wager, a very decisive and satisfactory experiment as to the effect of civil and courteous manners on people of various ranks and dispositions. There were in the place a number of young Americans, who frequently complained to me

of the neglect and rudeness experienced by them from citizens to whom they spoke in the streets. They asserted, in particular, that, as often as they requested directions to any point in the city, toward which they were proceeding, they either received an uncivil and evasive answer, or no answer at all. I told them that my experience on the same subject had been exceedingly different; that I had never failed to receive a civil reply to my questions—often communicating the information requested; and that I could not help suspecting that their failure to receive similar replies arose, in part at least, if not entirely, from the plainness, not to say bluntness, of their manner in making their inquiries. The correctness of this charge, however, they sturdily denied, asserting that their manner of asking for information was good enough for those to whom they addressed themselves. Unable to convince them by words of the truth of my suspicions, I proposed to them the following simple and conclusive experiment: Let us take together a walk of two or three hours in some of the public streets of the city. You shall yourselves designate to me the persons to whom I shall propose questions, and the subjects also to which the questions shall relate; and the only restriction imposed is, that no question shall be proposed to any one who shall appear to be greatly hurried, agitated, distressed, or in any other way deeply preoccupied in mind or body, and no one shall speak to the person questioned but myself. My proposition being accepted, out we sallied,

and to work we went: and I continued my experiment until my young friends surrendered at discretion, frankly acknowledging that my opinion was right, and theirs, of course, was wrong; and that, in our passage through life, courtesy of address and deportment may be made both a pleasant and powerful means to attain our ends and gratify our wishes.

“I put questions to more than twenty persons of every rank, from the high bred gentleman to the servant in livery, and received, in each instance, a courteous, and in most instances, a satisfactory reply. If the information asked for was not imparted, the individual addressed gave an assurance of his regret at being unable to communicate it. What seemed most to surprise my friends was, that the individual accosted by me almost uniformly imitated my own manner. If I uncovered my head, as I usually did in speaking to a man of ordinary appearance and breeding, he did the same in his reply; and when I touched my hat to a liveried coachman or waiting-man, his hat was immediately under his arm.” So much may be done, and such advantages gained, by simply avoiding coarseness and vulgarity, and being well-bred and agreeable. Nor can the case be otherwise. For the foundation of good breeding is good nature and good sense, two of the most useful and indispensable attributes of a well-constituted mind. Let it not be forgotten, however, that good breeding is not to be regarded as identical with politeness; a mistake which is too frequently, if not gen-

erally, committed. A person may be exceedingly polite without the much higher and more valuable accomplishment of good-breeding.

He who possesses, naturally or as an acquirement, this warm-hearted kindness of disposition is by it rendered dear to all with whom he has to do. His courtesy is repaid by courtesy; his consideration for others breeds consideration for him, his pleasant words are received by pleasant words, his cheerful smile mirrors itself in the laughing eyes of his neighbor; his whole life moves along with ten-fold less friction than that of the unsympathetic, or the discourteous man.

The essence of politeness is contained in the golden rule which bids us do unto others as we would that they should do unto us. Whatever treatment we can conceive of as likely to be unpleasant to us if we were the objects of it, let us avoid in all our intercourse with others. If we should not like to be maliciously slandered, let us not slander others, for their good name is as dear to them as ours is to us. If we should not like to be dishonestly dealt with, then let us not be dishonest toward others. If we find it disagreeable to be with persons who are continually complaining about this, that, or the other ache, pain, or inconvenience, by all means let us refrain from inflicting others with our woes. If we are not entertained by a recital of our companion's domestic affairs, let us remember that our history is not a whit less a bore to him.

If we do not enjoy an encounter with a boor, let us not be boorish with others. If, when traveling, we find it disagreeable to be compelled to stand, while someone else occupies a seat for himself and a seat for his luggage, let us not be guilty of a like selfish impropriety.

Moreover, the little marks of formal politeness prescribed by the usage of good society, ought not to be neglected. They are insignificant in themselves, but as tokens of respect, and evidences of good breeding, they are invaluable.

Manners are the shadows of virtues; the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow-creatures love and respect. If we strive to become, then, what we strive to appear, manners may often be rendered useful guides to the performance of our duties. It is stated that when Bismarck was young, he had a habit of speaking somewhat lightly of the king, calling him "Fritz." His father reprimanded him for this, and counseled him always to speak of his king with the utmost reverence, as in this way he would grow into a real feeling of reverence. This advice, it is said, he follows to this day. It is so with all of us in our intercourse with other people. If we accustom ourselves to speak politely, respectfully, and kindly to every one, we shall, after a while, find that we have unconsciously imbibed a sentiment of genuine respect and kindness for our fellow-men which will be of boundless advantage to us in many ways.

TRUTHFULNESS.



THE Athenians had a very high regard for truth. When Euripides, one of their favorite poets, presented his drama, "Hippolytus," to the public, he met a storm of opposition, on account of a well-known line in the piece :

"My tongue took an oath, but my mind is unsworn."

This attack upon the sacredness of oaths was so distasteful to them, that Socrates, though he was an intimate friend of Euripides, left the assembly in indignation, and the dramatist was publicly accused and tried for impiety.

Truthfulness is a requirement in all religions. A Spanish proverb calls truth God's daughter. "Of all duties," says Silvio Pellico, "the love of truth, with faith and constancy in it, ranks first and highest. Truth is God. To love God and to love truth are one and the same." "Nothing is beautiful but truth, and truth alone is lovely," says Boileau. There is planted in us an admiration of truth and of the person who tells it, and a corresponding dislike of lies and liars. Truth seems to be manly and brave, while a lie is a cowardly sneak.

But though the general duty to follow the truth is thus agreed upon by everybody, there is no subject more discussed in its applications. One branch of this discussion is upon the question: *Is it ever right to tell an untruth?*

MAY WE EVER FALSIFY?

An opinion which is quite common is that in cases where much good (unselfish good) can be accomplished by the falsehood, or much evil avoided by it, we may rightly make use of it. Thus, we may deceive a lunatic for the purpose of getting him to the asylum, or a criminal in order to prevent him from committing a crime, or to gain evidence against him after the crime is already committed; or we may falsify to a rash, headstrong person, to keep him from running into danger; or diplomats and soldiers may deceive for the good of the country they serve.

Rousseau has discussed the question at some length in his book, "Reveries du Promeneur Solitaire." Says he: "General and abstract truth is the most precious of all our goods. Without it man is blind; it is the eye of reason. By it man learns how to conduct himself, to be what he ought to be, to do what he ought to do, to tend toward his true end. Particular and individual truth is not always a good, it is sometimes an evil, very often an indifferent thing. The things which it is important to a man that he should know, and the knowledge of

which is necessary to his well-being, are not very numerous, but in whatever number they may be, they are a good which belongs to him, which he has a right to reclaim wherever he finds them, and of which one cannot deprive him without committing the most iniquitous of all robberies, because it is one of those goods common to all, the communication of which is no deprivation to him who gives it"; and: "To attribute falsely, to one's self or another, an act which can result in praise or blame, is to do an unjust thing; now, everything that, contrary to truth, wounds justice in any manner whatever, is a lie. There is the exact limit; but anything that, contrary to truth, does not interest justice in any way, is only fiction, and I confess that whoever reproaches himself with a pure fiction as a lie, has a conscience more delicate than mine." The conclusion he finally reaches is that it is indifferent whether we tell truth or untruth in matters of no consequence, as the story part of a novel, for instance, but that in all things of any importance whatever, the absolute truth must be told, regardless of the effect it may have. The moral of a novel must always be strictly pure and true.

Ruskin's ideas on the subject are more rigid. Here is what he says about it: "There are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain. We do not enough consider this; nor enough dread the slight and con-

tinual occasions of offense against her. We are too much in the habit of looking at falsehood in its darkest associations, and through the color of its worst purposes. That indignation which we profess to feel at deceit absolute, is indeed only at deceit malicious. We resent calumny, hypocrisy, and treachery, because they harm us, not because they are untrue. Take the detraction and the mischief from the untruth, and we are little offended by it; turn it into praise, and we may be pleased with it. And yet it is not calumny nor treachery that does the largest sum of mischief in the world; they are continually crushed, and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and softly spoken lie, the amiable fallacy, the patriotic lie of the historian, the provident lie of the politician, the zealous lie of the partisan, the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, that cast a black mystery over humanity. We thank any man who pierces this dark cloud as we would thank one who dug a well in a desert; happy that the thirst for truth still remains with us, even when we have wilfully left the fountains of it. It would be well if moralists less frequently confused the greatness of a sin with its unpardonableness. The two characters are altogether distinct. The greatness of a fault depends partly on the nature of the person against whom it is committed, partly upon the extent of its consequences. Its pardonableness depends, humanly speaking, on the degree of temptation to

it. One class of circumstances determines the weight of the attaching punishment; the other, the claim to remission of punishment: and since it is not always easy for men to estimate the relative weight, nor always possible for them to know the relative consequences, of crime, it is usually wise for them to quit the care of such nice distinctions, and to look to the other and clearer condition of *right* or *wrong*. We should esteem those faults worst which are committed under least temptation. I do not mean to diminish the blame of the injurious and malicious sin of the selfish and deliberate falsity; yet it seems to me that the shortest way to check the darker forms of deceit is to set a watch more scrupulous against those which have mingled, unregarded and unchastised, with the current of our life. Do not let us lie at all. Do not think of one falsity as harmless, and another as slight, and another as unintended. Cast them all aside; they may be light and accidental; but they are an ugly soot from the smoke of the pit, for all that; and it is better that our hearts should be swept clean of them, without overcare as to which is largest or blackest. Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit, and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit."

But whatever opinion may be entertained of this (and it is a question which every one ought to settle for himself, and then act upon his conclusion), I think

it will be granted by most readers that the truth need not always be told. We are obliged by the principles of right to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth; but certainly there are many times when we should not tell the whole truth. There are cases where we have the right to be silent. "Falsehood and delusion are allowed in no case whatever, but, as in the exercise of all the virtues, there is an economy of truth. It is a sort of temperance by which a man speaks truth with measure, that he may speak it the longer."

EVIL SPEAKING.

It is not always necessary to feed one's companions on unpalatable truths. Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in "speaking their minds." A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behavior, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend or made his fortune. The rule is plain and simple. If we cannot speak well of an acquaintance or friend, let us keep silent. If we cannot say something calculated to cheer, gladden, and delight, let us at least not pursue a contrary course. Our duty is to afford as much pleasure, and to produce as much good, as we can in the world; and if our means, with reference to these subjects, be limited, we should at least endeavor to restrain the evil propensities of our nature, to curb and control the demons of scandal,

jealousy, ill-will, and all uncharitableness. We all have infirmities and failings enough. We all require the exercise of generosity and forbearance. Our imperfections, though invisible to ourselves, may be quite glaring to others. When, therefore, we indulge a spirit of generous and charitable forbearance in relation to the errors of the rest of the world, we, in some degree, at least, entitle ourselves to a similar judgment with reference to our own. Nothing is ever lost by kindness and charity. No heart is pained, no sensibility is wounded, by words of courtesy, benevolence, and good breeding; while a rash word, a violent expression, a hasty or an unhappy remark, may inflict a keen pang, may cause a wound that will fester and rankle for years.

The self-constituted censor of his neighbor's doings is a universal plague. He is ubiquitous, living in every neighborhood. He is comparatively a harmless creature, though he does do damage, but he is a very disagreeable one. He wrongs others to some extent, but he wrongs himself more; for he is be-littleing himself instead of making his nature larger, stronger, and finer. He is training himself badly, for fault-finding is a very "school for slander."

Because our neighbor has committed some foolish act which would render him ridiculous in the eyes of all who might know of it, or because he has been guilty of some piccadillo or other, is no reason why we should go about telling it, even though we do not in the slightest degree pass the boundaries of

truth in our version of the affair. We have no right to injure anybody's good name without cause. His good name is his most precious possession, worth more to him than all the wealth of the western mines could be. The thought that we ourselves are not free from sinful and ridiculous traits of character, ought to make us very tolerant of others, and charitable in dealing with their faults.

There is, however, one case in which we ought to be as bold and decided in telling the evil that we know of a man, as we ought generally to be considerate in keeping it to ourselves; that is when he is trying to impose upon the world or upon any individual. If we knew that a man were seeking an opportunity to injure or defraud another, it would be our duty without doubt or hesitation to expose his plans and put the party in danger upon his guard. Again, if a man whom we knew to be habitually dishonest, or otherwise unworthy of trust, were seeking an office, in the integrity of whose occupant the public is obliged to confide, unquestionably we should be guilty of neglect of duty if we did not communicate to the public the facts in our possession. Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence. "He who conceals a useful truth," says Augustine, "is equally guilty with the propagator of an injurious falsehood."

Further than this we need never go. There are few things which cause more trouble in the world than the gossip and slander of meddling people.

No community is free from these nuisances. They are the foulest harpies that ever gorged themselves at a stolen banquet. They pollute everything they touch. No character is too pure for them to fasten their filthy claws in. No reputation is so spotless that they may not slime it over with their lying words. Their noses are keener than any crow's. Their faces are flabby and flaccid, and greasy from long feeding at unholy swinish feasts. Their eyes have a wry twist from peeping slyly around corners and through cracks to see what goes on behind private walls. They are more shameless than Peeping Tom, of Coventry. Would that their eyes, like his, might be shriveled into darkness in their heads. It would be but meager punishment for the evil they have done, the reputations they have blasted, the families they have broken up, the tears they have caused.

There is a proverb which says that "it takes two to make a bargain." So we may say, it takes two to make a slander. No person can retail slanders unless some one else will listen to him. The one who listens is little less guilty than the one who tells.

"Slander meets no regard from noble minds;
Only the base believe what the base only utter,"

says somebody. Plautus declares that if he could have the decision of the matter, the men who carry about and those who listen to accusations should all be hanged, the carriers by their tongues and the listeners by their ears.

FLATTERY.

How debasing a habit flattery is, has been spoken of before. No man of independence and spirit will ever suffer himself to become a flatterer, the thing is too base, too ignoble for him to stoop to it. "It is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him." But flattery would be comparatively a venial offense if it harmed no one else than him who uses it. It is also a most deadly thrust at the mental integrity of him who is the object of it. It leaves a very dangerous impression. It swells a man's imagination, entertains his vanity, and drives him to a doting upon his own person. One of the characteristics of David Garrick, the great actor, was thus mentioned by Goldsmith in his "Retaliation":

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came;
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish grown callous almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please."

EXAGGERATION.

One of the commonest tendencies of persons who do not sufficiently reverence the truth, is that toward exaggeration, or in other words, "stretching the story." Is not truth the sublimest thing in the world? What need is there that we should deck it in the tinsel of

exaggeration, and thereby destroy its vitality. The superlative degree does not add power to a statement when habitually used; it is only an element of weakness. The simple truth in speech stands out in plain grandeur, like the Doric column in architecture. The superlative degree in language should be reserved to express the superlative degree in things. Instead of which, it is generally used upon insignificant things, in a vain attempt to bring them up to a sort of general level of importance. How foolish! Are not the Alps finer than the dead level of the Sahara? A mountain needs a valley to set it off. Mount Everest, set into the midst of a plateau two thousand nine hundred feet high, would seem but a very small hill. So the grandest truth of the universe, surrounded by high-sounding but empty phrases, loses its force, and seems but a folly among follies. Let those things that are trivial remain trivial, that those which are great may not be dwarfed of their greatness.

He who habitually exaggerates, loses all credit for truthfulness, and people learn to listen to what he says with a grain of allowance, to divide it, as it were, by two, or five, or ten. So that whenever he does have something of real importance to tell, no one will believe him, and he is thus the loser by his desire to be sensational.

It is not always easy to tell the exact truth. To hear accurately and then to tell just what you have heard, no more and no less, is a task requiring a

degree of attention and intelligence possessed by comparatively few. To illustrate to his school the necessity of absolute precision in the statement of words, and the difficulty of acquiring it, a gentleman selected from the high school six of the most capable boys, whose average age was, perhaps, seventeen years. He explained the experiment he was about to make, and desired them to give it their close attention, in order, if possible, to repeat the words he was about to give them. The plan was to show number one a short sentence written on a piece of paper, which he was requested to memorize and whisper to number two, who, in turn, was to communicate it to number three, and so on, till the last of the six should receive it, and write it upon the blackboard. The boys were anxious to prove that they could tell a straight story when they applied their minds to it, especially, since a failure on this trial would show them to be inaccurate, and consequently unreliable in all ordinary statements, where no unusual efforts were made to report correctly. The following sentence was prepared for the trial: "Maternal affection is an instinct which most animals possess in common with man." After each boy had communicated the sentence to his neighbor, the last one wrote the following as his version: "Maternal affection is an instinct which all animals possess except man." A comparison of these two sentences proves that it is a difficult feat of memory to repeat, even under favorable circumstances, any words uttered by another. Since

these boys, selected for their smartness, accustomed to give attention as pupils, anxious to show their ability to hear exactly, and repeat accurately, failed to make a true report of eleven words, how much more liable must ordinary persons be, under circumstances less favorable, to report incorrectly the precise words in a given conversation. A change of two or three words in the above experimental sentence, makes the last boy state the very reverse of the sentiment expressed by the first one. How absurd it is to suppose that persons generally can reproduce the exact language of others, and how exceedingly cautious we should be in giving, or in receiving, statements claiming to be so accurate.

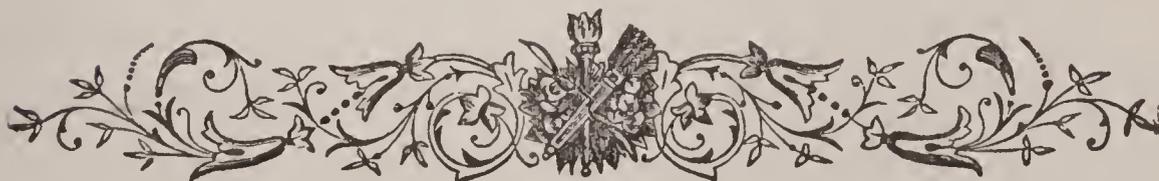
But hard as it is to speak and act always the exact truth, it is well worth the trouble to do so. Truth is one of the brightest and purest of the moral jewels of our nature. It not only illustrates, but it adorns and dignifies. It is, indeed, invaluable in almost every respect in which it may be considered. The true man, one whose word may always be relied upon, is deservedly esteemed and respected by all who know him; and the weight of his opinion cannot but exercise a high moral influence in every intelligent circle. It has been well and wisely contended that "truth lies at the very foundation of the really virtuous character." It is the keystone of the arch. It inspires confidence; and in its absence, every other element of purity is deprived of a portion of its beauty and strength. No truly great or good man ever lived

in whom this trait was not prominent. Truth is the brightest jewel in the young man's crown. He that is unwilling to prevaricate, to misrepresent, to garble, to pervert; he that scorns to deceive, and with a modest frankness and a manly firmness always speaks the simple truth, commends himself at once to the respect and admiration of the truly wise and virtuous. An individual may be a perfect novice in business, may not possess brilliant talents, may be awkward in person and unpolished in manners; but let it be known that he is a truthful man, that there is no deception, no falsehood, about him, that he comes directly to the mark in all he says, and that his word is never to be doubted, and he will have a sure passport to the confidence of the community; and he who can command confidence, can also command success. On the other hand, let an individual be attractive in person, accomplished in manners, marked by energy, enterprise, talent, and tact, but let him at the same time be addicted to falsehood, and the effect will be to create distrust, excite suspicion, to destroy hope, and to impair prospects.

The following anecdote illustrates the value of a reputation for truthfulness, and the confidence reposed in one who has such a reputation. Just as the civil war commenced, soldiers were enlisting and going away from almost every home in the land. A young man had volunteered, and was expecting daily to be ordered to the seat of war. One day his mother gave him an unpaid bill, with the money, and asked

him to pay it. When he returned home at night, she said: "Did you pay that bill?" "Yes," he answered. In a few days the bill was sent in a second time. "I thought," she said to her son, "that you paid this." "I really don't remember, mother, you know I've had so many things on my mind." "But you said you did." "Well," he answered, "if I said I did, I did." He went away, and his mother took the bill herself to the store. The young man had been known in the town all his life, and what opinion was held of him the result will show. "I am quite sure," she said, "that my son paid this some days ago; he has been very busy since, and has quite forgotten about it, but he told me that he had that day, and says, if he said then that he had, he is quite sure that he did." "Well," said the man, "I forget about it, but if he ever said he did, he did." How much such a reputation would be worth to a man in business, may perhaps be imagined.

"Truth informs the judgment, rectifies the mind,
Pleases the understanding, makes the will
Submit, the mem'ry, too, it doth fill
With what doth our imaginations please;
Likewise it tends our troubles to appease."



CHARITY.



MAN needs to have his soul warmed by contact with helpless beings. If he met nothing weaker than himself, his sympathies would wither away, "the milk of human kindness" in him would all dry up, and he would indeed be spiritually, a poor starving creature. To give aid of any kind to anybody who needs it, is an act which strengthens one, and fills him with a peculiarly joyous feeling. Truly, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." There is scarcely anything else that can produce such unmixed happiness as the doing of good to a fellow man in distress. Every act of that kind seems to leave a residuum of goodness and kindness in our hearts; and accordingly in all religions generosity has been one of the prominent sentiments. The most beautiful trait in the character of the Mohammedan Arabians is their almost boundless generosity. Their history is full of examples of it, which it would be hard to match in the history of any other race of people. The ancient Jews had a saying that a man could purchase Paradise with a cup of cold water, so highly did they value charity and hospitality.

"Charity is a universal duty," says Dr. Johnson,

“which it is in every man’s power to practice; since every degree of assistance given to another, upon proper motives, is an act of charity; and there is scarcely any man in such a state of imbecility as that he may not, on some occasions, benefit his neighbor. He that cannot relieve the poor may instruct the ignorant; and he that cannot attend the sick may reclaim the vicious. He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by influencing the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow. The widow that shall give her mite to the treasury, the poor man who shall bring to the thirsty a cup of cold water, shall not lose their reward.” “A poor man,” say the Orientals, “with a single handful of flowers, heaped the alms-bowl of Buddha, which the rich could not fill with ten thousand bushels.”

WHEN AND HOW TO GIVE.

But necessary and lovely as generous charity is, there are times when it is out of place. There is a proverb which says that “Charity should begin at home”; and the maxim, though it has been frequently abused, is a true one. Our families and our creditors have the first claim upon us. We should never get too good to be just. When our debts are all paid, and those dependent upon us are all properly cared for, is the time for outside charity to begin,

or, at least, it ought not to be carried to any considerable extent before that time.

The neglect of this principle was one of the great defects of Oliver Goldsmith's character. The money given him by his friends to enable him to obtain a professional education was given away to others, and wasted in riotous living. For a number of years he lived a vagabond life, either wandering about over Europe in the guise of a strolling musician, or living by hook or crook in London. And after his reputation had been firmly established by "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and other pieces, and he was able to obtain large prices for whatever he might write, so great was his extravagance and his generosity that he was always in financial distress, living in discomfort, and dying ten thousand dollars in debt. With great abilities and troops of friends, he might, by only a moderate exercise of judgment, have lived in comfort and happiness, and been respected as well as loved. As it was, he was rendered miserable by his very excess of amiability.

There is another way in which we should limit our charity, and that is by the character of the one who asks for aid. Begging has always been a favorite resort for the lazy and improvident. It is a regular trade and is said to be not an unprofitable one. It is hard of course to say "No" to a person, especially a child or a woman, who puts on a pitiful face and begs to be relieved from starvation, or extreme suffering. But to encourage degraded idleness and

extravagance is certainly wrong, and in very many cases that is the only effect which a gift to these people will have. So far as is possible, a person ought to investigate the petitions for relief which come to him, and then give or withhold his aid, according to the worthiness or unworthiness of the petitioner. This process involves expenditure of time and trouble, but its performance (when it does not conflict with some higher duties) is a duty which we owe to the world, to the person asking assistance, and to ourselves. We owe it to the world, because the welfare of society demands that all its members shall be engaged in some useful work. We owe it to the person, because otherwise we might be in danger of refusing aid to some one worthy of it. We owe it to ourselves as a matter of protection against impostors.

The numerous benevolent associations and other modern means of systematically alleviating the condition of the poor, are deserving of all praise and support. Having large amounts of money at their disposal, and making charity a business to be conducted upon business principles, they are able to cover the field of want much more thoroughly than could possibly be done by unorganized individual effort alone. They reach a great many cases that private benevolence could not. Notwithstanding all this, it is desirable that every man should be to a great extent his own bestower of alms. Half the blessedness of giving is lost, if we give indirectly.

We need to come into close contact with the squalid wretchedness of the poor. It is only thus that we can get the full personal benefit from our alms-giving. Our souls are made richer by knowing for ourselves the misery which exists, and having our sympathies excited by it, and by the gentle glow of feeling which follows every good action. It does not help us nearly so much to give to associations for the remote distribution of aid.

Alms should be given cheerfully and pleasantly, as if the whole heart went with them, and not grudgingly, with an air that seems to say they are given only for the purpose of getting rid of a disagreeable person. The pleasant word that shows a genuine good-will, often helps the poor heart more than any material assistance could do, while an abundant gift, gruffly given, carries with it a poison which counterbalances any good it might otherwise do. Let us never be harsh or unkind toward those people who may be unfortunate enough to need help from us; a pleasant word costs nothing, and it never fails to do good.

“When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth,” was one of the injunctions of that never to be equaled “Sermon on the Mount.” Too large a portion of our charity is done to be seen of man. The poor that surround us are neglected; perhaps our neighbor’s children go with bare feet because he is unable to buy shoes for them; perhaps the family of the man who does odd chores

for us have never known the pleasure of eating a good meal in a warm, pleasant room; there may be in our immediate neighborhood some one sick and unable to procure the services of a physician, for lack of money. We may know of all this, and yet pass it carelessly and heartlessly by. To relieve these necessities would probably bring us no honor before the world. Probably no one would ever hear of our act. But when the solicitor calls with his paper, asking money for some fanciful cause, we give freely. Why? People will see our name upon the paper, and praise us for our generosity. But that act bears no relation to charity; it is merely an outgrowth of our desire for praise, and the bookkeeper above will give us no credit for it. Give for the benefit of the needy, not the newspapers and the gossips. Somebody has said that the common practice of keeping all we have through life, and at death leaving the bulk of it to found some institution which shall bear the name of the giver, is the worst form of selfishness. If not exactly the worst form of selfishness, it certainly is not the highest form of generous charity.

In order to derive the fullest and purest pleasure, as well as the most spiritual benefit, from our charity, we should give freely, cheerfully, unostentatiously, and in such ways, times, and places as we think will lead to the most real good. And, then, how intense and how pure is the joy we may get from it, only he knows whose name is blessed in the humble abodes of the needy poor about him.

FORGIVENESS AND TOLERANCE.

Charity shows itself not only in a spirit of helpfulness to those who are poor in this world's goods, but also in a readiness to forgive injuries which we may have received from others, and in a disposition to be tolerant of those whose opinions differ from our own, and to be gentle and lenient in our dealings with offenders of all kinds. This broadness of view, this thorough understanding of our own nature and its weak parts, will doubtless arouse the same sentiments in others. Human nature is about the same everywhere, and in times of trial and temptation it is exceedingly apt to give way. Sinlessness is proof of virtue only when it has been maintained in the midst of temptation. Oh, you who have always been cradled in the lap of luxury, who have lived surrounded by all the influences that refine and ennoble, who have never known the insidious wiles of the tempter when he comes hid in the cloak of duty to loved ones, point not the finger of scorn at your more hardly-entreated brother. Shun not his presence. Throw round him your pitying arm; relieve his necessity, remove his temptation, and strive to strengthen him against its recurrence. Remember that in his place you might have been as weak as he.

Lack of charity for the opinions of others has been one of the world's greatest curses. It is the ugliest blot in the history of humanity. Only two or three

centuries ago, the soil of England and France was reddened with the blood of religious offenders. "The Reformation" was accomplished only after a long series of bitter persecutions and civil wars.

After a terrible politico-religious war had been waged for eight years in France, between the Huguenots and the Catholics, there was a short peace of two years, and then on St. Bartholomew's day, 1572, the Catholics of France rose against their Protestant brothers and in one day there fell, victims to religious hatred, of Huguenots, to a number which is variously estimated at from thirty thousand to seventy thousand. And this dreadful massacre was applauded by the Pope of the time, who proclaimed a year of jubilee to celebrate this so-called victory of the church.

The change of religion in England brought about almost as much misery as in France. During the reigns of Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth, England was the scene of constant religious persecution, now of the Catholics and now of the Protestants, the severest punishments being inflicted upon those who dissented from the established religion. Nor did the trouble end when the supremacy of protestantism was finally established. The hatred and warfare between different sects of the new religion was as bitter as it had formerly been between Catholics and Protestants, until finally the people grew tired of the sickening outrages, and a much more tolerant feeling arose in the world.

But even now, though bodily toleration is granted

to persons whose doctrines are unpopular, mental and social toleration is not. If a man avows his adherence to opinions very radically differing from those of his neighbors, he is almost sure to be banished from their homes. Our minds are not yet capacious enough to accommodate the whole of a question. We can look only upon one side of it. We are lawyers who investigate a subject only with a view of finding arguments to confirm an opinion already asserted, not judges whose purpose is to arrive at the exact truth. This is surely a defect in our mental habits, and one which we should sedulously strive to remedy. There is room enough inside the pales of truth for a great many opinions which appear contradictory. All truth cannot be penned up in one formula or one set of ideas. It is a weakness, then, for us to insist upon the absolute and complete truth of some favorite dogma and to quarrel with all other opinions. The strongest man would perceive and gladly recognize whatever of truth any doctrine might contain, and look upon the rest with toleration, as being merely absence of truth—just as darkness is only absence of light and not any active principle in itself. And if he saw himself forced to combat any idea, he would confine his warfare to the doctrine, not extending it to the person who happened to believe it.

Why should two men be personally hostile merely because they hold conflicting opinions upon certain subjects? There is little more sense in quarreling with a man because his opinions contradict our own,

than in fighting him because his nose is pug while our own is hooked, or because he is hunch-backed, while we are only club-footed. A man's Republicanism, or Democracy, or Methodism, or Catholicism, or whatever ism he may adhere to, is as much a part of his individuality as his nose and his hair, and should be as much respected, and as little a cause of personal controversy with him. Let us, then, live together in peace and harmony, and look upon doctrines as things to be studied and thought about, but not to be quarreled over.

Who has not committed error? Who has not strayed away from high principle, unwavering rectitude, and the lofty standard of perfection? And yet who would not revolt at the idea of having the door of forgiveness closed against him—of being doomed to suffer, no matter how deep his contrition, or how severe his penalty or regret, remorse and punishment? A penitent should ever be welcomed again to the fold of virtue. If, in the first place, he found himself unable to resist the temptations of his position in the world, if despite his convictions to the contrary, he nevertheless went astray and kept astray for years, the effort by which he at last recovered himself, and asserted his supremacy of the moral and right over the immoral and wrong, must have been a vigorous and a noble one. He deserves credit therefor; and, if sincere, should not only be taken by the hand freely and willingly, but the darkness of his past character should be blotted forever from

the memory. We should forget, if possible, and assuredly we should forgive.

“In taking revenge,” said Lord Bacon in his inimitable way; “a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior, for it is a prince’s part to pardon. And Solomon, I am sure, saith, ‘It is the glory of a man to pass by an offense.’ That which is past, is gone, and irrevocable; and wise men have enough to do, with things present and to come; therefore, they do but trifle with themselves, that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong’s sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong, merely out of ill nature, why? Yet it is but like the thorn, or briar, which prick, and scratch, because they can do no other.”

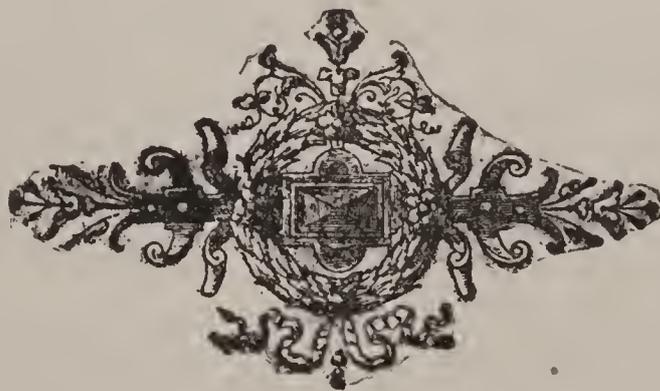
Charity commands that we should not take revenge for any wrongs done us, but should forgive all injuries in a spirit of love and gentleness. Pride commands the same thing, for to avenge an injury is to put ourselves on a level with the offender, while to forgive it is to raise ourselves above it and the doer of it. An enlightened self-interest will also move to the same result; for, as Lord Bacon says in the essay quoted above, “A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Vindictive persons live the life

of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they unfortunately." Anger and hatred are always and inevitably uncomfortable feelings, and we had best be rid of them as soon as possible. But nursing them only makes them so much the stronger, and in consequence so much the more painful. Besides, there is a great positive pleasure in calmly forgiving an injury. "Nothing is more moving to man," says Jean Paul, "than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified, are not too costly, being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness, and the archangel who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the seaworm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl."

When Louis, Duke of Orleans, came upon the throne of France with the title of Louis XII., he commenced his reign by forgiving all his enemies, though he had now the power to punish them, saying that "it did not become the King of France to resent the injuries of the Duke of Orleans." The act was a noble one, and it won him the admiration of all classes of people. Says Laurence Sterne: "The brave only know how to forgive; it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; cowards have even fought, nay, sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgave—it is not in his nature; the

power of doing it flows only from a strength and greatness of soul conscious of its own force and security; and, above all, the little temptations of resisting every fruitless attempt to interrupt its happiness."

The duty of Christian forgiveness does not require you, nor are you allowed to look on injustice, or any other faults, with indifference, as if it were nothing wrong at all, merely because it is you that have been wronged. But even where we cannot but censure, in a moral point of view, the conduct of those who have injured us, we should remember that such treatment as may be very fitting for them to receive may be very unfitting for us to give. An old Spanish writer, says: "to return evil for good is devilish; to return good for good is human; but to return good for evil is Godlike."





DUTIES IN THE RELATIONSHIPS OF HOME.



PERHAPS the most important and widest-reaching of all the duties which constantly bear upon us in this world, are those which arise from the nature and relationships of our homes. A combination of instincts and circumstances, some of which we hold in common with the lower animals, and some of which are higher, and quite peculiar to ourselves, make A HOME essential to our well-being and happiness.

It is the central spot of earth about which lodge three fourths of the pleasant or the sorrowful memories and hopes of life. The tendrils of the youthful heart wrap themselves around it so tightly that not the shock of years or the deadening strain of distance can pull them away. There is no other so charmed word in the English language as that little word, home. There is no other song that can thrill the soul with such power, and

can so surely melt the stony heart to tears, as that sweet song of home which was written out of the life-blood of its author, when, wandering homeless and poor, in the streets of foreign cities, he gazed with an unspeakable yearning across the wild waste of waters, toward the sunny southern home of his childhood. Home is where Mother lived, and Father, and Sister, and Brother. Home is where, "in the heart of June," we lay for hours, looking up into the calm blue sky, and building our lofty plans for the future. Home was the scene of a thousand delightful occurrences that never happen anywhere else, and never could happen anywhere else. Will Carleton used to say, in one of his lectures, that heaven and earth were united by a golden chain, and that every link of that golden chain was a home.

In Goethe's beautiful drama, "Iphigenie auf Tauris," the poet introduces the priestess Iphigenie thus soliloquizing in a forest of the foreign country which fate has compelled her to adopt as a home:

"Among your gloomy shades, ye waving tops
Of the old and holy, thick-embowered woods,
As to the Goddess' quiet sanctuary,
E'en yet I come with trembling awe,
As if I entered them the first time now:
Nor grows my soul accustomed to this place,
So many years a lofty will, to which
I am resigned, hath kept me hidden here;
Yet from the first a stranger have I been.
For, ah! beyond the sea are those I love,
And on the shore I stand the long day through,
My spirit looking for its Grecian home;

And for my sighs the wave brings only back
 Its hollow tones that howl into my ear.
 Alas for him who from his kindred far
 Drags on his lonely life! His nearest joy
 Grief sudden snatches from his lips away.
 His thoughts are ever roaming off toward
 His father's halls, where first the sun spread out
 Before him heaven's beauteous expanse,
 Where equal-aged playmates strong and stronger
 Bands of love bound round each other's hearts."

To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition; the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts the prosecution.

"There is a land, of every land the pride,
 Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
 Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
 And milder moons emparadise the night;
 A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
 Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
 The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
 Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
 Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
 In every clime the magnet of his soul,
 Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
 For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
 The heritage of nature's noblest race,
 There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
 A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
 Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
 His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
 While in his softened looks benignly blend
 The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
 Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home."

The permanency of a home, and the closeness with which its members are bound together, make it extremely necessary, even from a selfish point of view, that all the duties connected with it be uniformly observed, and that nothing be neglected which can in anyway contribute to purify and sweeten domestic life. If those who must be so constantly and immediately associated with one another for so long a term of years, do not make any effort to avoid the petty jealousies and quarrels that are likely to arise at any time; if they do not practice the many virtues that tend to lessen the sorrows of home life and increase its joys; home will become a foretaste of purgatory, rather than the blessed place of which we have spoken. We may sum up all the principal home duties in three words: honesty, kindness, and patience. Let these three words be sunk deep into the heart of every member of a home, and it will be the blesseddest spot on earth, the place from which every one will be reluctant to part, and to which, when absent, he will long to return.

There are different steps or stages in the development of homes, from the rosy Spring of life, when the

youth are laying their first plans for the future, on past the Summer and harvest time, to the season of the Autumn and the sere and yellow leaf. Out of each stage grow peculiar forms of the duties already named. The following analysis gives a simple, yet very complete showing of the different periods in the history of a home, and the chief branches of duty in each.

Duties in the Relationships of Home.	Of Lover and Sweetheart.	{ Proper Choice of Persons. Love. Mutual Honesty.
	Of Husband and Wife.	{ Fidelity and Honesty. Patience. Continued Affection. Sharing Cares and Joys. Mutual Kindness.
	Of Parents and Children	{ Education of Head and Heart. Mutual Respect. Discipline. Mutual Love and Kindness.
	Of Brothers and Sisters.	{ Forbearance and Kindness Love and Unity.
	Of Masters and Servants.	{ Respect and kindness of employers. Obedience and Faithfulness. Honesty of Employes.
	Of Teachers and Pupils.	{ The Teacher's Work. Character Building. Discipline. Mutual Kindness and Respect.

LOVER AND SWEETHEART.



COURTSHIP is the halcyon time of life. The winds seem to blow balmier than at any other time; the skies wear a softer blue; the sunsets are more gorgeous and the moonlight is purer; the brook sings a sweeter song as it dances along over its pebbly bed; everything is hallowed by the presence of youth, buoyant spirits, and uncrushed hopes. Where is the graybeard who does not think the birds were gayer, and the flowers brighter fifty years ago than now? When he was young the very trees sympathized with his love and sighed the name of his mistress; they don't do that now, they only howl when the wind whistles through them, and too often send a chill to his soul. But when he forgets the harshness of a stern, earnest life, which lies between his present and the days of his youth, his heart melts in sympathy with the joyous young hearts of to-day, and he becomes himself almost young again.

Love is the most powerful branch of the Sensibilities (see page 254 and 272) in this, that no perfect human being ever lived but was at some period of his life largely governed by this universal senti-



YOUNG BYRON AND MISS CHAWORTH.

ment. It is safe to say that with the majority of people it may make or mar their lives.

Much of the bitterness and recklessness of spirit which shows itself in Byron's writings was due to the unhappy state of his affections. His first and purest love, that for Miss Chaworth, was doomed to disappointment. The lady's uncle, who was also her guardian, on account of an old quarrel between the two families refused to allow the young Lord to pay his attentions to the maiden, and succeeded in turning her heart away from him. He married another some years afterward, but the world is familiar with the story of their unhappiness and separation. It is true there were some other causes (notably one, a vicious tempered mother) for Byron's sad career; but had he been more fortunate in his love attachments, his life might have borne more worthy fruits, and had a far different ending.

Love has been the most fruitful subject and cause of poetry from the time of ancient Sappho, down to that greatest love poet of all, Tom Moore. It would take a large library to hold all the poems that lovers have written out of their passion. Our own age and country furnishes two or three remarkable examples of books that were written as offerings at the altar of love.

It is said that we owe "Innocents Abroad" to circumstances such as these: Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) went to Europe with an excursion party, and during the trip a mutual affection grew

up between him and an accomplished lady, daughter of a wealthy citizen of a town in New York. Clemens was fresh from the wild society of the Rocky Mountains and Mississippi River, and as might naturally be expected, was somewhat rough in action and speech. He had little means of support aside from his pen, and the father of the young lady judged him a not very desirable person to be introduced as a son into the family of a gentleman of wealth and culture; hence his suit was rejected. But he determined to make himself worthy of the lady of his love, and to show his worthiness. In pursuance of this twofold idea, he corrected his habits, and wrote "Innocents Abroad," a most spirited and witty account of his foreign tour. It only remains to be added that he was successful; he had some fame already as a writer, and this book made for him both an enduring name and some money; and he received from the old gentleman, not only his bride, but a beautiful home.

Another case yet more romantic and beautiful, is that of Longfellow. In 1842 Miss Frances Appleton was traveling in Europe with her father. In the same year, Professor Longfellow was in Germany. He was then about thirty-five years old, professor of modern languages and belles-lettres in Harvard University. Mr. Longfellow became deeply enamored of Fannie Appleton. He was a man of fine personal appearance, with rare attainments in European culture, to which he had devoted several years of travel and study, and he had already a fame as a poet not confined to

America. But still his suit did not thrive. If not absolutely rejected, he was not an accepted lover. Both returned to America. Mr. Longfellow published his romance of "Hyperion," in which he told the story his love—he being his own hero, under the name of Paul Flemming; the heroine, Mary Ashburton, representing Miss Appleton. One of the prettiest bits of wooing in our language is that where Paul Flemming makes known his love for Mary Ashburton. They are sitting on a bank in a meadow near an old German castle; the lady has her sketch-book and is making a drawing of the ruins; she inquires if there is not some strange history or tradition connected with the locality, and he tells her he will furnish one for her. She laughingly says she will be pleased to listen to it. Paul proceeds to tell her a story of a lonely student who once occupied a room in this castle and delighted only in books, till he saw the beautiful Hermione, when his studies no longer satisfied his heart. Hermione refused to listen to him; and he begged fate to take away his memory that he might no longer think of her. But at the last he could not bear to part with his remembrances of Hermione; and, though she would not love him, he refused to take her image out of his heart. At this point Paul discovers to Mary that she is herself the Hermione of his story, and Paul is himself the devoted but unhappy student.

Longfellow did not give up his unsuccessful suit, but followed Miss Appleton to her home in Pittsfield;

and no lady who has read either "Hyperion" or "Kavanagh," his two books inspired by this courtship, will blame the heroine for at last yielding to so earnest a lover.

Courtship is not only the most blissful, but, perhaps, also the most serious period of life. It is the first step toward the making of a home. Its effects must remain with us to the grave, attuning our lives to pleasure or pain. It is a step which is very hard to retrace, and which, even if retraced, will leave impressions which can never be rubbed out. It is of the utmost importance, then, that the step should be wisely taken, that the effects may be pleasant, and that there may be no footprints which we could desire to efface.

PROPER CHOICE OF PERSONS.

Aside from mental qualifications, there is one matter which must be considered before taking the marriage vow, and before entering upon that courtship period which is preliminary to marriage, and that is health. It is one of Nature's laws that a parent's health or disease is inherited by his children, and it may be very seriously questioned whether we have any right to bring into the world children who must be cursed with pain and suffering throughout their lives, or who are more likely than not to be left in helpless orphanage while they are yet infants. Consumptives, scrofulous persons, and persons with hereditary tendency to in-

sanity, should carefully consider this before marriage. It has already been said in the chapter on Bodily Nature (page 39), that mental and moral as well as physical tendencies are inherited. Somewhere I have read the history of four generations of a certain family. The father was a drunkard; the son inherited these tendencies, and was also a drunkard; the grandson was sober, but was melancholy and semi-idiotic, and, I believe, committed suicide; the great grandson again was a drunkard. Some years ago a wealthy and popular physician near Joliet, Illinois, happy in his domestic relations, suicided without apparent cause; his father, under like circumstances, had done the same thing before him.

Hence, persons whose lives have been such as to bring disease of any kind upon them, or to taint their moral natures, should, in justice to the world, refrain from matrimony, and not marry, to leave behind them a weak-brained, weak-nerved, weak-bodied posterity.

In guarding the matter of health it is not meant, however, that we must go to work with phrenological and physiological line and rule to determine who would be the best fitted to mate with us. The color of the eyes and hair, the size and figure,—these things will generally take care of themselves in accordance with the laws of nature. But we must watch the mental temperament, tastes, habits, birth, aspirations and external circumstances, and see to it that they are in harmony.

Whittier's farmer says that

“Love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.
Itself its best excuse, it asks
No leave of pride or fashion
When silken zone or homespun frock
It stirs with throbs of passion.”

Sometimes indeed, this is true, but not often. It is not usual for a woman who has been bred in the midst of luxury and refinement to live in harmony and content with a husband who must win their daily bread, and coarse bread at that, by the veritable sweat of his brow. “Silken zone” and “homespun frock” go together very nicely in pastoral poetry, but in practice they do not, as a rule, continue long in their dove-like billing and cooing; though, to the honor of human nature be it said, they sometimes do. Wealth, station and habit are real things in the world, things which wield a tremendous power, and it is well not to oppose them except with the keenest and strongest weapons. It is better not to risk the experiment, for life-long misery is consequent upon failure in it. It is wiser not to bring home to your humble cottage a wife accustomed to the comfort and splendor of a mansion, for seldom do we find strength of mind and heart sufficient to bear up carefully under the hardships necessarily attending the change of circumstances. And on the other hand, if you are wealthy, you can generally do better than to bring home as mistress of your house a woman to whom surround-

ings such as yours are strange, and who will not be able to sustain the dignity of your household, and move with grace in the society into which her new position will lead her. Goethe's marriage with Christiane Vulpius is thought to have caused him a great many unhappy hours. He was refined, aristocratic, artistic; she, coarse, humble and uneducated.

A great many lives have been rendered wretched by an unwise pairing of people of opposite habits and training. Milton, quiet, scholarly, and recluse in his methods of living, married a woman accustomed to the gayety usual among wealthy royalist families. As a result of this disparity, she deserted him a few weeks after marriage. Under ordinary circumstances, it is not wise for a person of education and cultured tastes to marry one without these accomplishments. A great many people so situated marry with the expectation that the educated party will train the uneducated one up to his level. The sequel commonly shows a result directly opposed to this, the lower level, instead of the higher, is the one upon which both parties stand after a period of years. Andrew Johnson was an ignorant tailor when a young man; his wife educated him after marriage, and he finally became President of the United States. But Andrew Johnson was possessed of uncommon will and intellectual power, and the average young man could scarcely be advised to make an attempt at stepping in his tracks—the strides are too long. It would be with him as it was with the youthful David

when he put on Saul's armor which was too heavy for him; he tried to go, but could not.

In Paul's second epistle to the people of Corinth, he enjoins them thus: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel?" The apostle's rule is an excellent one on prudential grounds. But this rule, like the preceding ones, is not absolute. It is only a general hint which may best be acted on or discarded according to special circumstances. Where there is strong, steady love, its force will overpower all hindering circumstances and make plain the roughest road.

The mother of a distinguished scholar, when young and wishing to marry, was told by her father: "We do not know whence this man came." "I know whither he is going," she replied, "and I want to go with him." She was right; of yet more importance than birth, education, and financial or social circumstances, are the future hopes and plans of life of the interested persons. It is necessary that they should be consistent. If the personal aims and wishes of husband and wife are incompatible, there will be jarring and discord all through their married life. If, for example the husband aims at scholarship or wealth, and the wife at gayety and society, as in Milton's case, or the wife at quiet and domestic

happiness and the husband at dissipation and frolic, their interests will conflict, and the result will be petulance and dissatisfaction, if, indeed, there is nothing worse. It is a law of physics that if two forces are operating upon a body in opposite directions, the resultant force by which the body moves is only equal to the difference between the original forces; and that if they operate in the same direction the resultant force is equal to the sum of the two original forces. A man and his wife are two forces. If they pull in opposite directions each tends to destroy the power of the other, and little or nothing is accomplished by the expenditure of their energy. But if they work in the same direction, the result is the sum of their individual powers. Be careful then, young man or young woman, that the life-aims of the one you select for your companion harmonize with yours. It is better to work alone than to have your exertions neutralized by the opposite exertions of your comrade.

LOVE.

It seems scarcely necessary to say that marriage ought not to grow out of anything but love. So-called "marriages of convenience" are abominations. "Love gives itself, but is not bought," says Longfellow. A brown-stone front and a bank account are not essential factors in love, and should not be made essential factors in marriage. A loveless pair, living

together because the law compels them to do so, and because their children must be cared for, is truly a sight worthy of pity.

Never marry any one merely because he or she is thought attractive by others:

“What care I how fair she be,
If she be not fair to me?”

If she be fair to you and to others as well, their judgment confirms yours, which may be a gratification to you. But if she be not fair to you, the fact that others appreciate her cannot add one iota to your enjoyment. In such matters you had best follow your own mind, only be sure that you know your mind. Perhaps the most ridiculous and utterly inexcusable inducement to marriage is spite. It happens often that lovers quarrel, and then one or both marry some other party out of mere spite. Such deserve all the misery that generally falls to their lot.

MUTUAL HONESTY.

Tastes, circumstances, and other elements being suitable, and the young people being about to enter upon that interesting courtship period, what is their first and most important duty? I should answer, that of all things the one they need most now to practice is absolute honesty toward each other. If ever there is a time when deceit is proper, it certainly is not during courtship. All kinds of unfairness in this

matter are in the highest degree wicked, because the injury is not a mere temporary one. It lasts for a life time, and breeds misery constantly. Financial condition, education, expectations, character, habits of life, all essential things, should be faithfully and fairly made known to each other. Was there ever a more miserable, more pitiable sight than that of a man and woman, each poor in the world's goods, who have married because each had supposed the other to be wealthy? Such cases are by no means infrequent. The common practice of going to the watering places or other popular resorts for the purpose of catching a rich or influential husband or wife, is one that cannot be too strongly denounced. It reduces marriage to sheer bargain and sale, and is productive of an enormous amount of trouble. Miserable indeed is the condition of two beings thus united together in discord. Life drags heavily on from day to day, while the parties live together in the constant practice of hypocrisy or in perpetual strife. The heart does not light up the smile that plays upon the lips; the soul does not participate in the feelings that the tongue is compelled to counterfeit. If we continue the deception for any considerable period after the utterance of the false vow at the altar, we live in daily violation of the laws of God, while the adder of conscience continues to sting deeply our peace of mind. The home, that should at once form the source and center of all true enjoyment, becomes hateful, and constantly reminds us of our baseness. Or, if we at once throw

off the mask, what a shadowy path will appear in the distance! And not content with possessing ourselves, under false pretences, of the fortune of another, we consummate the treacherous work, acknowledge the baseness of the motive, and thus mingle poison in the cup of the betrayed one's happiness. We thus add to the villainy and aggravate the original offense. We thus embitter a life that has ventured its all for us and destroy an illusion, dearer, perhaps, than life itself. We thus entail a living death upon one whose only error was a too blind confidence, a too easy credulity, or a too susceptible heart. How bitter the fate of such a fatally deceived and cruelly betrayed one! Aggravated, too, as is often the case, by an eagle-eyed jealousy. Counting over the hours of the long winter nights, lonely and deserted, a heart breaking with disappointment and despair; a mind racked and tortured with a thousand barbed suspicions, and haunted with as many terrible thoughts and suggestions. May Heaven avert such a fate from any of the fair beings within the circle of our readers! And for the fiend who would thus sport with the affections of a woman—a fond and confiding creature of the gentler sex—and then, tearing the mask from his features, disclose to her the monster upon whom she had bestowed her hand and lavished her heart, if there be a lower deep than the raging and burning of his own conscience, such must be his merited portion.

Avoid, we pray you, gentle readers, a discordant, a merely ambitious, or a mercenary marriage. Avoid,

as you would a serpent, the smooth-tongued villain with a fair face, a fine form, and subtle tongue—a hollow smile, and a hand with no heart in it—who prowls about seeking to betray. The Italian bravo, who creeps through the shadows with a poniard beneath his cloak, is a noble spirit compared with such a wretch. The one dooms his victim to a single blow and a rapid death—the other protracts the dreadful process for years, and snaps the cords of the heart one by one, and each with added anguish.

There is another phase of dishonesty which is, if anything, even more common than the concealment of the financial condition: it is deception in regard to personal habits and temperaments. The young lady who is at all other times slovenly, lazy, or ill-tempered, will be, in the presence of her gentleman friends, and especially in that of one whom she wishes for a husband, the perfection of neatness, a model of industry in temper, an angel on earth; and the young man will undergo a correspondingly strange transformation. While it is right that each should be as agreeable and attractive as possible in the other's company, it is not right that either should be kept in the dark as to any essential qualities of the other. If there is any hereditary disease, or other physical infirmity, it should frankly be made known. Physical health is a necessary basis for a complete and happy married life. No man would wish that his children should inherit disease or weak-

ness, and he has a right to know if there be any likelihood of such misfortune. So all mental and moral defects which are not easily observable should be revealed. If they are left to be discovered after marriage, figures cannot compute the sorrow they will produce. If there is any blot in the past history of one, the other should be made acquainted with it. No attempt should be made at deception in regard to education, family connections, or social standing. The hopes, prospects, and aspirations of each are things of which the other has a right to expect full information. In short, the most complete and absolute honesty should be maintained. If there is any impediment to a happy marriage, it is better that it should be known before the final and irrevocable step has been taken. *Now*, the sorrow can be avoided; *then*, it can only be endured in patience.

Still another kind of dishonesty and insincerity which is alarmingly prevalent in this country and at this time, is the practice of deceit as to the intentions. There is too much of coquetry and flirtation going on in society. It is a crime of no light dye for a person of either sex to grow into the affections of one of the other only to desert without a proper cause. Many hearts, notwithstanding the assertion of the man of the world to the contrary, have been broken by disappointment in love, from sheer baseness on the part of the loved one. Affection is a serious thing, and ought not to be thus lightly trifled with. It would be better if we had the rigid custom

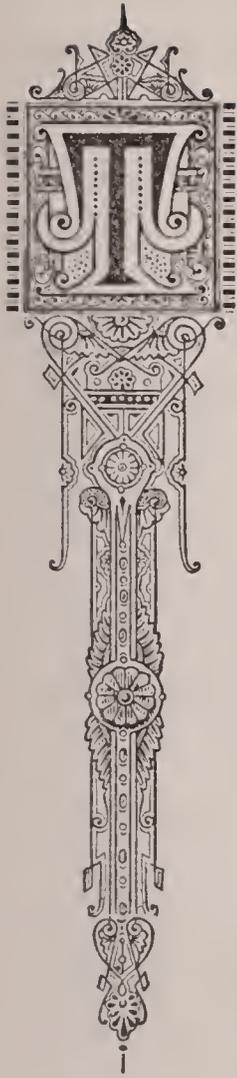
of the eighteenth century of Scotland, when the young man and woman plighted their faith with their hands upon the family Bible, and when a betrothal was almost as sacred as a marriage—a promise to be broken only upon the best of grounds. An engagement of marriage ought not be terminated except for some serious incompatibility of disposition discovered after it was entered into, or for some inexcusable breach of faith. But when such a discovery is made, it is undoubtedly better to dissolve the contract than to take a false oath at the altar, and live a false life thereafter.

It has already been said that marriage ought not to be based upon anything but mutual love. An engagement of marriage should not then be made until the contracting parties are thoroughly assured that a strong and lasting reciprocal affection exists between them; and when the engagement is once formed, no pains should be spared to bind the tie of affection closer and closer. All the little attentions and marks of love and respect should be observed. Each should avoid all acts which could possibly have a tendency to excite jealousy or distrust on the part of the other. Each should concentrate his thoughts upon the other, and try to discover all the beauties that may exist in his character and person, and to look with charitable eyes upon his faults. Everything like anger or petulance or “lovers’ quarrels” should be studiously avoided. Quarrelsome lovers are not likely to make happy,

harmonious companions after marriage; and if quarrels are very frequent, they had best conclude that they are not really fitted for each other, but are only laboring under a delusion, fascinated, perhaps, by beauty, or some other external grace.



HUSBAND AND WIFE.



TO see two rational beings in the glow of youth and hope which invests life with the halo of happiness, appear together, and openly acknowledging their preference for each other, voluntarily enter into a league of perpetual friendship, and call heaven and earth to witness the sincerity of the solemn vows — to think of the endearing connection, the important consequences, the final separation, the smile that kindles to ecstasy at their union must at length be quenched in the tears of mourning! — but while life continues, they are to participate in the same joys, to endure the like sorrows, to rejoice and weep in unison, — this is the most interesting spectacle that social life exhibits.

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows:
Useless each without the other!”

Better than the best of friends is a good wife. Perhaps we should rather say that a good wife is the best of all friends. What is it to woman that

the tempest is darkening on the path of him she loves? It is he alone who has power to crush her spirit's strength. It is the breath of unkindness only, the unkindness of him to whom her soul has clung in its deepest trust, that can wither, beyond the power of earthly healings, the energies of her nature. But a portion of him, and she the gentle and the feeble, whom his slightest neglect would crush as with a heel of iron, goes smilingly and gladly forth to be a sharer in the fury and the desolation of the storm. All other ties may be severed — penury, bereavement, the world's scorn, all other agonies may be meted out to her in her cup of bitterness — and yet her heart, however delicately fashioned, hath not utterly lost its capability of sweet harmonies. They will still break forth at his touch — his whispered words of soothing will pass over the mangled and bleeding tendons of her soul, like the breath of spring healing the wounded vine; and all sufferings will be accounted as a price of naught for that tenderness which has bound up its wounds.

We hold it essential to a young man's success, whether his calling be that of a merchant or trader, priest, engineer, or lawyer, artist or man of letters, that he should marry well and marry early. "Family and poverty," says Power, "have done more to support me than I have to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often when on the eve of

despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones." Washington Irving relates that he was once congratulating a friend who had around him a blooming family, knit together with the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said the friend, with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children. If you are prosperous, there they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, there they are to comfort you. And, indeed," he continues, "I have observed that a married man, falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; partly because he is more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings who depend upon him for subsistence; but chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect is kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is the monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant."

Some years ago, Dr. Stark, in Edinburgh, read a paper concerning the influence of marriage upon length of life. His calculations were based upon the statistics of the Register-General, and they present some very interesting facts. It was shown that between the ages of twenty and twenty-five years, the death-rate among

bachelors was just double that among married men. Among married men the mean age was fifty-nine and a half years, while bachelors only reached an average of forty years—a difference of nineteen and a half years in the expectation of life, in favor of the married men. Nearly one half the deaths among bachelors occurred before they reached the age of thirty years. Married women, also, were found to reach a greater average age than those unmarried, though the difference was not so striking as in the other sex. Dr. Stark concluded that married life was clearly best calculated to promote long life, health and happiness.

“The joys of marriage are the heaven on earth,
Life’s paradise, great prizes, the soul’s quiet,
Sinews of concord, earthly immortality,
Eternity of pleasures.”

As no other relation into which people can enter with each other, is so permanent and so intimate as that of matrimony, there is no other which demands so strict a performance of duty, in order that it may not degenerate into a state of continual, bitter discord; and there is no other in which the duties are so numerous and so varied in their character. They are as many and as different as the occasions of life. Each day, each hour, brings forth its new and special obligations.

Still there are a few general duties that embrace many particular ones, and that are of a special importance, and of some of these we will speak.

FIDELITY AND HONESTY.

As the most important duty in courtship was seen to be honesty, so we shall find it in married life. Marriage is the strictest tie of perpetual friendship, and there can be no friendship without confidence, and no confidence without integrity; and he must expect to be wretched who pays to beauty, riches, or politeness, that regard which only virtue and piety can claim. Deceit and insincerity are not a good foundation on which to try to build a pleasant, profitable life in any sphere, and especially they do not serve the purposes of home life. Perfect frankness should be one of the principal rules of husbands and wives in all their dealings with each other. Thousands of families have been ruined by a violation of this principle. How many bankruptcies every year are attributed to the extravagance of wives! And how many of these wives, think you, would have been so extravagant, had they known the true financial condition of their husbands? On the surface, the men seemed to be doing a large and flourishing business; but their prosperity was hollow, a fact which they knew, and which their wives did not know. A woman can scarcely be blamed for living up to what she believes to be her husband's means. A little frankness on his part would obviate these difficulties, and the trouble and disgrace of a failure in business would sometimes be avoided.

When the tale-bearer comes with his poisonous words, if the one who seems to have been wronged would go frankly to the other and ask about the reported injury, instead of harboring distrust, and perhaps hate, in his bosom, until it has grown into huge dimensions, what a world of trouble would be saved!

Between man and wife, a system of concealment, prevarication and falsehood is not only culpable and wicked, but it must sooner or later lead to the destruction of everything like confidence—of all harmony of feeling—of esteem, respect, and affection. Alas for that condition of existence which is made up of daily and hourly illustrations of deceit and treachery—alas for the miserable beings who are bound together for life, and who, nevertheless, cannot bare their hearts to each other, cannot look into each other's faces with frankness and confidence—who, in brief, are in the daily utterance and practice of falsehood. They are in constant bondage to guile, and the galley-slave chained to his oar must be happy in comparison. Avoid then, gentle reader—avoid as you would some deadly poison, everything like falsehood or deceit toward the object of your friendship or affection, for although the deception may succeed for months or even years, detection will inevitably come, and the betrayed and indignant victim will turn with jealous horror upon the past; and the fatal policy, even if forgiven, will never be forgotten.

Another requirement of honesty is that a man and his wife should never fail to keep all promises with each other. Nothing can more strongly tend to keep alive their mutual confidence and respect, than the habit of rigid adherence to all engagements. If either promises to do something for the other, no matter how insignificant the service may be, he should do it. Cobbett, the celebrated radical politician of England, was a pattern in the faithfulness with which he observed all promises made to his wife. He says that, though he was very often away from home, he never once disappointed her as to the time when he would return. If he could not fix a definite day upon his departure, as soon as it was possible he would do so; and when that day arrived, he was sure to arrive with it. Once, when journeying from London to Botley, with a friend named Finnerty, the two stopped at Alton to dine with a gentleman, and becoming deeply interested in their conversation, they remained until eleven o'clock, when Cobbett, against the entreaties of the others, insisted that he must go home, or his wife would be alarmed at his non-arrival.

“Blood, man,” said Finnerty, “you do not mean to go home to-night?” Cobbett said that he certainly did, and ordered his vehicle brought. The distance yet to travel was twenty-three miles, and on the way a discussion arose as to whether Mrs. Cobbett would be up to receive them. Cobbett affirmed, and Finnerty denied. When they arrived, at about two o'clock in

the morning, Mrs. Cobbett was up, and had a warm, cheerful fire waiting for them. "You did not expect him?" exclaimed Finnerty, in astonishment. "To be sure I did," she replied; "he never disappointed me in his life." How well it would be if all husbands would copy Cobbett's practice!

PATIENCE.

Next in importance to honesty, probably, is patience. Horace says that patience makes that more tolerable which it is impossible to prevent or remove. A poet speaks of patience as an angel which sits by a man, holding out a full bowl of rich content, from which he may take large draughts. Another calls it "sorrow's salve"; it is a balm that heals all troubles.

"The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Scarcely a day passes whose even course is not marred by some occurrence calculated in its nature to vex and worry us; it may be trouble in business, it may be the evil tale of a slanderer, or it may be some hasty, thoughtless act or word which calls for the exercise of patience. The wife is cross and wearied by her household labors and disappointments; an impatient word from the husband will start a family brawl which is neither dignified nor conducive to happiness; a little kind forbearance

would have soothed her, the cloud would have soon passed by, and the strife would have been averted. So when the husband is troubled and anxious, when the cares and crosses of business weigh heavily upon him, and he seems moody and crestfallen, a gentle word and an affectionate caress from the wife will clear up his brow and cause him to forget his trouble. Perhaps no better rule could possibly be adopted by a young married couple, than this: Never both be cross at once.

CONTINUED AFFECTION.

“The moment a woman marries,” says Bulwer, “some terrible revolution happens in her system; all her good qualities vanish, presto, like eggs out of a conjuror’s box; ’tis true that they appear on the other side of the box, but for the husband they are gone forever.” This is one of the outgrowths of dishonesty in courtship. The lovers have hidden all their bad qualities and displayed all their good ones, and now that they are married, they swing by a natural reaction to the other end of the arc, and hiding their good qualities, as if they were holiday clothes, and must be shut up in a closet away from the light, they display their bad ones. Now, my dear friend, your husband or your wife has more right than anybody else in the world to see whatever of good or beautiful there is in you. It is of no great consequence what Mr. Roe or Miss Doe

thinks of you, but it is of the greatest import that your life-companion should think you the manliest man or the most womanly woman in existence, and you had best strain every nerve to convince him of that fact. Young wife, consider—your husband would rather eat beefsteak from a shining platter than capon from dirty dishes. Contentment, together with neatness and virtuous industry, is the finest spice, and will add a delightful flavor to the humblest meal. The ancients understood this. Horace, in his beautiful “Second Epode,” which has been a model for all subsequent poets who would sing the praises of country life, says:

“And when a modest wife on her side aids to care
For darling children and for home,
Such as a Sabine woman, or the sun-browned spouse
Of some robust Apulian,
And heaps the sacred fireplace up with seasoned wood
Before her weary husband comes;
And shutting up the joyful drove in hurdle pens,
From swollen udders draws the milk;
And from the dolium extracting this year’s wine,
Her unbought viands she prepares;
No greater pleasure would the Lucrene oysters, or
The turbot, or the scar-fish give,
If, thundered forth across the eastern waves, a storm
Should ever turn them to this sea;
Nor to my palate would the Guinea fowl or the
Ionian attagen be more
Delightful than the olives gathered from the most
Prolific branches of the tree,
The bunches of the meadow-loving sorrel, or
The mallow, wholesome for the weak,
Or lambkins slaughtered at the Terminalia,
Or kids snatched from the greedy wolf.”

Your husband would rather walk upon a rag carpet kept clean, than upon Brussels covered with dust and litter. He would rather see you in neat wrapper of calico or gingham, than in slovenly, ill-fitting robe of silk. Flowers are pleasanter to him than cobwebs. Slight ornaments of your making please him more than shabby tinsel from the notion-stores. He will rejoice more if he finds you busy with household duties or a good book, than if he finds you lounging over a season's novel. Kindness and patience to all about you, himself included, will be more attractive than harshness or petulance. If you have read some well-selected book or good newspaper, you can have a subject of conversation more welcome than neighborhood gossip or fashion plates. In brief—be as neat, as obliging, as even-tempered, as industrious, as cheerful, now, as before your marriage you led him to think you were. And young husband, if you would see all these desirable qualities blooming in your wife, remember that you have duties as important to perform on your side. Before marriage, you were polite, attentive, affectionate, were you not? Did you not postpone your convenience to hers? Were you not careful to shield her from all dangers and hardships? Did you not always show her the best side of your nature? Were you not always good-humored and cheerful? Did you not strive to entertain her and make your interviews pleasant with the riches of your reading and experience? Did you not praise her and show appreciation of the little tokens she gave

you? Do and be all that now. Try to make her life as pleasant as possible. Your marriage gives room for the display of lovable qualities which you could not show her before. Be liberal with her. Anticipate her wants, as far as may be. Do not let her feel that she must beg and coax for a week before she can get the money for a new dress, or hat, or whatever else she may want. If you can, grant her request at once, and pleasantly, not grudgingly. If you cannot, say so; and kindly and fully explain why. My word for it, if she is a worthy woman, she will not take it ill of you, but will willingly confine her wants within the bounds of your ability to supply.

There is an old story told of Jonathan Trumbull which will illustrate the importance of continuing exhibitions of affection after marriage. When Trumbull was governor of the State of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house one day, requesting a private interview. He said: "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The governor sat a few moments in thought; then, turning to his visitor, said, "How did you treat Mrs. W—— when you were courting her? and how did you feel toward her at the time of your marriage?" 'Squire W—— replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married

her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." When a year passed away, 'Squire W—— called again to see the governor, and said: "I have called to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good counsel." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W——," said the governor, "and I hope you will continue to court your wife as long as you live."

SHARING CARES AND JOYS.

Man and woman should be not only companions, but helpmates to each other. There is nothing which so much helps the hardworked housewife as a word of appreciation and a little assistance cheerfully given. Some little service, outside of the regular routine, will gladden her heart, and lighten her labors for a whole day. There is no other thing that will so much encourage and strengthen a weary man, worn by the toils of business, as the knowledge that his wife is full of sympathy for him and is trying to help him in every way that she can. It is not right that all the burdens of life should fall upon the man. The woman should be willing, more than that, she should be anxious, to help bear them. The woman whose husband toils all day in the office, shop, or counting-house, struggling to advance the position of himself and family, and who herself seems to have no ideas above the frivolous

demands of fashion, or the desire of luxurious ease, is a poor lean-souled creature. And yet how many there are, to whom this description applies; they seem to have married solely for the purpose of having a younger man to work for the procurance of the luxuries they desire, after they have worn their fathers out,—just as one parts with an old decrepit horse that he may buy one younger, and one capable of performing more labor.

They have not sense enough to see, or heart enough to feel, that their interests and those of their husbands are identical. Instead of this, they should employ at least a considerable portion of their time in managing their household affairs as wisely as they can. Ordinarily, it is the man's duty to supply the wants of the household, but the woman's work in managing and economizing the money he allows her, is almost as valuable as his in making it. For those whose wealth lifts them above the necessity of watching their expenditures closely, there is still enough to do in caring for the training of their children, and guarding them from the temptations that particularly beset the children of wealthy parents. Home will be a very much happier and more attractive place if this spirit of mutual helpfulness exists; and people who find that married life is not yielding them the enjoyment which they expected, will do well to try the experiment of earnestly helping each other for awhile and see what results it will bring forth.

MUTUAL KINDNESS.

The last duty to be spoken of here is that of general kindness, a constant endeavor to make each other happier. Says an old poet:

“Kindness has resistless charms,
All things else but weakly move;
Fiercest anger it disarms,
And clips the wings of flying love.”

This is the sugar and spice of existence; if all the other duties that have been spoken of are carefully observed, a person may lead a calm, tasteless sort of life, without much pain, but yet without much pleasure. With this added to the others, life becomes a dream of happiness. A pleasant word, a gentle smile, an act of loving forethought, can do so much to make life better worth living. Let each try also to make the surroundings of the other as beautiful and cheerful as possible. It is an old saying that bare walls make a gadding housewife. Let there be pianos, and many books, luxurious furniture, spacious apartments, and pleasant lawns, if it may be; but if, as is most likely, these things are out of reach on account of their costliness, everyone can, at least, have flowers, simple, home-made ornaments, a few books and papers, song, and above all, kind treatment.

To sum up all the duties particularly appertaining to the relations of husband and wife, we may say: let each try honestly and persistently to make home a

happy place. Do not be discouraged at one, or ten, or a hundred difficulties and failures. Keep on trying; the results will not disappoint you in the end, if the experiment is fairly and fully tried. Let neither expect perfection in the other; but let each strive faithfully, though unostentatiously, to attain it himself.



DUTIES OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.



WHAT gift has Providence bestowed on man, that is so dear to him as are his children?" "I love these little people," says Dickens; "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." "Call not that man wretched, who, whatever ills he suffers, has a child to love."

But all this blessedness of children is not given to us without an accompaniment of many duties to perform. "Children sweeten labors; but they make misfortune more bitter: they increase the cares of life; but they mitigate the remembrance of death," says Bacon.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

"That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below."

The child is born into the world perhaps the most helpless of all infant creatures, and his period of helplessness is, perhaps, the longest,—continuing until the age of twelve or twenty years. It thus becomes the parent's duty to care for the helpless being he has brought into existence, to provide for his present wants, and to train him for his future work, to the best of his ability. Of course, the first and most indispensable service is the provision of material necessities, such as food and clothing. These should be sufficient for health; and a child should not be compelled to undergo the mortification of wearing poor clothes when the parents can afford him good ones. The child's sensibilities are very acute on this point, much more so than ours. In any case, whether the clothes be plain or costly, they should be sufficient for the comfort of the child, and for his complete protection against the inclemency of the weather. His health is his most precious possession, and should not be endangered by exposure. His food should be ample in quantity, but plain and nutritious. It is a mistake which involves very serious consequences to allow children rich and indigestible food. They pay the penalty of this early abuse by a life of disease and suffering.

EDUCATION OF HEAD AND HEART.

The most important duty which a parent owes to his child, after that of feeding and clothing him, is that of training him to live honorably and successfully in the

world when he shall have gone out as a man to fight his own battles. Manhood carries with it a serious and important charge which it will tax the energies of the strongest to perform properly. The youth cannot be too well prepared for the work he has to face; none of the strength which he may have acquired in the practice of his early days will prove superfluous; the only danger is that it will be insufficient. We have seen that the highest aim of man is physical, mental, and moral perfection. It follows then that the kind of training due from the parent to the child is that which will carry him farthest on his road to a perfect life, and best fit him to travel that road for himself after he passes out from the control of his parents. The earliest care of the parent should be to look after the physical welfare of the child. With most children this is a passive duty rather than an active one; for the child is generally ready and anxious to exercise all the powers of his body. The only thing the parent has to do is to see that the exercise is taken under proper conditions, and not otherwise to interfere with it. Let the little folks play; it does them more good than anything else they could possibly engage in. It strengthens their limbs, and keeps their faculties awake and active. They are brim-full of fun now, and running over with energy. The time will come after a while when nature will compel them to sober down; now, while they can, let them be active and joyous. Besides, it furnishes a fund of happy mem-

ories which in after years will be a source of much strength in times of labor and trouble. Most men who have accomplished great things were in their boyhood, active, energetic, and fun-loving. A happy childhood seems to lend a buoyant force to the spirit, which enables it to rise above the billows of sorrow, disappointment and danger, that would overwhelm a weaker soul.

The contrast, in personal appearance and manner, between a child trained under the winning management of a wise, firm, commanding love, and another subjected to the despotic control of fear, is very striking. In the former, we observe a sprightly eye and open countenance, with a genial vivacity and trustfulness of the general expression of the body; a mixture of confiding socialty with intelligence, an alacrity of movement, and a healthiness of soul, evinced in generous activity and smiles. Even if the body be enfeebled, still a certain bright halo surrounds, as it were, the mental constitution. But physical, as well as intellectual vigor and enjoyment, are usually the happy result of that freedom of heart and generosity of spirit, which skillful affection endeavors to encourage. Then, in youth and manhood, a noble intelligence confirms the propriety of such early training; but the child who finds a tyrant instead of a fostering parent, if naturally delicate, acquires a timid bearing, a languid gait, a sallow cheek, a pouting lip, a stupid torpidity, or a sullen defiance; for Nature's defense from tyranny is either hard stupidity or cunning daring.

A little later the mental faculties begin to develop and to need assistance, training and direction. The cultivation of the mind is as important as that of the body. A strong body without a strong mind to guide and control it, would be useless, or worse than useless. It would be like a river unconfined by banks, or an engine running without the master hand of the engineer,—a force incapable of good, but able to do, and likely to do, much harm. Every parent owes it, then, to his child, as far as possible, to give him all the mental culture which he is capable of receiving. It was just mentioned that the mind is somewhat later in developing than the body. To be sure, it begins its growth with the dawn of life, but the growth is slower, and if healthy, must be based upon that of the body. This leads us to a criticism upon the treatment of a great many children by their parents. It is not necessary, and it is not wise, to crowd the young child's mind with abstractions. He can learn his letters and begin to read at the age of three years, but there are a great many other things that he had better be doing at that age. Some of the finest books in the world were never printed.

Good parent, instead of setting your little one at work on c-o-w, cow, and o-x, ox, (which, by the bye, he is just as apt to get o-x, cow, as any other way), take him by the hand and lead him out into the garden, some bright spring morning, and, showing him the seeds, bid him watch you as you put them into the ground and cover them up

with rich warm earth. You may plant the seeds in such a way as to form some figure easily recognizable, in order more strongly to attract his attention. In a few weeks, lead him out again and show him the tiny plants just peeping out of the soil, and forming the same figure he saw when you planted the seeds. From that time on, have him watch every stage of the growth of the plant,—how it shoots up, puts forth leaves, then buds, then comes forth in all the glory of bloom, and finally withers away. In like manner, show him the rocks, the streams, the clouds, the trees, the birds, the sun, the moon, the stars. Teach him how to use his eyes, and his ears, and all his other senses. The reason why the child says o-x, cow, is because the spelling of words (and words themselves also) is an abstraction, and he is not yet ready for that. Show him the cut of an animal;—does he say that it is *a picture of a horse*? Not at all: he says, *that is a horse*, and thinks, not of horses in general, but of the horse in his father's stable. Show him the picture of a bison, an animal which he never saw;—does he call it an animal? Again, no: he calls it a cow. The child's mind is busy with *things*, not *ideas*, and the wisest way is to let him work on things; he will get to ideas after a while. Do not, then, send your tender four, or five, or six-year-old to school, where he must sit still and be told to study, when he doesn't know what studying is. Let him run, and play, and look at things, and ask questions, and learn

all he can about this world he lives in, and at the same time get for himself a strong, healthy body. As proof of the wisdom of this plan, it may be mentioned that what is known as the half-day system is being tried in the primary schools of many cities; and it is found that the children learn quite as much in the half-day as they formerly did in the whole day.

A good example of the effect of pushing the minds of precocious children, may be found in the life of Margaret Davidson, the younger of two sisters remarkable for their poetical gifts, who died at the ages of seventeen and fifteen respectively. It is stated of Margaret, that, "when only in her sixth year, her language was enervated, and her mind so filled with poetic imagery and religious thought, that she read with enthusiasm and elegance, Thomson's 'Seasons,' 'The Pleasures of Hope,' Cowper's 'Task,' and the writings of Milton, Byron, and Scott. The sacred writings were her daily study; and, notwithstanding her poetic temperament, she had a high relish for history, and read with as much interest an abstruse treatise, that called forth the reflective powers, as she did poetry or works of imagination. Her physical frame was delicately constituted to receive impressions, and her mother was capable of observing and improving the opportunity afforded to instruct her. Nothing was learned by rote, and every object of her thought was discussed in conversation with a mind sympathizing with her own. Such a course, however, while

it demonstrates the power of the mind, proves also that such premature employment of it is inconsistent with the physiology of the body; for while the spirit reveled in the ecstasies of intellectual excitement, the vital functions of the physical frame-work were fatally disturbed. She read, she wrote, she danced, she sung, and was the happiest of the happy; but, while the soul thus triumphed, the body became more and more delicate, and speedily failed altogether under the successive transports."

The brain of a child, however forward, is totally unfit for that intellectual exertion to which many fond parents either force or excite it. Fatal disease is thus frequently induced; and where death does not follow, idiocy, or at least such confusion of faculty ensues, that the moral perception is obscured, and the sensitive child becomes a man of hardened vice or of insane self-will.

But by all means, give them an education, and they will accumulate fortunes; they will be a fortune themselves, to their country. It is an inheritance worth more than gold, for it buys true honor: they can neither spend nor lose it; and through life it proves a friend—in death, a delicate consolation. Give your children education, and no tyrant will triumph over your liberties. Give your children education, and the silver-shod horse of the despot will never trample on the ruins of the fabric of your freedom.

Especially ought parents to study human nature

and become familiar with the elements of mind that are common to all. Thus they would be able to see in the growing child just what parts of his nature were becoming too strong, which too weak. A child acts. Now, why did it act so? What motives moved it? What are the full and complete meanings of the habits which the child is forming? Thus would parents know where a limb needed pruning, or where one should be engrafted, to make an even and a strong topped tree. They would be able to cure an evil tendency with a virtuous desire, as one nail drives out another. This work should begin in the earliest childhood. When a bone is out of joint, the longer the setting is forborne, the greater will the pain of the sufferer be; indeed, it may be so long neglected that no skill nor art can set it right again.

It should be remembered that "The way to destroy ill weeds is to plant good herbs that are contrary." We have all heard of weeds choking the wheat; if we were wise we should learn from our enemy, and endeavor to choke the weeds by the wheat. Pre-occupation of mind is a great safeguard from temptation. Fill a bushel with corn and you will keep out the chaff; have the heart stored with holy things, and the vanities of the world will not so readily obtain a lodging-place. Herein is wisdom in the training of children. Plant the mind early with the truths of God's word, and error and folly will, in a measure, be forestalled. The false will soon spring up if we do

not early occupy the mind with the true. He who said that he did not wish to prejudice his boy's mind by teaching him to pray, soon discovered that the devil was not so scrupulous, for his boy soon learned to swear. It is well to prejudice a field in favor of wheat at the first opportunity. The father of a family once told Colridge that he had no fears about the future habits of his children; he believed they would naturally come out all right. Shortly afterward Coleridge invited the gentleman to see his fruit garden. They entered an inclosure which was overgrown with weeds and straggling briars, over which the gentleman gazed in surprise. "Why, where are your strawberries and flowers?" said he. "Oh," said Coleridge, "they will grow up in the course of nature, after awhile, I guess. I am waiting patiently for them to appear."

But that was truly a wise parent who had a workshop for his boys, which was thrown open for them at certain hours. Little hatchets and augers and saws were there at no small expense. That father knew that a child should not be driven to work till he hates the very name of all useful labor; and on the other hand he knew that a confirmed habit of chasing butter-flies, or spending time in idle company gives little of benefit; and is a narrow foundation upon which to build a good character. Let every parent read the chapter on "Habit" (page 329), and never for one moment forget the responsibility which is his with reference to the formation of proper habits in his growing children. Why do children of

the same family often differ so widely in the course of their after life? It is generally nothing but some little accident which turned the child's mind into a special line of thinking while yet a mere child, and this little impetus grew and gathered force till it swayed the mind of the young person in making a choice for life. Verily do little things move the world. Parents! will you leave all this to mere accidents? Why do you not awaken to these things and mold the character of your child understandingly and skillfully while it is yet like soft clay in your hands?

EDUCATING THE HEART.

Many parents, and even many of our highest teachers and educators, give too much time to the education of the head, while the training of the heart is neglected. This is one of the gravest faults of our age. We take great pains to teach our young folks what they ought to know, but we do not explain to them how they ought to feel, and mere chance shapes their sentiments and desires. This mistake seems to grow out of the fear felt by many that if they say very much about morals, or heart-training they will be accused of teaching religion. This is one of our most shallow-pated errors. What is here spoken of is no part of religion's business, at all. Even if men in every clime on earth were to throw their various bibles all away, it would not change the inherent nature of man one particle. Man's mental nature has three

distinct branches; the Intellect, the Sensibilities, and the Will (page 54); and wherever one branch is neglected in its development and education, the direst results are sure to follow. It is true, that in the past, the cultivation of the Sensibilities and the Will, the two higher branches of our nature, has been left to our religious teachers; and it is a disastrous mistake, for the work has been often not even begun. Sectarianism is on debatable ground, and rightly so, for it is the business of religion to be forever in advance of her followers;—reaching out into untried realms of the spiritual, purer and higher. But the question of educating and elevating the feelings and sentiments of our children and young people is not open for debate. It is a positive duty of to-day. Though your views on religion may not be well decided, you dare not close your eyes and refuse to see two thirds of your own self, or of the child you have to train. The Intellect, the Sensibilities, the Will, these three form the structure of every human being, and neither can be safely neglected.

Our nation is to-day paying the awful penalty of too much Intellect or knowledge, and too little of pure feelings and steadfast principles. Smartness is a curse to a man who is heartless and willful. Smart, but unprincipled, men force themselves to the front in our public affairs and hold themselves there by base means just long enough to damn the common people with the contagion of the vile example. The past twenty-five

years has seen a great decay in the direct force of religious influences, and as the feelings and sentiments of men and their moral choice in the Will were left neglected, the result is plain to guess. Poisoned by evil examples in high places, we now hear some of our old men, a large majority of our young men, and the vicious low classes of people everywhere, all saying loudly, "money and brains rule the world! money and brains!" And by "brains" they mean knowledge, shrewdness, smartness, and cunning. Is it any wonder that the ignorant classes, finding themselves no match for their smarter fellows in cunning and "lawful dishonesty," are easily tempted to do violence and murder to accomplish their desires? The appalling increase of crime among the lower classes is but the natural result of vast volumes of the twisting and evading of law and justice called "lawful dishonesty" in the higher classes. All are tempted to say, or at least feel, that "money and smartness rule the world." How long it will take us as a people to have the stern fact of this mistake scorched into our understanding, remains to be seen.

At any rate it is certainly one of the serious responsibilities hanging upon the hands of every parent, and every teacher of either the young or old, to give us men and women whose characters are evenly developed in all branches. Men and women who are not only well informed, but whose feelings are under control, who know which are the lower or animal forces in their natures, and which are the

higher and nobler sentiments belonging to the pure and spiritual side of their being (page 338). The world needs men and women who understand the nature and responsibility of their will-power, who have good habits and know how to mold circumstances to their own advancement and spiritual elevation (page 342), who feel the grand impulses of an immortal life throbbing in their bosoms, who have genuine force enough, and a knowledge of their own nature complete enough, to see and feel forever the folly of the common herd who cry out, "Money and smartness rule the world!"

Parents will find the hearts of their children much more easily influenced, and that at a much earlier age, than their Intellects. The child's heart begins to be educated with its mother's first frown or smile. This is the field wherein your own daily habits of life influence the young. Surely no parent dares to rest till he understands this matter fully, and has his plans carefully laid for bringing his family up toward a noble and a perfect life.

It is a delicate thing to train the Sensibilities (page 251), for they work just the same in children as in older people. While the intellect grows continually, from birth to death, the emotions, the affections, and desires come early to maturity. This line of training can be accomplished only by parents who treat their children in many respects as they would grown people; not losing authority over them by any means, but by joining with them heartily and completely in some

of their childish plans; and instead of laughing at their ideas as being of no consequence, make the children feel that their life and their work is of real importance. The boy who is taken into confidence by a manly father and is talked to by that father about any branch of the father's business which the boy can understand, in a respectful and earnest way, will be known as a manly boy. Children treated in this manner will be more likely to confess their mistakes and faults rather than conceal them. It is a grand thing for a child to have such a confidence in the wisdom, justice, and love of his parents. He will not be apt to become anything like a liar, or a sneak, or a hypocrite. Concealment of acts is a trait of animals, and shame is the pain that nature inflicts upon us for acting like animals instead of like a higher order of beings. Then save the child if you can, from ever becoming a sly little fox. Fox-like children make wolfish grown people. Shame and duplicity debase anyone inwardly. When a child cannot show a fearless, honest face, he loses his own self-respect, which is the very fortress of all sound good character. But when either a child or a grown person really thinks well of himself—not proudly or vainly, but well—there is fair hope that he will live up to that standard of goodness.

Treat children from the very first with truth and candor. The extremely common habit of laughing at trickery in children is degrading. It may be well enough to amuse ourselves with the animal-like antics

of cats and dogs, but to place little children on a level with these, is contemptible. An act that would deserve punishment in a child of twelve is not excusable, much less laughable, in a child of three.

Above all things be patient with children, that they may learn what patience is. The American people are very active, and a great fault with them is impatience. They forget that the tree that furnishes us the best grained timber is not of the most rapid growth. Things of genuine merit and stability come to perfection slowly. A perfect manhood or womanhood is the fruit of a lifetime of patient self-culture. Impatience leads to much vice. People are too impatient to wait for solid and eternal pleasure, but snatch at the pleasures of sin, which are but for a season. These resemble children who cannot tarry till the grapes are ripe, and therefore eat them sour and green. One of the finest lessons for child or man is that in the sage advice, "Learn to labor and to wait."

Kindness should characterize the earliest care of the young. Children are influenced by the expressions of the face, and they learn the features of passion long before they learn any other part of its language. Their imitative faculties are so active, and their sympathies so acute, that they unconsciously assume the expression of face which they are accustomed to see and feel. Hence the importance that children be habituated to kindness, beauty and mentality, in those with whom they are domesticated. Even their playthings and pictures should

be free from depraved meaning and violent expression, if we wish them to be lovely; and all the hideous, grotesque, and ludicrous pictures which now vulgarize the public mind should be excluded from the young. Thus may pure and virtuous tastes be implanted.

At a later period, when the child's mind is more mature, and he is ready for it, send him to school. Give him, if you can, the best advantages the country affords in the way of schools, books, teachers, companions, and other educating influences. Train him now to think, to deal in abstractions, as well as in concrete things. Without this power he is only half educated. He cannot always have before him the objects about which it is necessary that he should think. Teach him to gather the thoughts of other men from their words, written and spoken. In these days, nearly all our knowledge is gained from books, and he who cannot profit by these means of instruction is mentally a cripple. And, besides, books will be to him not only a means of gaining material for his work in life, but also one of the greatest sources of pleasure that he could possibly have. No one who has not experienced it can appreciate the delightfulness of reading and study. It is scarcely less than crime for a parent to willfully deprive his son or daughter of this endless source of pure enjoyment.

Teach him also to know and to love the beautiful. Love of beauty has already been spoken of as one of the crowning graces of the mind (page 267). It

may be cultivated in various ways, but principally by making the child's surroundings beautiful. Trees, flowers, books, pictures, music, yards neatly laid off, houses kept clean and orderly. These are a few of the many items which will contribute to make home a charming place, and to form in the youthful mind that love and instinctive recognition of beauty which is so valuable as an elevating influence, and in the prosaic matter of money-making, as well. Those who have much speaking or writing to do, as for example, lawyers, ministers, and editors, will produce much greater results if they are able to clothe their thoughts in robes of beauty. The chief reason why things made in France command higher prices than those made anywhere else, is that the French possess an exquisite taste, and their manufactures have acquired a world-wide reputation for beauty. One of the elements of A. T. Stewart's great success as a merchant was the excellent taste which enabled him to display his stock in the most attractive ways. Pullman, of palace-car fame, has made an immense fortune out of his love of beauty, and is continually piling up more wealth. One of his most interesting experiments is that of building a city and making it entirely beautiful. He seems to be succeeding marvelously, and his town of Pullman, a few miles from Chicago, is one of the pleasantest and most profitable places that a tourist in America can visit.

Besides mental and physical power, it is necessary that a man should have right habits and right

principles to govern him in the use of that power. There is no sadder sight than that of a man who is brilliantly endowed with strength of mind and body, but who, if governed at all, is governed by loose, immoral principles. He dashes through the world like an unbridled steed, trampling under foot everything that comes in his way, and finally kills himself by the excess of his mad exertions. The perfect man must be not only strong, but right in the use of his strength. His powers must be under full control of high moral principles. His habits ought to be such that right doing is natural for him, and does not require special attention. It is then perhaps the highest duty which a man owes to his child, to cultivate in him such principles and habits as will render the powers he may have useful to himself and to the world. He should be carefully guarded against all temptations to wrong doing, whether great or small. The little transgression of the laws of right is almost as bad in its effects as the great one. It blunts the sense of right and wrong, and renders him each time less sensible to the moral quality of an action. Against all temptations he should be guarded, until his mind and his principles of action are grown firm enough to keep him in the right path. But merely to keep him from the wrong is not enough, he should also be vigorously trained in the right, by both precept and example.

Guard the children from evil company in all

directions. Many a young person just arriving at the age of maturity has had a whole after life poisoned by a few weeks or months in the company of low-minded "hired help" in the family.

One of the most important habits to be cultivated is that of industry. Without regular, systematic habits of labor, a man can accomplish but little, even though he be most richly gifted with natural power. His mind will be like the soil of a tropical land; under the quickening heat of impulse it may produce the rarest and most beautiful plants; ferns and flowers of the richest hues may shoot up in wonderful profusion; but until it is subdued by the hand of industry, its fertility is of little value to the world. A great orator once said that the only genius he possessed was the genius for labor; and truly it was a genius to be prized; without it no other genius could have made him what he was. "Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful than talented inconstancy." Spasmodic efforts have never been the producers of great results. The great inventions, the mighty thoughts, the thrilling orations, the wonderful books of the world have all been wrought out by long, patient, laborious study. The greatest generals have been those who labored most constantly and most systematically upon the plans of their campaigns. The greatest fortunes have not been the result of flashes of financial genius, but of systematic labor and habitual economy, united with an intelligent study of the principles underlying

the business in which each man was engaged. The parent can be under no obligation much greater than that of cultivating in his child the ability to labor constantly and earnestly, and a habit of doing so. This may be done by encouraging him to perform all his childish tasks promptly and well, never leaving anything half done.

There is one branch of education in particular, which deserves particular mention, and that is, the training of the young for some especial field of labor in life. Our young people are not enough impressed with the idea that the world does *not* owe them a living, and that they must earn it. If a life of ease and comparative idleness were offered, too many would be weak enough to accept it, and foolishly call it good fortune.

The American people are not a lazy people. Quite the contrary. But when we hear such and such a person spoken of as a very active, wide-awake young man, in what direction is his activity showing itself? Is he guided by the conviction that he has an earnest, sober and important mission to fill in life? Is his usefulness crippled by the notion that only certain kinds of work are worthy of his services? He has energy and activity, but does he really know how to do any one thing in an excellent manner? There is the rub.

See to it, parents, that you do not turn out of your homes upon the world a lot of almost useless young men. Society is weakened constantly and sorely by

the abundance of willing but unskilled labor; men would naturally rather work than steal, if their services were marketable. But when a man has no trade or profession of which he is master, he is not in the best condition to support himself in a perfectly honorable manner.

One of the most melancholy features of modern American civilization is its product of evil, dawdling, sickly, useless girls, who, schooled in fashion, flirtation, and etiquette, and adorned with paint and ribbons and trinkets, are designed to be married—just as furniture is designed to sell.

After the preliminary cap-setting and coquetting, helped forward by parents who are glad to be delivered of a burden, some luckless wight, beguiled by tinsel and captivated by craft, is induced to take one of these creatures for better or for worse—he hopes it will be for better, he finds out it is for worse. A wife, but not a woman, she knows nothing that she needs to know, and can do nothing that she ought to do. He returns from a day of toil, to find a half-cooked supper, and an ill-kept house, and a pouting “baby” ready to cry for a new bonnet or to sigh because she is lonely and neglected. Her whole life’s training has unfitted her for her place. Her painting may be fearful, her embroidery wonderful, and her music terrible; but her bread is indigestible, and her beds are not half made. Supplies of provisions, purchased by his labor, are wasted or spoiled through her ignorance

and incompetence, and the poor fool who married in haste repents at his leisure, as he finds that he has taken to himself not only a useless wife, but one who, with the aid of a housekeeper can throw away more with a spoon than he can gather up with a shovel. Or, perchance, shrinking from the herculean labor of providing for her to waste, he gives up the romantic dream of a quiet, happy home, and gets hustled into a boarding-house, where short rations, bad bread, saucy servants, exacting proprietors, high prices, and general discomfort, leave him with a light pocket, heavy heart, small enjoyment, and general discontent.

A worthless girl, next to a worthless boy, is one of the most worthless of worthless things, and many of them are in the market to-day, and many are the poor fellows waiting to be made wiser and more miserable by them.

It is a positive disgrace to any girl to marry a man when unfitted for the duties of domestic life. It is as much a shame as for a dunce to open an academy, a landsman to undertake to command a ship, or a cobbler to try to build a cathedral. It is taking an important position when unable to properly perform its duties, and betraying the trust of those who confide in the judgment of an incompetent and an imposter.

“I will,” says the great apostle, “that the younger women marry, bear children, *guide the house*, give none occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.” I. Tim. v. 14. This is the divine plan, and no man can

devise one better adapted to the general necessities of humanity. All efforts to substitute man's folly for God's wisdom end in confusion and disaster. And if a woman is to "guide the house," she must of necessity understand the things which pertain to its direction, and the duties which its guidance involves. And though every woman is not called to be a kitchen drudge, any more than every man is required to be a president or a senator, yet, however exalted her station, or however elevated her tastes and pursuits, she may be called upon to instruct, advise, and sometimes to *act*, and that under circumstances where upon her skill and tact may hang the question of comfort or misery, of health or sickness, and perhaps of life or death.

Any girl, except a natural born or thoroughly brought-up fool, must know that in entering upon married life there are new duties and responsibilities before her,—mental, social, and physical; and to undertake to perform these without reflection and preparation is to court a life of discontent and misery and seek an early grave, over which the disconsolate husband will simply shed the customary tears of early widowerhood and then find for himself a new wife, one that knows something, can do something, and is *good for something*.

And it is a burning shame to any mother to bring up her daughter by her side for a score of years, and through pride, or carelessness, or laziness, send her forth without a full knowledge of the arts, the

duties, and economies of common housewifery, to impose upon some inexperienced youth who is taken in with glittering accomplishments, and led into life-long trouble, like a dunce to the correction of the whipping post. It is an imposition on a husband and a disgrace to a mother. It is worse than it would be if a mechanic, with full knowledge of the fact, should sell a worthless plow, or cart, or wagon; it is worse than for a builder to build a worthless house, or an unseaworthy vessel; all right-minded people should look with reproving glance upon such a person, and say, "There is a woman who imposed upon an honest man by giving him, when he sought a wife and a helper, a silly, dawdling, useless girl, who knew no more about the duties of her station than a Hottentot knows about the science of astronomy."

To do this is a shame, yea, more, it is a sin! And if the domestic infidelity, the lack of natural affection, the scarcity of happy homes, the prevalence of unlawful intimacies, adulteries and divorces, and the curse of wretched, ill-begotten, and ill-trained children, with all the misery, jargon, and the trouble that fill this world, and roll their tide of darkness on to judgment and to death, were analyzed and traced to their primal sources, no small proportion of them would be laid at the door of neglectful mothers and their worthless girls, whose introduction into family life saps the foundation of domestic peace and comfort, and taints the whole fabric with misery and perdition. Parents, have you any useless girls?

Another of the valuable habits to be inculcated, is that of perseverance. The youth should be taught never to desert a thing he has undertaken until he has completely accomplished it or conclusively proven its impossibility. When Mr. Gladstone, prime minister of England, and one of the greatest statesmen, as well as one of the greatest scholars, of his age, was a boy, his father took great pains to instill into him this habit of perseverance, and also that of thoughtful attention.

The trouble he took to convince people of things which often did not seem worth a dispute, were among the noticeable traits of his character; but this fondness for reasoning had been purposely fostered in him by his father. Mr. John Gladstone liked that his children should exercise their judgment by stating the why and wherefore of every opinion they offered, and a college friend of William's who went on a visit to Fasque, in Kincardineshire, during the summer of 1829, furnishes amusing particulars of the family customs in that house, "where the children and their parents argued upon everything." They would debate as to whether the trout should be boiled or broiled, whether a window should be opened, and whether it was likely to be fine or wet next day. It was all perfectly good-humored, but curious to a stranger, because of the evident care which all the disputants took to advance no proposition, even as to the prospect of rain, rashly. One day Thomas Gladstone knocked down a wasp with his handkerchief and was about to crush it on the

table, when the father started the question as to whether he had the right to kill the insect; and this point was discussed with as much seriousness as if a human life had been at stake. At last it was adjudged that the wasp deserved death because he was a trespasser in the drawing-room, and a common enemy and a danger there.

On another occasion, William Gladstone and his sister Mary, disputed as to where a certain picture ought to be hung. An old Scotch servant came in with a ladder and stood irresolute while the argument progressed; but as Miss Mary would not yield, William gallantly ceased from speech, though unconvinced, of course. The servant then hung up the picture where the young lady ordered; but when he had done this, he crossed the room and hammered a nail into the opposite wall. He was asked why he did this: "Aweel, Miss, that'll do to hang the picture on when ye'll have come roond to Master Willie's opeenion."

The family generally did come round to William's opinion, for the resources of his tongue-fencing were wonderful, and his father, who admired a clever feint as much as a straight thrust, never failed to encourage him by saying: "Hear, hear; well said, well put, Willie!"—if the young debater bore himself well in an encounter. Another thing which Mr. John Gladstone taught his children, was to accomplish to the end whatever they might begin, no matter how insignificant the undertaking might be. Assuming

that the enterprise had been commenced with a deliberate, thoughtful purpose, it would obviously be weakness to abandon it, whereas, if it had been entered upon without thought it would be useful to carry it through as a lesson against acting without reflection. The tenacity with which William Gladstone adhered to this principle exercised, no doubt, a beneficial moral discipline upon himself, but was frequently very trying to his companions. "At Fasque," says his friend, "we often had archery practice, and the arrows that went wide of the targets would get lost in the long grass. Most of us would have liked to collect only the arrows that we could find without trouble, and then begin shooting again; but this was not William's way. He would insist that all the arrows should be found before we shot our second volleys, and would marshal us in Indian file and make us tramp about in the grass till every quiver had been refilled. Once we were so long in hunting for a particular arrow that dusk came on and we had to relinquish the search. The next morning, as I was dressing, I saw through my window William ranging the field and prodding into every tuft of grass with a stick. He had been busy in this way for two hours, and at length he found the arrow just before breakfast. I remarked that he had wasted a good deal of time: 'Yes, and no,' he said. 'I was certain the arrow could be found if I looked for it in a certain way, but it was the longest way, and I failed several

times by trying shorter methods. When I set to work in the proper fashion, I succeeded.' 'Well done, Willie!' concurred his always appreciative father."

It was the same at Oxford. Gladstone would start for a walk to some place eight miles distant, and make up his mind to go "at least more than half the way." Rain might fall in torrents (a serious matter in those days when no undergraduate ever carried an umbrella), but this would not shake him from his purpose; so long as he had not passed his fourth mile-post nothing would make him turn back. Directed toward higher objects, this stubbornness could be dignified with the name of perseverance, and it was a master quality that kept all Gladstone's friends in subjection to him more or less. Those who would not give in to him from reason, would do so to avoid a contest — this being a world in which there are more earthen pots than iron ones, and the earthen try to escape collisions when they can. Besides, Gladstone's intense conviction of being always in the right, gave him an assured superiority over young men who did not ponder very deeply over their opinions and were not prepared to defend them against vigorous onslaughts. "Gladstone seems to do all the thinking for us," Frederick Rogers once said; "the only trouble is that when he starts some new idea, he expects you to see all its beauties at once as clearly as he does after studying them." Years

afterward, when Mr. Gladstone had become Prime Minister, another old college friend observed: "You must know Gladstone to understand how much it costs him to give up any clause in a bill which he has framed. He hates compromise as a concession of good to evil. He cannot acknowledge half-truths or admit the value of half-good. What grieves him is, not the humiliation of being beaten by his systematic foes, but the misery of having failed to convince those who profess to be his friends and to let themselves be guided by him; and again when he surrenders a particle of what he considers right, he is at war with his restive conscience, asking himself whether he was morally justified in yielding to serve party ends."

Honesty is a trait of character which should be assiduously cultivated in children. Teach them to be always fair and upright in their dealings with their playmates, and everybody else with whom they are brought into contact. Never allow them to cheat in their games; it is laying the foundation for deceit in weightier matters of after-life. Encourage them to be frank and manly in confessing their share in any of the escapades that children are so apt to engage in. Show them that it is better to undergo punishment, if that should be the result of their straightforwardness, than to escape it by lying. Show them that dishonesty is low and cowardly, while honesty is brave and noble.

Carefulness is a quality closely allied to honesty, if, indeed, it is not identical with it, and it should receive

the same attention. The man who does his work in a slipshod manner is dishonest; he is cheating his employer, or the consumer of his goods, as the case may be. The child should be required to do all his work carefully and accurately. The habit of painstaking is one of the easiest to acquire with proper training, and it should not be neglected.

A powerful auxiliary in training a child may be found in his associations. When he can be led to select his companions among children whose tendencies are good, a long step has already been taken toward making a good man of him. On the other hand, it is hard indeed to make anything out of one who habitually and from choice mingles with those whose tendencies are toward evil things. The utmost care should, then, be taken in directing the boy or girl into the best society obtainable.

MUTUAL RESPECT.

A duty which parents and children owe to each other is that of mutual respect. It is painful to hear a child speak of his father as "Dad," "Pap," "The Guv'ner," or "The Old Man," or to hear him call his mother by the not very euphonious titles of "Mam," or "The Old Woman." A child ought to venerate his father and mother. One of the most beautiful features in the character of the excellent, but much-maligned Thomas Carlyle, was the deep love and thorough respect which he bore

his poor old father and mother. To him, none of the great men with whom he associated, could equal his own father working in his field in homespun frock, or building with honest care the bridge of which he tells in his "Reminiscences." No woman was so fair to him as the mother who was always worrying lest her Thomas might not be a good Christian. The person who does not think his father brave and talented, and his mother good and beautiful, is to be pitied. The child ought always to be ready to show his affection and reverence for those who gave him birth by yielding to them, and striving to gratify all their wishes, and when they are old and need to lean upon him, he should carefully and reverently support their declining years. On the other hand, it is almost as bad for the parent to have no respect for the feelings and wishes of his child. And the parent who allows his child no liberty, but keeps him constantly engaged in the gratification of his own whims, regardless of what the child's plans and desires may be, is as brutal as the child who fails in the respect due to his father and mother. The parent should have respect enough for and confidence enough in, his child, to allow him to follow his own inclinations in non-essential matters. Petty tyranny is entirely out of place in the family circle; there, as in the political government, the proper amount of active rule is the least amount that will answer the purposes. A man must be capable of

self-government ; otherwise certainly he is not fit to exercise his right as a voter. The proper time for him to acquire this ability to govern himself is during the years of his youth, and the only known method of learning anything thoroughly is practice ; therefore the child ought properly to be allowed to govern himself as much as possible.

DISCIPLINE.

One of the most vexed questions with which the parent has to do, is that of discipline. As the citizen is subject to his government and must obey it, the child, who is an embryo citizen, should be trained in obedience. It certainly is the parent's duty to enforce obedience to all commands. Unjust or trivial commands should not be given ; only such orders should be issued as mean something and have a solid basis of reason, and to those, complete submission should be required. The parent who is constantly telling his children to do this, that, or the other thing, and then not compelling obedience, is giving them a very bad education. It is his duty to be firm, but not rough ; as has been said before, firmness is perfectly compatible with gentleness. The child should know that his parent will not make any unreasonable demands, but that whenever one is made, it is as absolute as the laws of the Medes and Persians, and must be complied with. But in the course of events it often

happens that a square issue arises between parent and child; now whose will is to be supreme? The parent's, of course. But how is he to make it supreme? By persuasion, if possible; by force, if necessary. I cannot but believe that some of the humanitarians (to whom be all praise for the good they have done) go too far in their opposition to punishment. However gentle and mild we may be, however averse to harsh measures, there must be at the bottom of it all a good foundation of force. It is the same with individuals as with nations. Whoever cannot protect himself and maintain his rights, is apt to be imposed upon whenever it suits anybody's convenience to make him the object of imposition. The child must understand that the parent has all the force necessary for use in any emergency. And if necessary, let him feel that force, until he fully realizes its presence. A recent writer makes an excellent suggestion on this point. He says: "Hold a child sometimes by main force. This may give the idea of a resistless force without any of the cruelty of blows, or the fierceness of passion."

Proper punishment, properly administered, is the most convincing proof the child can have of the parent's power and love. "For, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" Punishment should be administered

in kindness and not in anger. It should be sufficient to induce full submission, no more and no less. Thus used, it may become the instrument of very great good, and in after years the parent will receive the blessings of the child for the very pain inflicted. The pain which may be likened to that caused by the thorns of a hedge-row, which drive back the tender lambs, and thus protect them from the dangers that lurk without.

MUTUAL LOVE AND KINDNESS.

The final duty, the one which, in its highest degree, includes all the others, is mutual love and kindness. This is the spirit which should pervade the home and rule all the actions of its inmates. Children should be made to feel that they are not intruders in the house, that they are welcome there. They should be allowed to romp and play and have a fine time occasionally, even if it costs a little trouble. It is their nature, and the source of their greatest happiness. Their noise is annoying sometimes, but they will get quiet and sober soon enough. Look kindly then upon their childish sports; do not scold them for the confusion they cause; take part in their games when you can; it will cheer and encourage them more than you know. Sympathize with them when in trouble and soothe them when in pain. Let them see that you take more interest in them and love them better than anybody else. Be ready to help them in their innocent little

projects, encourage their feeble attempts to do things for themselves. Remember it was his mother's kiss that led Benjamin West on and made him a great painter. Do not occupy their whole time in your service. Let them have leisure for their own amusements and studies. Let them have, if at all possible, a room for themselves, where they may be sovereign, and reign with absolute sway over their little kingdom of dolls, hobby-horses, whistles, and dishes; and whither, a few years later, they may retire to think in seclusion. Perhaps the greatest benefit received by young men who go away to college, is not the instruction of their teachers, but the opportunity of having a room to themselves, where they can be alone with their own thoughts whenever it may best suit them.

Look at the man who has made one fortune but does not consider it large enough, and is now busy making another. He is off to work at eight A. M., never returning till eight P. M., and then so worn and jaded that he cares for nothing beyond his dinner and his sleep. His beautiful house and pleasure-grounds give him no delights; he never enjoys, he only pays for them. He has a charming wife and a youthful family, but he sees little of either — the latter, indeed, he never sees at all except on Sundays. He comes home so tired that the children would only worry him. To them "papa" is almost a stranger. They know him only as a periodical encumbrance on the home-life, which generally makes it much less pleasant. And

when they grow up, it is to an existence so totally different from his that they usually quietly ignore him. "Oh! papa cares nothing about this. No, no; we never think of telling papa anything." Until some day papa will die and leave them a quarter of a million. But how much better to leave them what no money can buy—the remembrance of a *father!* A real father, whose guardianship made home safe; whose tenderness filled it with happiness; who was companion and friend as well as ruler and guide; whose influence penetrated every day of their lives, every feeling of their hearts; who was the pattern, the exemplar, the originator and educator of everything good in them; the visible father on earth, who made them understand dimly "Our Father, who art in heaven."

Your life is crowded with duties and labors (and whose is not?), but you can surely find an hour, or a half hour, at least, somewhere in the day, which you can give to your family, when your children can feel free to climb up into your arms and frolic as gaily as they please. Try it and thus not only endear yourself to your little ones, but also bring back into your own soul the dewy freshness of childhood. You will find it a veritable elixir of youth. How beautiful was the family custom embalmed by Longfellow in his "Children's Hour!"

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

- “I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.
- “From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,—
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.
- “A whisper, and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.
- “A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!
- They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.
- “They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!
- “Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?
- “I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down in the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

“And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And molder in dust away!”

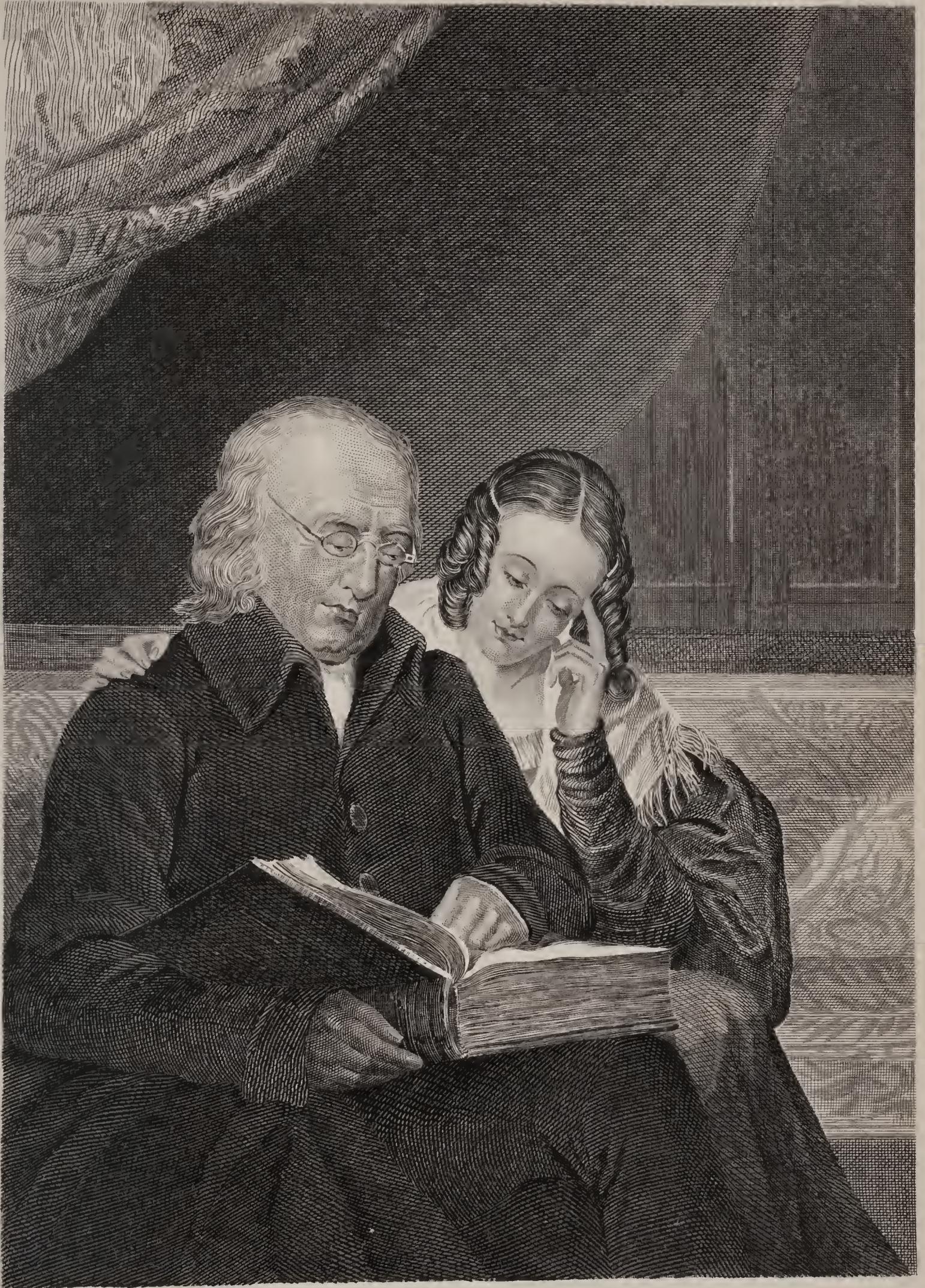
These principles being duly observed, the highest pleasure can be obtained from the parental relation, and we shall have also the satisfaction of seeing our children grow up to the richest manhood and womanhood. And surely our labors will not be in vain, for the time will soon come when our greatest joy will be the hearty love and respect which dutiful children so happily render to their aged relatives. Many an old person has had his path to the grave cleared and lightened by the kind attentions of the young. Longfellow never tired of the society of children; many of his finest poems were written in their honor. Goethe, bereft of nearly all old friends, found solace in the loving companionship of his daughter-in-law, Ottilie, who, in the words of his biographer, “devoted herself to cheer his solitude,” reading aloud to him from the ever interesting pages of his favorite books.

The children of to-day will carry into the distant future just such pictures of us as we now have of our own early experiences. We remember our parents for the real common sense service they did us when we were children, and for the purity of their hearts, and their genuine love for us. It is not the wealthy homes and extended possessions of our father's, or the fine fashionable clothing of our

mother's, that clings to our dearest memories of childhood!

Thank God, some of us had an old-fashioned mother. Not a woman of the period, enameled and painted, with her great chignon, her cuffs and bustle, whose white, jeweled hand never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depth the love-light shone, and brown hair, just threaded with silver, lying smooth upon her faded cheek. These dear old hands, worn with toil, gently guiding our tottered steps in sickness; even reaching out in yearning tenderness to when her sweet spirit was baptized in the early spray of the river. Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats to us now like the beautiful perfume from woodland blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers echoes to our soul forever.

Other faces may fade and be forgotten, but hers shall shine on until the light from heaven's portals will glorify our own. When the fitful pauses of busy feet wander back to the old homestead and cross the well-worn threshold, stand once more in the low, quaint room, so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childish innocence and dependence comes over us, and we kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming in at the window—just where long years ago we knelt down by our mother's knee, lisping "Our Father."



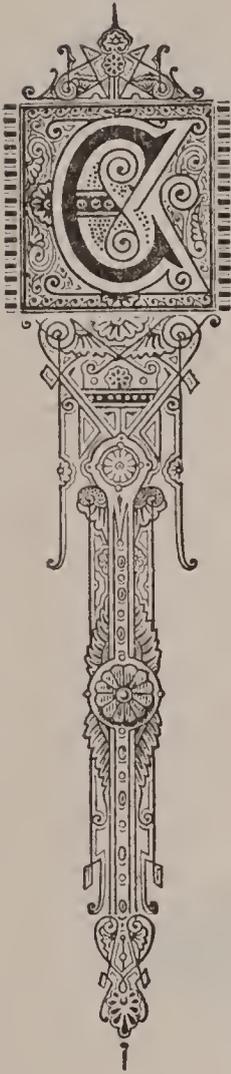
GOETHE AND OTTILIE.

How many times, when the tempter lures us on, has the memory of that sacred hour, that mother's words—her prayers—saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years have filled great drifts between her and us, but they may not have hidden from our sight the glory of pure, unselfish love. Parents, yours is a grand responsibility!



DUTIES OF BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

FORBEARANCE AND KINDNESS.



CLOSELY connected as they are, differences of opinion and interest must of necessity often occur, and to soften the harsh feelings which are liable to be produced by such occurrences, there is need of a great fund of patience and love. Quarreling among members of the same family is one of the most disgusting sights by which our eyes are ever pained, and it is at the same time one entirely too frequent. Where all ought to show sweetness and harmony, it is a shame to see bitterness, discord, and constant wrangling. Brothers and sisters ought always to be ready to overlook and pardon the little offenses which they receive from one another. They are the result, not of malice and hatred, but of thoughtlessness; and it is foolish to be angered by them. Besides their readiness to forgive injuries they should seek opportunities of obliging and accommodating one another. Opportunities occur almost every hour for each to do something that will make the others happier, and they should be improved.

Brothers and sisters should exercise a watchful care, and be always ready to give honest advice upon subjects that concern the welfare of one another. How beautiful is the home where the spirit of self-denial and helpfulness is the ruling spirit. People reared in such homes are not the ones who fill our prisons and alms-houses; they are the best of every community; their youthful training has formed them into happy, peace-loving citizens.

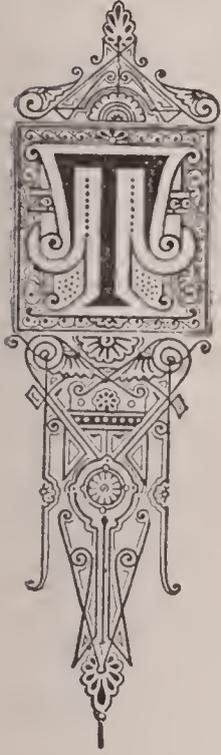
LOVE AND UNITY.

There is something transcendently virtuous in the affection of a high-hearted brother toward his gentle, amiable sister. He can feel unbounded admiration for her beauty—he can appreciate and applaud the kindness which she bestows on himself—he can press her bright lips and her fair forehead, and still feel that she is unpolluted; he can watch the blush steal over her features with pleasure when he tells her of her innocent follies, and he can clasp her to his bosom in consolation when the tears gush from her overloaded heart. With woman there is always a feeling of pride mingled with the regard which she has for her brother. She looks upon him as one fitted to brave the tempest of the world, as one to whose arm of protection she can fly for shelter when she is stricken by sorrow, wronged, or oppressed, as one whose honor is connected with her own, and who durst not see her insulted with

impunity. He is to her as the oak is to the vine, and, though she may fear all others of mankind, she is secure and confident in the love and countenance of her brother.

No purer feeling is ever kindled upon the altar of human affection, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affection; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development, so dignified, and yet, withal, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolution effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out to supply him as a sister's? And if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence. In all the annals of crime, it is considered anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother, or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge in regard to that brother.

DUTIES OF MASTERS AND SERVANTS.



THE relation of master and servant has been one of the most troublesome from the earliest times. Many systems of labor have prevailed in different periods of the world's history, and as many different views of the reciprocal duties of masters and servants have been held. The system of absolute slavery having been abolished in most civilized countries, the duties applying to that system need not now be discussed. The method of procuring labor to be done, now in vogue throughout the world, is that of hiring people to do it at fixed rates; and it is a method that is by no means free from difficulties and annoyances, and the troubles which surround it seem to be growing rather than diminishing. As Carlyle has said: "Obedience cannot be bought with money. Without real masters you cannot have servants; and a master is not made by thirty pieces or thirty million pieces of silver; only a sham master is so made." But obedience is a thing which lies at the very basis of all systems of labor.

Genuine obedience can come only from those persons who do not want a living in this world

without honestly earning it, and hence are willing to give their faithful services for a just price; and are then capable of entering into sympathy with the wishes of their employer, and thus, in their real desire to be useful, they yield him perfect obedience so far as their tasks are concerned. These intelligent and sensible sentiments in the heart of the employe, when put up against the wages of the employer, give us the only proper master and the only honorable, undebased servant.

It is necessary in all civilized society that some persons make plans and lay out a line of life requiring the aid of others. But when you offer me wages for my aid and, I accept them in the spirit of the sentiments expressed above, I am in no way degraded thereby. We are both elevated by our partnership in toil. Nothing can disgrace either but a dishonest failure to live up to agreements. The idea that a hired laborer is on that account beneath us, is a dirty bit of clay that still hangs to the garments of civilization from the days when slavery was common in the world. To be a slave is indeed debasing, and if it debases the slave, it also as surely works damage of some dire sort upon the master. The notion that hired service is not completely respectable is very rapidly dying out of the earth, and very soon it will be customary to speak entirely of employer and employe; or, if we use the old words, "master" and "servant," they will be robbed of their old-time meaning. The troubles

spoken of above will all disappear when people are honest enough not to take improper advantages, or to act on the thieving principle that the world owes them a living before they have earned it.

It only remains to be seen under what circumstances the best possible results can be obtained from the present method of hiring labor. The principles of which we shall speak in this connection, deserve to be regarded for two reasons: first, because they are right and are due from each to the other as from man to man; and second, because it is policy, as the observance of them will secure the best possible results from the present order of things.

RESPECT AND KINDNESS OF EMPLOYERS.

The first duty which the employer owes to his employe is that of kind treatment. The poorest of laborers has just as much right to be kindly treated as the richest of capitalists, and if he is not so treated he will naturally feel outraged and will have no affection for his employer, and consequently will have no desire to please him by working much and well. On the other hand, the one who deals gently and graciously with those whom he employs, will receive their gratitude, and the work which they perform for him will be increased in both quantity and quality.

The second duty, of equal importance to the first is that of patience. A servant must necessarily

make many mistakes; we make many mistakes ourselves, and it is not fair to expect them to do what we cannot. It is both wrong and unprofitable for a master to scold and threaten every time his servant fails to do just as he should like to have done. All corrections should be made in a gentle, pleasant way, and not as if a poorly cooked dish or a broken rake were an unpardonable offense. Requests should be made in a polite, considerate manner. It is just as necessary to thank servants for their services as to thank anyone else. Waiters soon learn to know who treats them with respect, and they treat him in the same way. If you would get efficient service in a public house, do not fume and fret at every trifling annoyance, but observe all the little courtesies which go to make life pleasant. When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. If he, the victor of Waterloo, the greatest conqueror of Europe, would use such language to a domestic, need we feel above doing so? The fact is, it is always those who are ill-bred that are impolite and rude in dealing with those who serve them. Says Sir Arthur Helps, in one of his essays: "You observe a man becoming day by day richer, or advancing in station, or increasing in professional reputation, and you set him down as a successful man in life. But if his home is an ill-regulated one,

where no links of affection extend throughout the family, whose former domestics (and he has had more of them than he can well remember) look back upon their sojourn with him as one unblessed by kind words or deeds, I contend that that man has not been successful. Whatever good fortune he may have in the world, it is to be remembered that he has always left one important fortress untaken behind him."

Lastly, a man should furnish to his employes suitable materials and tools for their work. A servant who, like Maitre Jacques, is required to prepare a banquet without money to buy the necessary materials, cannot rightly be blamed for failing. Furthermore, "the servant is worthy of his hire," and ought to receive it promptly and fully; his means are usually confined to the wages of his daily labor, and it is a serious inconvenience to him, if, through the negligence or dishonesty of his employer, he is compelled to wait for his money.

OBEDIENCE AND FAITHFULNESS.

In fulfillment of his contract, and in return for kind treatment on the part of the employer, the employe owes a variety of duties. One of them is obedience. Unquestionably the master has a right to the services of any one he has employed, for so much time as he has paid for. And he has a right to use the servant in any proper way that he pleases,

unless indeed, as is quite common, he has hired him to do only a certain kind of work, in which case he cannot claim any other kind. Unquestionably also, a man has a right to demand that his own work shall be done in any certain way that he may direct, and it is the servant's duty to do it in that way, regardless of his own opinions; if he is not willing to do this, it is his privilege to resign.

Right here, however, a distinction is made between professional labor and common labor. Professional labor is that in which the principal ingredient is skill, and includes such work as that of lawyers, physicians, preachers, teachers, editors, public officers, and, in a less degree, the various handicrafts, as blacksmithing, carpentering, and the like. The accepted doctrine, indeed, is that in the case of professional labor, the one employed is held responsible for results, but is not in any way answerable for the methods. If I employ a physician to attend a member of my family, I am right in demanding of him a cure, if one is possible, but I may not in any manner interfere with the course of treatment. My only remedy is to dismiss the physician and employ another one, if I think the results are not entirely satisfactory. So, again, the patrons of a school have no right, under ordinary circumstances, to meddle with its management. If it does not correspond with their ideas of what a school should be, they may withdraw their children from it and send them elsewhere, and they may refuse to re-employ the

teacher; in some extraordinary cases, they may even take legal means to displace him before the contract time of teaching expires. In like manner, the practice of instructing congressmen and senators, is a pernicious one.

A congressman is elected because he is supposed to have a better knowledge of public affairs, and better judgment in regard to them, than anybody else that can be obtained for the office. Besides, he, being upon the field of action, will naturally understand the measures upon which he is called to vote far better than his constituents at home. It was a noble act in Macaulay, when he was a candidate for Parliament, and was desired to pledge himself to a certain policy, to absolutely refuse to do so. Here is what he says, in a letter to an elector who had written to him on the subject: "I wish to add a few words touching a question which has lately been much canvassed; I mean the question of pledges. In this letter, and in every letter which I have written to my friends at Leeds, I have plainly declared my *opinions*. But I think it, at this conjuncture, my duty to declare that I will give *no pledges*. I will not bind myself to make or to support any particular motion. I will state as shortly as I can some of the reasons which have induced me to form this determination.

"The great beauty of the representative system is that it unites the advantages arising from a division of labor. Just as a physician understands medicine

better than an ordinary man, just as a shoemaker makes shoes better than an ordinary man, so a person whose life is passed in transacting affairs of state becomes a better statesman than an ordinary man. In politics, as well as every other department of life, the public ought to have the means of checking those who serve it. If a man finds that he derives no benefit from the prescription of his physician, he calls in another. If his shoes do not fit him, he changes his shoemaker. But when he has called in a physician of whom he hears a good report, and whose general practice he believes to be judicious, it would be absurd in him to tie down that physician to order particular pills and particular draughts. While he continues to be the customer of a shoemaker, it would be absurd in him to sit by and mete every motion of that shoemaker's hand. And in the same manner, it would, I think, be absurd in him to require positive pledges, and to exact daily and hourly obedience, from his representative. My opinion is, that electors ought at first to choose cautiously, then to confide liberally; and, when the term for which they have selected their member has expired, to review his conduct equitably, and to pronounce on the whole taken together.

“If the people of Leeds think proper to repose in me that confidence which is necessary to the proper discharge of the duties of a representative, I hope that I shall not abuse it. If it be their pleasure to fetter their members by positive prom-

ises, it is in their power to do so. I can only say that on such terms I cannot conscientiously serve them."

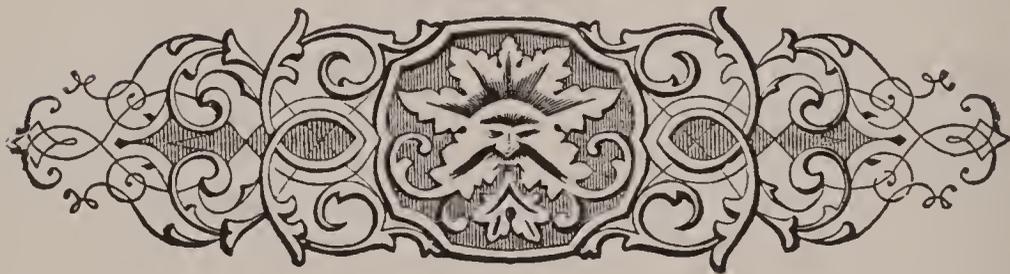
But in the case of common labor, the servant is responsible to his master for results, and also for methods, and he should yield absolute obedience to the master's wishes about matters relating to his employment.

HONESTY OF SERVANTS.

Another duty is honesty of the employe in all his dealings. Honesty does not mean simply that he shall not steal or cheat his master out of money and commodities; it means also that he shall make his master's interests his own, that he shall do his work as thoroughly and economically as if he were doing it for himself. The greatest stigma that rests upon those who in this country are called "hired girls," is the fact that it seems to be their highest object to get the greatest possible wages and do the least possible work, and to do that little work in the most slipshod manner they can without losing their situations. They too often have no desire to promote the interest of their employers; they seem to think that since they do not have to pay the household expenses, economy is a useless bother. It seems strange that they cannot realize that their interests and those of their employers are identical. A girl who would work honestly and neatly and without

useless extravagance, could, without any trouble, command wages twice as high as those which the market has placed upon careless, slovenly, extravagant girls.

We may very well sum up these directions for the securing of pleasant relations between masters and servants in these words from Fuller: "If thou art master, be sometimes blind; if a servant, sometimes deaf." Be mutually patient with each other.



DUTIES OF TEACHER AND PUPIL.

THE TEACHER'S WORK.



CONSIDERABLE has already been said concerning the importance of education. Its utility as a happiness producer and power giver has been shown. But the subject is one that it would be somewhat difficult to overdo. The problem of education is the great practical problem of the age. It is beginning to be felt that the first and fundamental step toward a good government is a good school system. It was Wordsworth who called the child the father of the man. Look well to your children, then; it is hard to make good men out of bad boys. The child's mind is plastic, and may be molded into almost any shape, for good or for evil; the man's is hard and fixed. The child is a sapling, which the slenderest thread will suffice to hold straight or to bend and twist; the man is that sapling grown older and stronger, and retaining to its latest day much of the form given it in its youth. If a child receives a cut on his arm, the scar will remain plainly marked through all the years of manhood and old age. The mind is not less susceptible of injury, or less tenacious of the scar. Watch, then, that the

thread of influence may pull the young mind in the right direction, and that no scar may be left upon it. How great is the urgency of the demand for education in this country may be seen from the following extract from Joseph Cook :

“Of the ten million voters in the United States, one in five cannot write his name. The nation is charged with the education of eighteen million of children and youth. Of these, ten million five hundred thousand are enrolled in public and private schools, but the average attendance is only six million ; seven million five hundred thousand, or five-twelfths of the whole, are growing up in absolute ignorance of the English alphabet. At the present rate of increase of the number of children not attending school, there will in ten years be more children in the United States out of schools than in them. In all but five of the states there were enough illiterate voters to have reversed the result of the last presidential election in each of these states. Thirty-two per cent of the voters in the south are illiterate. Of these, seventy per cent are colored and thirty are whites. In spite of all the appliances of education, the increase of illiterate voters in the south from 1870 to 1880 was one hundred and eighty-seven thousand six hundred and seventy-one. In more than one third of the Union the ignorant voters are almost one third of the total number of voters. National aid to education is the only adequate remedy for the national evil of ignorance. I have come recently from distant lands, and I have found that many a country on

earth is much more sensitive to its illiteracy than we appear to be to that of our own nation. At this moment Greece expends more for her common schools, in proportion to her wealth, than we do. So does Japan, and the latter country has a larger proportion of children in school than we have. As a nation, we are not in advance of Prussia in expenditures for common schools, and even England and Scotland are verging close upon New England in their taxes for the abolition of illiteracy. The truth is that, instead of being, as a whole, at the front of the educational advance of civilization, our proud nation is gradually dropping into a laggard place."

That is an alarming condition of affairs in a country like ours, where the people have a larger share in the conduct of government than they have anywhere else on the globe. Illiteracy is the great danger of America. How can a fool make a good ruler? and yet the vote of the completest idiot counts just as much as that of an Emerson or a Bancroft, a Webster or a Calhoun. It is mostly the illiterates who form the purchasable part of our voting population. It is mostly the illiterates who fill our prisons. Mobs are generally composed of the uneducated; very seldom is a riot made up of any other class. Drunkenness and licentiousness, though they extend to all classes of people, are most commonly the vices of the ignorant, who can find no more attractive way of spending their time. "One of the hugest needs of this country," says Joseph Cook, in the article quoted above, "and of

many another country, is a middle link of education between the best cultured and those who have elementary instructions. The masses of our people very soon will cease to believe in highly intellectual and thoroughly trained men as leaders, unless there be high schools to lift pupils from the very bottom of the social scale, and educate the brightest minds into contact with the best educated circle. In the name of political necessity, and of the interests of all classes of people, I defend the high schools and the normal schools. I defend that continuity of educational institutions which begins by the lowest rounds of the educational ladder, a round that ought to stand in the gutter, and lifts the worthy people of whatever social rank, to the upper round, on a level as high as education has reached anywhere on earth."

In one of his late lectures Mr. Beecher used the following very earnest language about the importance of the teacher's work, and the necessity of thorough qualification on his part. "I put the teacher higher than any profession, higher than the lawyer, higher than the minister, higher than the statesman. I tell you that the proper society is the bottom of it, and they that work there are the ones that work nearest to God. I tell you, first God, next mother, next teacher, next minister, if he is worthy of his calling. And you are bound to give them such dignity that self-respecting men and women shall be willing to adopt the business of teaching for life with a certainty, just the same

certainty, of an adequate support that the other liberal professions have. As it is, the common school is perpetually spoiled by raw material. Taking the country through—large cities are exceptional points—but taking the country through, nobody teaches because he means to be a teacher through life. The young man has gone to the academy, and he wants to go to the seminary or college, and he steps aside and teaches for a winter with the hope to do something else, because that is not going to be his business; he has gone through college and he wants to study the liberal professions. He is a little in debt, and so he thinks he will teach a year in order to raise funds, and not because he is going to make teaching a business. And so woman goes into the common schools not to stay, but because it is a respectable place for her to wait until she sees what God is going to send her; when she finds out, she resigns and opens a school of her own.

“Now, is this system best for your children—to keep them perpetually in the hands of raw material? What if an untaught and rude sailor at the end of a voyage should say: ‘I cannot get another berth for six months, and I think I will practice medicine.’ You wouldn’t put a sick dog in his hands unless it was for execution. What if a man should say: ‘I hope for an office, and I will practice law until I get one.’ He never studied it and isn’t going to study it, but he is going to practice it. Who would put a piece of property, or anything he had an

interest in—who would place his business, in the hands of a man that had not studied the law a good many years and gathered experience and accumulated wisdom which comes only from study and experience? You demand these for property, for the body; you demand experience in all these things, but for your children anything, only so that it is cheap! ‘If a man will teach for twenty-five dollars a month and found, he is the man for us, unless there is a fellow who will teach for twenty dollars.’ So you foist off upon the children the poorest, and the meanest, and the most miserable teachers. But this must be changed; men must cultivate this profession; a man must go into it as he does into the ministry, or into the law, for his life work. Of all parsimony there is none like that of cheap schools. Endow the schools liberally, and give them the best teachers that can be obtained.”

It is quite commonly asserted that the purpose of the school is to make good citizens. Looked at in one way, the statement is true; but it is defective. This is the principal source of the state’s interest in education, no doubt, and it is the origin of the common schools. But to say that the making of good citizens is the prime object of education is to make too narrow an assertion; it does not tell the tenth part of the truth. What proportion of a man’s actions, duties, and relations spring out of the immediate fact of citizenship? Does any man who is not

a politician spend five days out of the three hundred and sixty-five in work which is peculiarly his as a citizen? Of course, those who adhere to the above doctrine give a broader meaning than this to the expression, and mean by a good citizen, a man who is honest in his dealings, helpful as a neighbor, and public-spirited,—in short, a good man. But even this is not broad enough. Better say that the object of education, and consequently of schools, is to make men and women. A man is a far greater thing than is a citizen. Citizenship is only one of the many functions of a man.

There is yet another source of reasonable interest on the part of the state in advanced education. Government often builds large, expensive court-houses, state-houses, post-offices, and other public buildings. They are far finer than the material necessities of government would justify. Why are they built so? For ornament, to display the grandeur and power of the nation. But do fine buildings form the most effective ornamentation? By no means. Man is the central thing in the universe. Why is it that every tourist in England wishes to see Westminster Abbey? Is it because of the architectural magnificence of the building? Not at all. It is because the spot is hallowed as the final resting place of many of the wisest and best Englishmen. There are Chaucer, Dryden, Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Addison, Pitt, Fox, Chatham, and all the long line of rulers. Is it on account of its great natural beauty that every

visitor at Paris goes first to Pere-la-Chaise? It is because there are buried the great of France,—the philosophers, warriors, historians, statesmen, poets, and musicians whose names are the glory of their native land. What is it that lends their attraction to Waterloo and Gettysburg? Why is it that Concord, and Weimar, and Stratford-upon-Avon have so much magnetism to draw the world? Faneuil Hall is not the finest building in Boston, nor is Independence Hall the finest in Philadelphia, yet they are the most interesting and most visited places in those cities. Why? Because there great deeds have been done, great men have lived, great history has been made. It is man that gives dignity to a place or country,—not nature, and not art. Would it not be well, then, to curtail somewhat, if necessary, the expenditures upon showy buildings, and devote the money saved to the making of men and women who will be a tower of strength and a crown of glory to the land?

THE TEACHER AND THE PUBLIC.

A few words now upon the relations of teacher and public (a subject which does not receive enough attention), and we will proceed to our proper theme, the reciprocal duties of teacher and pupil.

It was mentioned (in page 630), that the teacher is a professional laborer, and that, therefore, he is responsible only for results, not for methods. The teacher, having the advantage of both study and expe-

rience, ought to know, and does know, more about the proper subjects to be taught and the proper methods of teaching them than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of his patrons, even in the most intelligent localities. Hence these subjects should be left almost entirely to his discretion. Let him be untrammelled in his work, give him whatever appliances he needs, and then hold him strictly responsible for the results.

The teacher has a right to the co-operation of the public. The child's mind is easily worked upon, especially by his parents. If at home he constantly hears criticisms upon the teacher and the school, he is put into a state of mind very unfavorable to learning well what the teacher has to teach. Moreover, it is quite essential to a successful school that the pupils should be regular and punctual in their attendance. This end can be secured by no one else so well as by the parent, and he should take an active and constant interest in it. The parent should supply the child with all necessary books and other equipments, and should urge and assist him to use them to the best advantage, and get from them all the good he can. In these days of large schools, the pupils can expect but little individual attention from the teacher. This element must be supplied almost entirely by the parent.

There is too little permanency about teaching. Everywhere except in the larger towns there is a change almost every year. It is necessary that a

teacher should get acquainted with his pupils and they with him, before the best results can be achieved. When a year's school has been satisfactory, the teacher should be re-employed if he wishes it, and he should be informed at the close of the year whether his services are desired for the next. The common practice of putting off school elections until a month or so before beginning the next year, is pernicious. But this duty is not all upon the side of the public; it is as necessary that the teacher should be reasonably prompt in his decision as it is that the public should be so. If the teacher does not intend to remain another year, he should make known the fact soon enough to give time to obtain another in his place. The idea prevails quite extensively among teachers that it is right for them to resign their schools at any time when it may suit their convenience to do so. This is anything but honorable; there is no reason why a teacher should not be as firmly bound by his promise or contract as any one else.

A teacher cannot teach successfully unless he has the necessary appliances, and these should be furnished. He should be given a good building, comfortably warmed, well ventilated, and well cared for, and there should be a full supply of the things which are grouped together under the head of apparatus, — such things as dictionaries, encyclopedias, maps, and implements for illustration. It would be well if a few days were given each year

with full pay, to enable the teacher to visit other schools and observe their methods, and thus improve his own.

A greater number of teachers should be employed and the schools made smaller, that each pupil may receive more individual attention. No two pupils have minds exactly alike; each has some talent peculiar to himself, and he should be allowed to develop that talent. Esculapius should not be kept away from his study of bones and muscles in order that he may make up his grade in arithmetic or in grammar; Hercules should not be compelled to mope over poetry and philosophy when he wishes to roam the fields and strengthen his arm for the twelve labors; Jason should not be compelled to split his head over physiology and chemistry when his natural inclination is to wander along the beach, read stories of daring adventure upon the ocean, and dream of the Golden Fleece; Apollo must not be forced to spend upon geography and history the time that belongs to music and poetry. It is wrong to put all children into a mold and make them grow into exactly the same shape. That kind of treatment is just as barbarous when applied to their minds, as it would be if applied to their bodies. But when each teacher has charge of forty or fifty pupils, how can it well be otherwise? Time being limited, the course must be arranged for the average pupil, and the dull one must be hurried, and the bright one checked, in order to fit that average.

The jurisdiction of the teacher should be clearly defined by law. He should not be left in doubt as to where his authority and responsibility begin and where they end. Likewise the extent of his authority, whether, for example, he has the right to punish, and in what way, should be definitely settled.

Finally, the teacher's salary should be proportioned to the importance of his position in the social economy. The teacher's work is intellectual work, and he must have means of cultivating his mind. Healthy instruction cannot be drawn from a stagnant mind any more than healthy water can be drawn from a stagnant pool. If you would have your children fed upon sound mental food, you must pay your teacher well enough so that he may be able to buy books and pictures, to travel, and to cultivate himself in all ways. Besides, he ought not to be forced by lack of means to live in a manner suited only to the poorest of day-laborers. The mind can scarcely be clear and cheerful when the body is stretched upon the rack of poverty. And yet that is precisely the condition of, perhaps, ninety per cent of the teachers of America. When all these obligations are fulfilled by the people, then, and not until then, need they look for and demand the best results from the public school system.

CHARACTER-BUILDING.

We have seen that the purpose of education is to make men and women. The great obligation then

on the teacher's part is to do this, to give his boys and girls the maximum of virtue, power, and knowledge, to lead them as far as possible on the way to the high goal that has been pointed out, and to give them strength and light for the remainder of the journey. He must use the most effective means, as he with his best intelligence may see it, to make complete physical, intellectual, and moral men and women out of the children entrusted to his care. Whatever qualities he thinks essential to such manhood and womanhood, these he should honestly, and diligently, and intelligently strive to form or cultivate in his pupils. This is his general duty; all particular duties are such as work to this end.

Emerson has said that the tiller of the soil should be not merely a farmer, but a man on a farm; that the scholar should be not merely a reader and thinker, but a man reading and thinking. The idea is a fine one; each should strive to be a whole man, not a piece of a man. In like manner we may say that the teacher should not be a mere schoolmaster, but a man teaching school. He should be a large-hearted, big-brained, strong man.

“Power that comes from knowledge is not to be despised,” says one eminent writer, “but, after all, it is the teacher quite as much as the thing taught. There were one or two men in college when I was there who will never die out of my memory. I do not remember a single proposition in Euclid, nor one single problem in Algebra, nor one single lesson

in Latin, nor in Greek; I do not remember the act of being taught by anybody, though I was taught some; but the men that taught me—I remember *them*. They were men of quite a wide range. There was the venerable Dr. Humphrey, an old prophet, as it were. There was a grandeur in the man's conscience, and in his large sense of manliness. I recollect him in my life, and think back to him. And there was Professor Hitchcock, in the chair of natural sciences. I shall never lose the thought of him. I ate at his table and saw him daily for a whole year; and to see him was to learn the best of lessons. I learned from him of shells, and bird-tracks, and the other clues in geology revealed by him; but he was the most phenomenal of all things that I learned. And there was Professor Fiske, pale and slender, our teacher of Greek—intense, acrid, crystalline. Now the books I have forgotten, and the lectures I have forgotten; but the men who gave them—not one of them, not one of them! Knowledge is good; books can teach that; but when a *man* teaches it, he teaches more than knowledge. He gives himself to you, and works upon you."

Of like tenor are Garfield's saying that a log cabin, with him sitting as student at one end of a plank bench, and Mark Hopkins as teacher at the other end, would be a whole college; and the oft-quoted remark of Emerson to his daughter that he did not care so much what she was studying at school,—that could be rearranged at almost any time, but he wanted

to know who was her teacher — wanted to know, in short, that he was a *man, teaching*.

The scholar should reach all the way from God to the ignorant crowd. And this also may apply to the teacher. On the side of the intellect he should reach up into the highest regions of thought and knowledge; on the side of the sympathies he should reach down and stand on a level with his pupils. The teacher whose sympathies are not so broad as they ought to be has forgotten how he felt and thought when a child, and he cannot replace in his mind those ways of thought and feeling. He cannot understand his pupils, and they cannot understand him. They are in the condition of an Englishman and a German, each ignorant of the other's language, yet trying to carry on a profitable conversation. This is the perfect teacher, who reaches from God to the little child, but this teacher scarcely exists. The good teacher is he who stands in the middle and reaches far out in both directions.

The teacher should be a scholar. He must have something to teach. That he should be able to obtain a license is by no means enough. I should scarcely think it worth while to send my child to a man or woman who knew nothing beyond the so-called "common-branches," and who even there perhaps felt the ground to quake beneath his feet, who had not a thought of his own and no power to comprehend the thoughts of others, whose highest idea of scholarship was the accumulation of insignificant

facts. What nourishing mental food for a child it must be to discuss and memorize the wondrous and world-important fact that the city of Verkhoiansk is on the river Tana, in Siberia, latitude 66 north, longitude 131 east; that the Ogawai river in Africa, empties a little north of Cape Lopez, latitude 1 south, longitude 9 east; that Massachusetts is not a state, because her official designation is as a "commonwealth"; that General O'Hara, acting for General Cornwallis, surrendered with eight thousand and eighty-seven men, at Yorktown, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, on the nineteenth of October, seventeen hundred and eighty-one. No, the teacher's mind and knowledge must be broad enough to enable him to distinguish between vital matters and those of no consequence, to deal more with principles than with facts, and to make his teaching pleasant enough for the child to see some of the delights of study, and wish to enjoy them himself.

Just now the great hobby among teachers seems to be "methods," and every school-keeper is looking to pedagogics and applied psychology as the Jerusalem where he can find salvation, as the holy bones whose touch will transport him at once into professor-dom. Methods are well enough in their place, but I should rather advise the young teacher to go ahead and get something to teach; the methods will take care of themselves if he has any talent for teaching. The *what* is more necessary than the *how*; and the teacher should not stop when he has got what might

be considered a fair education. If he does, and thus allows his mind to stand still, he will soon find that he is getting weak and rusty, and that his pupils are losing their interest, and that he is falling back in his profession. To keep his mind bright and vigorous, he must labor continually even to old age, making new excursions into the fields of literature, science, history, or whatever his special study may be.

It was observed that the teacher's obligation does not stop at intellectual training; it includes moral training as well. Moral education may be imparted in two ways, by precept and by example. Undoubtedly instruction upon topics relating to morals should be given occasionally, when opportunity offers. This instruction need not be religious in its character, and should not be sectarian. But this is not the most useful way of cultivating a good moral sentiment in the young people. A deed is always stronger than a word. You may talk morality two hours a day, and if your life is bad, your teaching will not only be fruitless, but it will be positively hurtful, because your hypocrisy will disgust and repel your hearers. The most influential preachers of morality are those whose talents are such as to secure them the respect and admiration of the young, and whose lives are pure and lovely. Such are sure to become models for some, at least, of their flock. Be honest, be sympathetic, be independent, be courageous, be diligent, and you will not fail to see some diligent, courageous, sympathetic, honest, and independent boys

and girls growing up about you. Make your own life at least as good as your teachings, if you would do your whole duty to your school.

DISCIPLINE.

Probably there is no other point in the relations of teacher and pupil which is so warmly contested as the question of punishment—whether it is expedient, and whether it is right. In ancient Rome we know that flogging was the order of the day in the schools. It continued to be so from that time until a few years ago, when it began to be thought cruel to whip children. Public sentiment at the present time seems to be very strongly against punishment. Certainly no one favors the old custom of constant beating, when the teacher's scepter was a ferrule in his hand, and the badges of his authority were tough birch rods hanging upon the wall. But are we not swinging too far in the other direction? A great many wise and good men believe that there is too much laxity in both home and school, and that it cannot result in any good to the children. The whole matter falls back upon the simple question of who has the right to govern, whose will is to be supreme in case of conflict,—the teacher's will, of course; nobody disputes that. But most children are like grown people, in that they want the free exercise of their own desires, and will not yield unless compelled by some higher power to do so.

Some children have their moral natures so well developed that they can be led to see what is right, and then to do it because it is right. But there are few teachers of much experience who have not had in their charge pupils whose sense of right and wrong seemed to be located almost entirely in the shoulders and limbs. With such children the proverb holds good—to spare the rod is to spoil the child.

Rosencranz has this to say of corporal punishment, and it seems that he takes the most sensible view of the subject: “Corporal punishment implies physical pain. Generally it consists of whipping, and this is perfectly justifiable in case of persistent defiance of authority, of obstinate carelessness, or of malicious evil-doing, so long or so often as the higher perceptions of the offender are closed against appeal. But it must not be administered too often, or with undue severity. To resort to deprivation of food is cruel. But, while we condemn the false view of seeing in the rod the only panacea for all embarrassing questions of discipline on the teacher’s part, we can have no sympathy for the sentimentality which assumes that the dignity of humanity is affected by a blow given to a child. It is wrong thus to confound self-conscious humanity with child humanity, for to the average child himself a blow is the most natural form of retribution, and that in which all other efforts at influence end at last. The fully grown man ought, certainly, not to be flogged, for this kind of punishment places him on a level with the child; or, where it is barbarously inflicted,

reduces him to the level of the brute, and thus absolutely does degrade him. But with the child this is not necessarily true."

The privilege of expulsion ought also to be granted to the teacher. His duties are to the whole school, and not to any individual, and if a pupil persists in annoying and disturbing the school, is it not clear that right and justice demand his removal? It is a serious thing to expel a boy from school; it not infrequently results in great evil to him, for it generally subjects him to evil influences. He will be likely to find his boon companions among the lower classes who lounge in the streets, or spend their time in idleness and vice. Expulsion then, ought to be used only as a last resort. But one pupil cannot in justice be allowed to disturb and contaminate a school of forty or fifty, and if he falls after continued trials of gentler means to reform him, his fault must be upon his own head.

MUTUAL KINDNESS AND RESPECT.

The teacher and the pupils have in kindness a mutual duty for the performance of which they have daily opportunities. There are very many things which the pupils would be glad to know about and concerning which the teacher can give information. He should be kind enough to do so, even at the cost of considerable trouble to himself. He will find that the time has been profitably expended. Any exhibi-

tion of kindness, generosity, and gentleness, by the teacher is sure to bring its legitimate reward in an increased affection on the part of the scholars. Often a little kind treatment will conquer a child's evil tendencies and reclaim him for the good, when punishment might perhaps drive him still farther from the path of virtue. The pupils may show their kindly feelings for the teacher by abstaining from practices which annoy and disturb him in his work.

Both teacher and taught should have and show a thorough respect for each other. It is very far from being conducive to the purpose of the school for the teacher to be continually scolding and fretting at his pupils, calling them fools, blockheads, or numbskulls, or for the pupils to speak of the teacher as "old Jones," "cross old Huff," etc. Each should speak to and of the other with entire respect and good will.

The pupil owes to the teacher obedience in all proper matters connected with school work. The teacher knows better than he the importance of his work and the best means of accomplishing it, and prompt and cheerful obedience should be rendered, even if he does not perceive the utility of the command. The pupil also owes it to the teacher, to his parents, and to himself, to be diligent and faithful, to perform fully all tasks imposed upon him, and in every way to co-operate with the teacher for the good of the school. Let him rest assured that if he neglects his work now, the day will come when

he will repent his foolish idleness, and wish that he had heeded the exhortations of his elders to use well his time while it was his. Then, young reader, "use your youthful days, learn betimes to be wiser : in the great scale of fortune the arm seldom stands still ; you must climb or sink, suffer or triumph, be anvil or hammer ; you must rule and win, or serve and lose."





DUTIES TO GOVERNMENT.



ALL beings have their laws; the Deity has His laws, the material world has its laws, superior intelligencies have their laws, the beasts have their laws, and man has his laws. "Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in a different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

In a strictly natural state of affairs, there would probably be no such thing as government; or if any did exist, it would be of the crudest form. Government, as we know it, is an artificial thing, a thing born of artificial necessities, and seemingly it

increases in complexity as the world advances in civilization.

Among animals we find some very rude beginnings toward settled social order, but nothing in any way elaborate. In a herd of wild horses, there is always one older, stronger, or fleetier than the others, who acts as their leader. At the approach of danger, he begins the flight, and the rest follow him as obediently as an army follows its commander. When a flock of cranes alight to feed, sentinels are posted who stand with their long necks stretched up into the air, alert to perceive any danger that may be near. If any occasion arises, the sentinels give the alarm, and the whole flock flies away. Certain kinds of birds, as ducks and geese, fly in regular order, marshaled by their leaders. Others, as swallows, congregate in vast flocks just before their annual migration.

Among uncivilized races there is government, but it is of a very primitive sort. With them the only title to authority is superior personal ability of some kind, whether mental, or physical, or moral. According to Carlyle, the word king is derived from "*konning*, which means canning, an able-man." Conventional authority, unsupported by strong individual claims, is something which could not stand for a moment among the Indians of our western plains. A feeble-minded king could have no place in their body politic. But in the settled and well-ordered countries of Europe, place is revered, regardless

of its occupant. Government with them has grown into a vast institution, independent of individual men. Evidently then, political government is artificial in its nature, a thing designed by man for his convenience.

Its origin is wrapped in impenetrable obscurity. Those who are fond of theorizing about legal and political institutions have had several different ways of accounting for the how of the formation of government. It may be that it originated merely in a process of usurpation; the strong man overpowering his weaker neighbor and robbing him of some portion of his goods, he in turn being robbed by a still stronger, and so on, until finally one became king and had all the others for subjects. Or it may have grown out of the family relation,—the father ruling his household and extending the range of his authority as the family grew greater. Or, perhaps, men living in a state of nature had arrived at a point where the strength of each individual was insufficient for his protection, and where union of forces thus became necessary. And still again, many think that government is a divine institution, created directly by God, and a part of the original plan of creation. But whether it had its origin in the divine right of the strongest, or whether men voluntarily and of one accord gathered themselves into a society for mutual protection and advancement, and selected the manner of rule they wished, or in whatever way the first tottering steps toward the complex modern political machine were taken, the why of its beginning as

well as the reason for its vigilant continuance is quite easily explained.

The primary purpose of all government, whether simple or complex, is mutual protection against the aggressions of outside enemies. It is for this that the wild horses have their leaders, the cranes their sentinels, and the Indian tribes their chieftains; and it is mostly for this purpose that the kingdoms and republics of the present were organized with their standing armies, thousands of civil officers, and other apparatus. But for this, it may be that no such thing as government would exist. All other things are incidental or secondary to it.

But governments, having once been organized to this end, have found it necessary in course of time, as their respective peoples have emerged from the state of savagery, to take cognizance of other matters. The principal duties of a civilized government, in addition to the one already pointed out, are: to protect its citizens from the encroachments of one another, encouraging the virtuous in their virtue, and restraining the vicious from their vice; to provide means for the proper training and education of the young; to promote by all means in its power the material property of its subjects; and to regulate all matters which must be settled by regularly adopted rules,—such things as weights, measures, coinage of money, the disposition of the estates of persons dying intestate, etc. It may be remarked in passing that the least amount of active govern-

ment which will answer the purposes, is the best. Government should interfere with the life and affairs of its citizens at the smallest possible number of points. It is well to scan closely every proposition to increase the scope of the laws, and reject it if it is not clearly essential to the well-being of the state and the people.

The fact that duties are reciprocal has already been noted in these pages. If, I owe you a duty, you owe me one in return. Since government owes us the duties of protection and the promotion of our well-being in all possible ways, we must, in accordance with this principle, owe it certain corresponding duties, and it is necessary that we should clearly understand what they are.

The following analysis of our duty to the government under which we choose to live, makes but four divisions of that duty; simple, yet covering the entire ground:

Duties to Government.	{	Obedience.
		Financial Support.
		Support in War.
		Moral Support.

OBEDIENCE.

The first of them, the one which comprehends nearly all the others, is that of the general subjection of our wills to its will. Government has no means of protecting us except through ourselves, and it is there-

fore necessary that in all matters essential to the performance of its duties, it should have full control over us. Thus, it acquires a right to command our fortunes our efforts, and our lives; to restrain our liberty, and to overrule our wishes. Very many things which are in themselves right, become, when forbidden by government, wrong, and it is our place to avoid them. Thus, for example, we have a natural right to go where we please and take with us anything that is our own, without restraint. But when government fixes taxes on imported goods as one of its sources of revenue, it is not only legally wrong, but morally wrong, to avoid the payment of those taxes, even though it be in the assertion of a right that naturally belongs to us. Or, when government, in time of war, and as a means of securing its own safety, forbids all persons to go outside of the country, or to hold communication with persons living in other lands, it becomes a violation of duty on our part to disobey these commands, even if our purposes are entirely innocent in themselves. Government may go yet farther than that, and rightfully command us to do things which are in themselves wrong. Thus, it may demand of us that we shall kill its enemies, an act, which, under ordinary circumstances, would be murder, and the blackest of crimes, but which, when commanded by government in due form and for proper cause, is transformed into a sacred duty.

It is impossible that all the regulations of the wisest government should equally benefit every individual;

and sometimes the general good will demand arrangements which will interfere with the interests of particular members or classes of the nation. In such circumstances, the individual is bound to regard the inconveniences under which he suffers as inseparable from a social, connected state, as the result of the condition which God has appointed, and not as the fault of his rulers; and he should cheerfully submit, recollecting how much more he receives from the community than he is called to resign to it. Disaffection toward a government which is administered with a view to the general welfare, is a great crime; and such opposition, even to a bad government, as springs from and spreads a restless temper, and an unwillingness to yield to wholesome and necessary restraint, is a crime just as great. In proportion as a people lack a conscientious regard to the laws, and are prepared to evade them by fraud, or to arrest their operation by violence,—in that proportion they need and deserve an arbitrary government, strong enough to crush at a single blow every symptom of opposition.

But there are limits which the government may not pass except for the most substantial reasons; it has no right to confine our liberties in any way that is not absolutely necessary. Only in a cause vital to its safety may it bid us do a thing morally wrong. It has no right to restrain in any way the freedom of thought. Under ordinary circumstances it cannot properly place any barriers to the freedom of speech,

or limit us in any of those things which have in themselves no moral quality. The general maxim should not be lost sight of that the least possible degree of constraint consistent with the proper performance of its duties should be imposed upon us by government. But within these limits our obedience should be absolute and unhesitating.

FINANCIAL SUPPORT.

Government, of course, incurs large expenses in the performance of its duties, and there is only one way in which it can obtain funds to liquidate these expenses, namely, by contributions from its citizens. The experiment of government engaging in mercantile business was once tried in France, and upon a colossal scale. The crash that followed was enormous. It is the citizen's duty to give cheerfully and honestly his proportionate share toward meeting the necessary expenses of government. It is fraud, and fraud of just as black a dye as any other kind of fraud, for him to make dishonest returns of the property he owns, or in any other way to attempt to defeat the demands of the national authorities. In some way it has become a widely prevalent feeling that it is not wrong to cheat the government; that whatever one can unfairly get out of it is so much pure gain, and is not a matter to be accounted for before the bar of conscience. Men who would scorn to cheat a private citizen in the slightest degree,

have no compunctions whatever about cheating their government, and even about stealing from it directly. There is certainly no foundation in fact or principle for this sentiment. Government performs for us a great many very important functions which could not be performed by any less powerful body. And even if other corporate bodies could do the work, they would not (and, but for the dishonesty and incompetency of officers, could not) do it so cheaply; for, unlike other corporations and individuals, it asks no profit, but gives us cost price on everything. Surely it is entitled to have the little that it asks paid promptly, honestly, and without grumbling, and to have men act with as much integrity toward it as toward men and other corporate bodies.

SUPPORT IN WAR.

It occasionally happens that a nation is obliged to use sterner weapons than diplomats and envoys. They are like individuals in that they do not always treat one another with fairness. Their promises are sometimes broken; they sometimes use underhanded means to gain an advantage over their rivals. They are unable to resist the temptation of getting fair territories and rich revenues which do not belong to them. In such cases, war becomes a much to be regretted necessity, as the only possible means of defending our national rights. Probably the time may come when nations will settle their conflicting claims

by the bloodless method of arbitration more than they do now. The International Congress, to which each nation shall send representatives, as each state sends representatives to our National Congress, and which shall decide matters of dispute between various countries according to their merits, may some day be an accomplished fact. If these things shall be so, the occasions for war will greatly decrease in number. But at present the securest peace is the one which has been conquered, and which can be maintained by force of arms; and so long as human nature remains what it is, the necessity for fighting, or at least for the ability to fight whenever circumstances may seem to require it, will not soon entirely disappear. Hence, it is necessary that government should have the authority to command our services in the field whenever it thinks proper; and it is our duty to obey that call as promptly as any other. It is rightly considered a noble deed, one worthy of all honor, for a man to give his life for his native land. Will not gallant young Captain Hale's name be remembered as long as the story of American freedom is told? Was not Arnold Winkleried's death worth more to the world and to himself than a hundred lives could have been? Does not the rugged mountain pass receive a new beauty from his deed? One of the noteworthy incidents of the war between the states, was the enlistment of Elias Howe, the inventor of the sewing machine, as a private in the Union army. He was feeble and was past the most active days of

his life, and, moreover, he was a millionaire, but he wished to serve his country; and as, knowing nothing of military affairs, he was incapable of filling an official position, he offered himself as a private soldier, and joined the army in that capacity. It is doubly degrading to attempt to evade this call of duty, for it is not only defrauding the nation of something which is due to it, but it is allowing fear, or other selfish considerations, to rule us in opposition to the higher voice of right.

There are those whose religious beliefs are such that it would be wrong for them to fight, even if commanded to do so by government. Such persons are generally excused from war service; but if not, they would have their remedy in expatriation. A citizen may rightly leave his native country and renounce his allegiance to it at any time, except when government has forbidden it temporarily upon the ground of public safety. This is the proper remedy against all actions of government which conflict with our ideas of right, that is, it is the ultimate remedy; the first resort is, of course, to use our power as citizens to change the government's course of action.

But so long as we remain in a country, that long are we subject to it, and that long ought we to yield implicit obedience to its commands; that long ought we to give of our substance for its support; that long ought we to stand ready to sacrifice our lives for its safety; and that long ought we, by

precept and by example, to nourish and sustain a sentiment of patriotism among our fellow-citizens, and among those who will be citizens in future years.

MORAL SUPPORT.

The final duty we owe to government is that of moral support, and this is especially important in such a country as ours, where the people are the court of supreme authority. We should defend it against those who wrongfully assail it with words. Malicious attacks are constantly being made upon all governments by parties who have been disappointed and angered at their failure to secure some personal end, and by those who "have an axe to grind." These attacks of course have a tendency to destroy the confidence of people in the ability and integrity of government, and thus to weaken it and make it powerless to perform its various functions. We should ourselves entertain a sentiment of patriotism, and we should cultivate that sentiment in the minds of the young.

Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there be, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

These fine lines of Scott's are not too strong. There are few things which add more dignity to the character of a man than love of country. All great nations have been rich in patriotic citizens. In those nations whose power has waned, and which have sunk from commanding influence into insignificance, decaying patriotism has been the sure sign preceding their fall. Whenever the citizens of a country become so absorbed in their private affairs that they can give no attention to the needs of their government; when the protection of the whole country becomes the business of a class of politicians, and is entrusted entirely to that class—then is the deluge very near. Rousseau, in his "Considerations upon the Government of Poland," speaks thus concerning the education of the young in patriotism: "National education belongs only to free men; they alone have a common existence and are truly united by law. A Frenchman, an Englishman, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Russian, are all pretty much the same man; they leave college already completely fashioned for license, that is to say, for servitude. At twenty years a Pole

ought not to be any other man; he ought to be a Pole. It would be my wish that in learning to read he should read the things of his country; that at ten years he should be acquainted with all its productions, at twelve with all its provinces, all its roads, all its towns; that at fifteen he should know all its history, at sixteen all its laws; that there should not have been in all Poland a beautiful action or an illustrious man of whom his memory and his heart were not full, and of whom he could not furnish a complete account upon the instant." Perhaps the somewhat visionary Jean Jacques may have exaggerated the importance of a strictly national education; perhaps such an extreme course as he suggests might breed a race of narrow-minded men; but at any rate the idea is worth thinking about. Well pondered, it may become the source of much good.

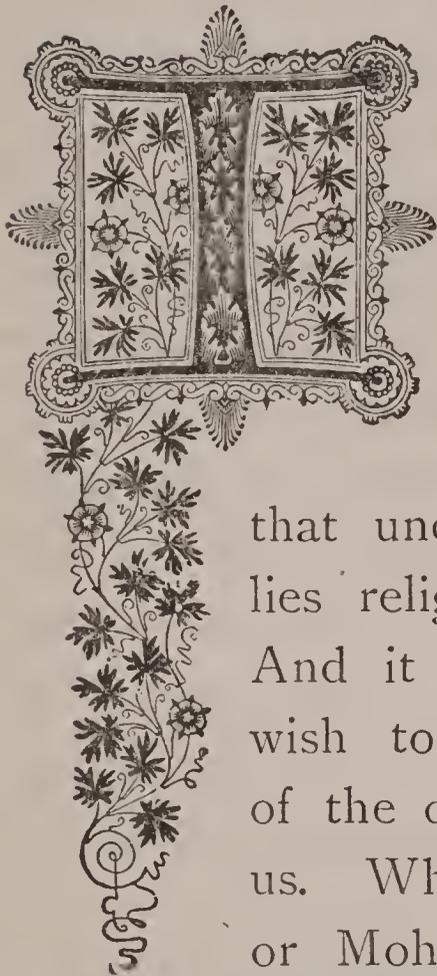
We should take part in the cares and responsibilities devolving upon the citizens of a country whose people are sovereign. The corruption of politics has grown so great that a decent man dislikes to have anything to do with it unnecessarily. Many of the best and wisest citizens decline to participate in it, even to the small extent of voting. It is true that politics is a foul mess which a man with clean hands and a healthy nose hates to approach, but is it to be made cleaner by all the good men deserting it and leaving it entirely to the ward politicians and their friends, to the inmates of rum-houses, to the

bribers and bribe-takers? If you would have political affairs pure and respectable, you must not shun them, but must bear your part, and impart to them somewhat of your purity and respectability. You should keep yourself informed of the progress of national affairs, and should act intelligently and unselfishly for the best interests of your country. When the time comes for the casting of ballots, however displeased you may be with the course of events, or however much your personal interest may have been thwarted, you should go to the polls and vote honestly and fearlessly for the men and the principles that you think ought to rule. When all the good and the wise do this, and cast their influences into the scale on the side of purity, there will be less fraud and bare-faced rascality in politics than we now have to lament.





DUTIES TO THE CREATOR.



It is not our intention in this chapter to enter upon any discussion of religious views. There is ground beyond all sectarianism which is ample for us to stand upon. Schiller somewhere says that underneath the crust of all religions lies religion itself, the idea of the divine. And it is this "religion itself," that we wish to discuss,—the humble recognition of the divine that dwells in us and around us. Whether a man be Christian, or Jew, or Mohammedan, or Bhuddist, or Infidel or whatever he may be, he can not avoid the feeling, even if he would, that he is subject to powers higher and mightier than himself. He may embody all these powers in the person of one mighty and terrible God; or he may, like the Greeks, fill the earth, and the air, and the sea with malign or beneficent beings who work to hinder or to promote his prosperity. But whether he calls it God, or Jehovah,

or Allah, or Jove, or The Great Spirit, or whether he calls it by no name at all, the feeling that something is above him, nevertheless, exists within his breast. Leaving out of consideration all direct revelations given by God to his inspired writers, who can avoid reverencing the power that lies behind the sunshine which warms the earth and quickens the germ hiding in its bosom; and the storm that sweeps across the country, dealing out death and destruction on every hand; and the ocean that in peace bears upon its shoulders the myriad fleets of commerce, or in anger hurls them furiously against the jagged rocks; and the mountains that rear their hoary heads above the clouds; and the valleys that lie between them, smiling with their many-hued growth. He must be in spiritual poverty, whose soul is so narrow as not to perceive and venerate the greatness that surrounds him, and more yet the greatness that is in him. Veneration does not include the feeling we commonly mean by the word fear; it goes hand in hand with love. It is then no craven spirit which worships, but a spirit manly enough and great enough to recognize the superiority of that which is greater than it, without any feeling of selfish jealousy. It is a true saying that only the good can appreciate the good. Ruskin somewhere says that it is a matter of the simplest demonstration that no man is ever truly appreciated except by another who is his equal or superior. The nearer one comes to equality, the nearer he approaches to

the ability of true appreciation. The more veneration one has for all things that are divine, on this side of superstition, the greater and nobler man he is.

It has been said that all the duties given as due to ourselves and to others, are due also to the Creator; because they are essential to our perfection, and perfection must have been the end for which we were created. If we are dishonest, lazy, rude, cruel, uncharitable, or unsympathetic; if we allow ourselves to remain unnecessarily ignorant, or if we neglect to educate any of the gentler parts of our nature, we are doing a wrong to him who made us with such wonderful capabilities.

But these are not all that we owe to the Creator and Sovereign of the universe. Other duties, and still more essential to right relations with the Deity, are ours. Foremost of these is reverence—reverence in the broadest and fullest sense of the term. The importance of this sentiment of reverence for what is higher, this worship, this religiousness, can hardly be conceived. It is the prime fact of the universe; in every man's character it is the one thing. The presence or the absence of this feeling marks his reliability or his untrustworthiness, the nobility or the degradation of his spirit. Listen to what some of the wise men of the world have had to say upon this and kindred topics:

“ True is it that, in these days, man can do almost all things, except to not obey. True, likewise, that whoso cannot obey cannot be free, still less bear rule;

he that is the inferior of nothing, can be the superior of nothing, the equal of nothing. Nevertheless, believe not that man has lost his faculty of reverence; that if it slumber in him it is gone dead. Painful for man is that same rebellious independence, when it has become inevitable; only in loving companionship with his fellows does he feel safe; only in reverently bowing down before the higher does he feel himself exalted.—*Carlyle*.

“Religion, the final center of repose; the goal to which all things tend, which gives to time all its importance, to eternity all its glory; apart from which man is a shadow, his very existence a riddle, and the stupendous scenes which surround him as incoherent and unmeaning as the leaves which the sibyl scattered in the wind.”—*Robert Hall*.

“Religion is the mortar that binds society together; the granite pedestal of liberty; the strong backbone of the social system.”—*Guthrie*.

“Religion tends to the ease and pleasure, the peace and tranquility of our minds; which all the wisdom of the ancients did always aim at as the utmost felicity of this life.”—*Tillotson*.

“I have lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.”—*La Place*.

“True religion is the foundation of society. When that is once shaken by contempt, the whole fabric cannot be stable nor lasting.”—*Burke*.

“The pleasure of the religious man is an easy and portable pleasure, such an one as he carries about in his bosom, without alarming either the eye or the envy of the world. A man putting all his pleasures into this one is like a traveler’s putting all his wealth into one jewel; the value is the same, and the convenience greater.”—*South*.

“There are no principles but those of religion to be depended on in cases of real distress; and these are able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear us up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject.”—*Sterne*.

“Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to the virtues of ordinary life. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief in a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruins, were the ideas of a Supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind. Once let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance—that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian and the injured no avenger; that there is no recom-

pense for sacrifice to uprightness and the public good ; that an oath is unheard in heaven ; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator ; that human existence has no purpose and human virtue no unfailing friend ; that this brief life is everything to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction — once let men thoroughly believe these things, and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow ? We hope, perhaps, that human laws and our natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches could illuminate and our fires quicken and fertilize the earth. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day ? and what is he more if atheism be true ? Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite knowing no restraint, poverty and suffering having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be, a companion for brutes. Religion befriends liberty. It diminishes the necessity of public restraints, and supersedes in a great degree the use of force in administering the laws ; and this it does by making men a law to themselves, and by repressing the dis-

position to disturb and injure society. Take away the purifying and restraining influence of religion, and selfishness, rapacity, and injustice will break out in new excesses; and amidst the increasing perils of society, government must be strengthened to defend it, must accumulate means of repressing disorder and crime; and this strength and these means may be, and often have been, turned against the freedom of the state which they were meant to secure. Diminish principle, and you increase the need of force in a community. In this country government needs not the array of power which you meet in other nations; no guards of soldiers, no hosts of spies, no vexatious regulations of police; but accomplishes its beneficent purposes by a few unarmed judges and civil officers, and operates so silently around us, and comes so seldom in contact with us, that many of us enjoy its blessings with hardly a thought of its existence. This is the perfection of freedom; and to what do we owe this condition? I answer, to the power of those laws which religion writes on our hearts, which unite and concentrate public opinion against injustice and oppression, which spread a spirit of equity and good-will through the community. Thus religion is the soul of freedom, and no nation under heaven has such an interest in it as ourselves." — *Channing*.

“It is well said, in every sense, that a man’s religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man’s, or a nation of men’s. By religion I do not mean here the church creed which he professes, the articles of

faith which he will sign, and, in words or otherwise, assert; not this wholly, in many cases not this at all. We see men of all kinds of professed creeds attain to almost all degrees of worth or worthlessness under each or any of them. This is not what I call religion, this profession and assertion; which is often only a profession and assertion from the outworks of the man, from the mere argumentative region of him, if even so deep as that. But the thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough *without* asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious universe, and his duty and destiny there—that is in all cases the primary thing for him, and creatively determines all the rest. That is his *religion*; or, it may be, his mere skepticism and *no religion*; it is the manner in which he feels himself to be spiritually related to the unseen world, or no world; and I say, if you tell me what that is, you tell me to a very great extent what the man is, and what the kind of things he will do. Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion they had? Was it heathenism,—plurality of gods, mere sensuous representation of this mystery of life, and for chief recognized element therein, physical force? Was it Christianity; faith in an invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on eternity; pagan empire of force displaced by a nobler

supremacy, that of holiness? Was it skepticism, uncertainty and inquiry whether there was an unseen world, any mystery of life except a mad one—doubt as to all this; or, perhaps, unbelief and flat denial? Answering of this question is giving us the secret of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did; their feelings were parents of their thoughts: it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and the actual; their religion, as I say, was the one great fact about them.” — *Carlyle*.

In one of the best passages of “*Wilhelm Meister's Wauderjahre*” (a passage which Carlyle says he would rather have written, or been able to write, than all else which had appeared in the world since his birth), Goethe says that there is one element in human nature which must always be fully developed in order that man may be man, complete on every side. And that element is reverence, *reverence!* Reverence for that which is above us, reverence for that which is about us, reverence for that which is beneath us. Nature readily conforms itself to fear, but not to reverence. One fears a known or unknown mighty being. The strong seeks to conquer it, the weak man to avoid it; both wish to get rid of it, and feel themselves happy when they have thrust it aside for a time, when their nature has to some extent regained its freedom and independence. The natural man repeats this operation millions of times in the course of his life; from fear he struggles to freedom, from freedom he

is driven back to fear, and so gets no further. To fear is easy, but burdensome; to revere is difficult, but pleasant. Unwillingly do men resolve upon reverence, or, rather, they never resolve upon it. It is a higher sense which must be imparted to their nature, and which unfolds itself spontaneously only in those specially favored, who, on this account, have always been looked upon as saints, as gods. Here lies the dignity, here the work of all true religions. No religion which is grounded upon fear is regarded among us. With reverence, which a man lets rule in himself, he can give honor, and yet keep his own honor. The religion which rests upon reverence of that which is above, is ethnic; it is the religion of the peoples, and the first happy absolution from vulgar fear; all so-called heathen religions are of this sort.

The second religion, based upon that reverence which we have for what is equal to us, is the philosophic: for the philosopher, who takes his stand in the middle, must pull whatever is higher than he down to himself, and raise whatever is lower up to himself, and only in this middle point does he deserve to be called wise.

The third religion, founded on reverence of that which is beneath us, we call the Christian, because in it this way of thought most discloses itself; it is a finality which humanity could and must reach. But what a work was there, not only to let the earth lie under us and refer ourselves to a higher birthplace, but also to recognize lowliness and pov-

erty, scorn and contempt, shame and misery, suffering and death, as divine; yea, not to look upon sin and transgression even as hindrances, but to honor and cherish them as motives to holiness. There are traces of this through all ages; but traces are not the goal, and now that this is once attained, humanity cannot fall back again.

“‘And to which of the three religions do you adhere?’ asks wondering Wilhelm. ‘To all three,’ the wise men reply; for together they bring forth the true religion. Out of these three reverences springs the highest reverence, reverence of one’s self, and these unfold themselves again out of it, so that man attains the highest point which he is capable of reaching, that he hold himself to be the best which God and nature have produced, and remain upon this eminence, without being dragged down again to the vulgar planes by stupidity and self-conceit.”—*Goethe*.

“It is an heroic obedience, to observe the decrees of God, merely because they are the decrees of God, and not because He has promised to reward the observer of them here and hereafter; to observe them, although we may quite despair of the future reward and may not be so entirely certain of the temporal.”—*Lessing*.

“One adequate support
 For the calamities of mortal life
 Exists, one only;—an assured belief
 That the procession of our fate, howe’er

Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
 Of infinite benevolence and power,
 Whose everlasting purposes embrace
 All accidents, converting them to good.
 The darts of anguish fix not where the seat
 Of suffering hath been thoroughly fortified
 By acquiescence in the Will Supreme
 For time and for eternity; by faith,
 Faith, absolute in God, including hope,
 And the defense that lies in boundless love
 Of His perfections; with habitual dread
 Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
 Impatiently; ill-done, or left undone,
 To the dishonor of His holy name.
 Soul of our souls, and safeguard of the world!
 Sustain, Thou only canst, the sick of heart;
 Restore their languid spirits, and recall
 Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!"

—*Wordsworth.*

"He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity: let him but think a moment and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affection the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, more lightly by the prospect of the better country to which, we trust, it will lead. Tell us not that it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up

as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue."—*Mackenzie*.

Sir Humphrey Davy, born in poverty, and in an obscure corner of England, was raised by industry and merit, unaided by friends, to such distinction, that he was chosen at the age of twenty-two, to fill the chair of chemistry in the "Royal Institute" of London. A few years afterward he was elected President of the "Royal Society" of London, and stood confessedly at the head of the chemists of Europe. His testimony in favor of the consolations of religion is of the following character: "I envy," says he, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to every other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness;—creates new hopes when all earthly hopes vanish;—throws over the decay, the destruction of existence, the most precious of all lights;—awakens life even in death, and from corruption and decay calls up beauty and divinity;—makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to paradise;—and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blessed, the security of everlasting joys, where the

sensualist and the skeptic see only gloom, decay and annihilation.”

The nature and functions of reverence in man has already been shown (page 269). It might be called a high form of respect. As we are molded by what commands our respect, and as reverence mingles with all our mental qualities, influencing the direction of our affections, and desires, modifying the imagination in its search for a higher ideal of perfection, and thrilling the spirit with awe at the very thought of standing in the presence of an all-wise, all-knowing, and beneficent Creator, we see the far-reaching influence of a healthy degree of reverence in making up the perfect man or woman. It is for our own best good, then, that we yield this duty of thankfulness and reverence to the Maker of all.

But need we be always told that “it is best for us” ere we are willing to do our duty? Must we, like children, be so frequently reminded of the reward to come to us for doing the right? If we are yet so weak in real strength of character, so lacking in real greatness of heart, then this very reverence is the feeling we need to cultivate. Respect for the right, the pure, the just, the good, the loving,—all the sentiments that combine in a worshipful reverence for the highest—lifts us above selfishness and ennobles us. It appears, however, as was said in the “Analysis of Duty” (page 368), that all duties are one. By doing our duty toward the Master of the universe, our acts redound to our own benefit, and in thus improving

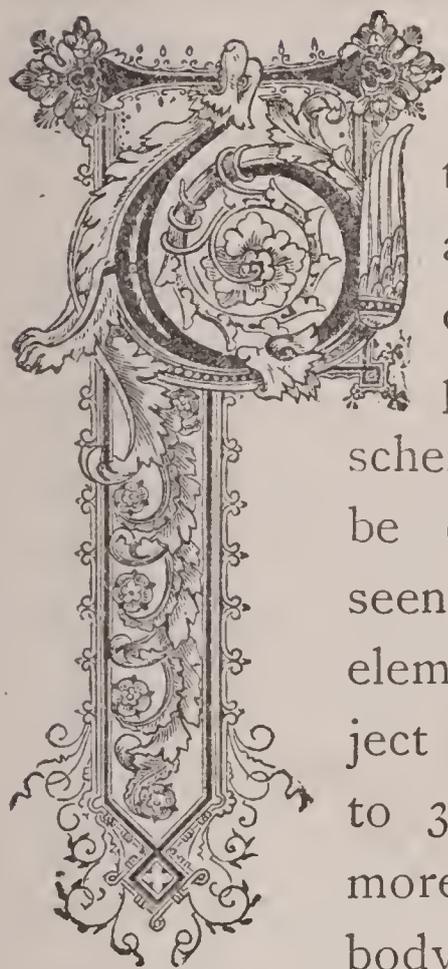
ourselves, we do our duty in part toward our fellow creatures, inasmuch as we thus become better associates and helpers to them. So the net-work of duty envelopes us; and if we but study its character and scope fully, never wasting our strength in vain struggles to free ourselves from its guidance, the very highest good to all will be reached; and nothing short of this do we owe to the great Originator. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," these things you owe to the God who made you, and who unfolds before you such grand and infinite possibilities.





THE WORLD OF WORK.

PHILOSOPHY OF LABOR.



THE rule throughout all nature, the law of all life, is action. Inaction is death. Every atom in creation has its allotted task to perform in order that the entire scheme of change and progress may be complete and perfect. We have seen in the preceding pages that the elements of man's nature were all subject to improvement by use (pages 24 to 354); that in fact they were little more than mere capacities of mind and body at birth, and would always remain crude and undeveloped in the untrained man or woman. It requires use, persistent exercise, to bring out and improve the various capacities of human nature. It is the old story: action is absolutely necessary to all growth and progress.

Should we be surprised, then, to find that work,—systematic, well timed work—is always necessary to man's highest good? That labor, rightly understood, is a blessing and not a curse? Surely the world is wise enough to grasp this truth and drop the oriental doctrine that labor is a penalty, and nothing more than a penalty. Such narrow teaching has done hurt enough already. Adam might have lived in Eden in a blissful idleness, but let us remember that he went out of the garden a changed mortal; and though constant toil was now his portion, let us also remember that a just, yet loving, God never sends upon his creatures one curse, but along with it are two blessings. No! the labor that is wisely chosen and pursued is but a small curse and a great blessing; for, though it sometimes chafes and pains us, it brings us our highest enjoyments and our dearest rewards.

By far the greater part of the suffering and crime which exists at this moment in the civilized world, arises simply from people not understanding the actual necessity of work, not knowing that produce or wealth is eternally connected by the laws of heaven and earth with resolute labor. People are trying to find some way to cheat or change this everlasting law of life, and to be warm where they have not woven, and reap where they have not sown. A certain quantity of work is necessary to produce a certain quantity of good, of any kind whatever. If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil

for it. But men do not acknowledge this law, or strive to evade it, hoping to get their knowledge, and food, and pleasure for nothing; and in this effort they either fail of getting them and remain ignorant and miserable, or they obtain them by making other men work for their benefit, which is the grossest tyranny and robbery. This century has brought immense progress in many things useful to mankind, but one of its serious evils is that we look so carelessly upon dishonesty, heartlessness, and cruelty in the pursuit of wealth. It is time that we learn the lesson borne in this mistake, confess the error, and correct the evil.

History covers nearly six thousand years, and during all that time the race of man has been coming up through the pain and error of mistakes, and the joy and victory of discovered truth to a more perfect existence. The occupations of men to-day are capable of offering greater chances for long, comfortable and mutually useful lives than ever before. The opportunities of the present for each human being to gain valuable information, to learn and to know the nature of the world he lives in, the nature of himself and his proper business in the world, and his highest, best and most probable destiny hereafter, were never equaled in any age or any country. The recent vast improvements in battling against disease and untimely death; the great conquest of natural forces, bringing them into the service of man; and above all the rapidly widening field of

general knowledge, perfected science and assured truth which underlies all and includes all true progress, fills us with mingled feelings of reverence and awe. But let us not forget that man is a maker of mistakes, and common prudence demands that a cautious watch be set for them. It were well to sometimes stop and inquire, "What are the mistakes of the present age?"

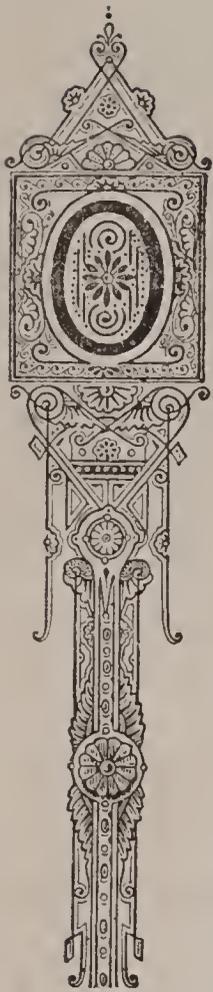
There is one which seems the natural result of the excited and hot-blooded speed of our people to-day, and which is so closely connected with every stroke of labor of every sort that we cannot approach the subject of man's occupations without mentioning it. That mistake is the false feeling of heart toward the true beauty and use of work. Space will not permit a study of the false teachings which have paved the way for the errors that are now sapping the vital forces of society in this direction. But we know that each man's belief colors his daily life,—not his church creed, or his lack of a church creed, for these are shifted about like coats and cloaks,—not what he tells to the world as his belief, for he may never have put his views into words in his own mind even, though down in his heart of hearts, are the things he feels that he knows, and believes—these things shine out in his every act. When mankind has learned the evident lesson that every thing in scientific research points to the conclusion that our race is yet in its youth; that every man's duty is to learn and profit by all

his fellows have done before him, and in return to strive to his utmost to leave some work behind him which will make the world better for his having lived in it; that above all, this life is a training-school for a higher and purer life beyond,—with what changed hearts will men labor! Ah, what a joy there is to the humble laborer, who feels assured that he is a necessary link in the great chain, and that the world would be poorer without him! Who feels the debt of sweet gratitude for what has been done by others for his welfare, and is anxious to repay it by giving some good of his own to the future—who hears the progress of all the ages whispering in his ear: “Brother, do your work nobly and well, nobly and well!” Who is thrilled, and calmed, and strengthened by the grand inspiration of an immortal life! Let no man or woman come to the choice and pursuit of an occupation for life without knowing and feeling something of the depth and breadth, the true grandeur and nobility of labor.

Admitting the truth which appears in man’s organization as well as in the study of every branch of nature, that honest work is a constant necessity with every human being, there still remains the question, “What kind of work shall I do?”



FIRST QUESTIONS.



ONE important truth commands our attention here. It is this: The world owes everyone, instead of a living, a chance to earn a living; but never by shiftless, thoughtless labor. Intelligence and skill are forever necessary to the laborer's own personal good, and we find in harmony with this fact, that intelligence and skill are most in demand and most honored everywhere. Intelligence and skill,—let these words dwell in our minds always, for we are all laborers, and have one grand aim in view, and that is, the highest, completest good.

The very first step toward intelligent work is a study of myself, my weak points and my strong ones, my tastes and facilities for engaging in any certain branch of labor. I have been told again and again about five-cornered plugs that fell into round holes and were always a misfit, and about a good carpenter being wasted in the making of a poor preacher, and the bad farmer, who might have been a good salesman; but the advisers always stop short of telling me what my calling in life was. So, too, your parents or your friends may advise you, the childish fancies of early youth may weigh upon you, or the caprice of accidental influences may turn your mind toward a certain line in life; but none

of these should supersede your own intelligent and closely studied choice.

The importance of a thorough knowledge of self has been already dwelt upon (see page 437), and without it, surely no intelligent choice can be made. The advice of friends deserves a courteous and respectful hearing, for they love us and wish us well; but their influence over our choice will depend upon our confidence in their thorough knowledge of human nature, their general wisdom and experience, and their opportunities to judge of our own peculiarities and abilities. Then, also, the fancies of childhood are not to be slighted entirely. Study them closely, and see whence they came; whether caused by accident or whether springing up out of our natures. If the latter, then they may be guiding straws showing us which way the undercurrents of our nature run. This study of self is a life-task, and we should constantly make or change our plans to secure the greatest efficiency. A failure in any calling, or two failures, or twenty failures, should not discourage us, but send us with renewed vigor to the study of ourselves, and the outward circumstances with which we have to deal. There is an unspeakable joy and self-satisfaction in doing the work that harmonizes with our tastes, and with our supreme aim in life, and that we feel to be fitted for by nature,—a joy too few of us ever realize.

Keeping in view all that has appeared in the earlier pages of this book upon the elements of human nature, and the proper functions and use of

those elements; and in the realm of man's duty, as outlined on page 369 and treated in detail thereafter, we now analyze the question: "What kind of work shall I do?" and find that it resolves itself into four other questions.

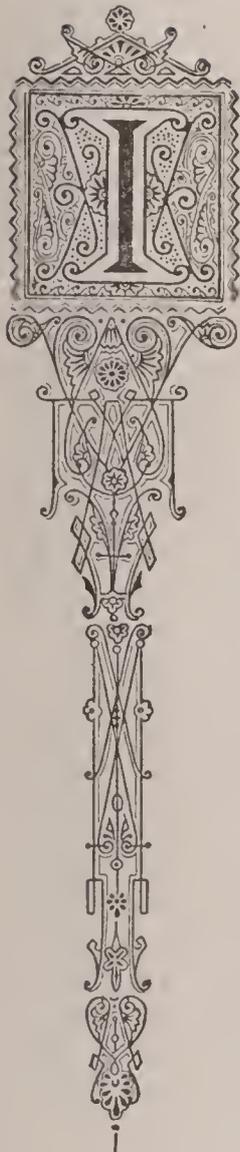
- The four questions. {
1. What are the elements of man's nature, and what ones are most prominent in myself?
 2. What business or work will call for the use of my strong points, and give me a chance to develop other points in my character which need to be improved?
 3. What are the opportunities offered by the business for being useful to others, for making my fellow-beings happy, and for constantly improving and perfecting my own being in all its parts?
 4. What are the chances afforded to honestly earn and insure a comfortable living for myself and those depending upon me?

Like Columbus, whose ambition was to explore the unknown seas; or like Elias Howe, who devoted years to inventing the sewing machine, you may have some laudable project to carry out or noble ambition you wish to realize, and which will be greatly aided by the power of money. If so, the fourth question would also include the chances for getting the money needed for the latter purpose.

I am aware that the fourth question, that of the chances for money making, is generally considered worthy of the first attention by many who pride themselves on being practical. But is there not danger of getting so intensely practical as to overshoot the mark? Money getting is not naturally, and never dares to become, the first aim in life.

OCCUPATIONS OF MANKIND.

ANALYSIS.



IT would be a most interesting study to trace the history of man from the earliest ages down to the present, and see how each different line of business arose. We would see how those tribes of men which remain in a savage or half civilized state have very few forms of labor, each individual supplying his own wants with but little assistance from his neighbors. On the other hand, wherever there was an increase of knowledge, schools, colleges and of books; an increase of means for rapid traveling and rapid communication of thought, of comfortable clothing and houses, of regular and plentiful supplies of good food, of all the things which constitute civilization, there was also a constantly increasing division of labor. We would see one man or set of men, giving their entire time to some particular line of work, and depending upon others for other things necessary to their welfare. No one person lives within himself. The architect and the carpenter give their whole time to the work of supplying good houses and

strong walls and bridges, and while they are about that, the farmer gives himself wholly to the task of raising grain that in the end both may have better houses, safer highways, and better supplies of food than would otherwise be possible.

It is easy to see why money was invented. Suppose the carpenter has built a house for the farmer and desires to remove at once to another state, or has a large supply of food already on hand, it would not be convenient for him to take his pay in grain, but if the farmer can pay him in such a thing as money, the carpenter can put his entire summer's work, as it were, in his pocket, and save it till he needs food, or can carry it to a distant neighborhood and there give it to another farmer in exchange for his needed supplies, and this farmer in turn can retain the money to pay for any sort of service he may need. In this extremely simple manner gradually arose all the great world of business around us, and it were well to never lose sight of two things which are plainly shown in the statement: First, the simple nature and proper use of money as shown in its origin; second, the fact that all kinds of legitimate labor are in close sympathy with each other, therefore a damage to one form of labor will sooner or later prove a damage to other forms; and that no labor is legitimate or honorable unless it yields a certain and distinct benefit to humanity.

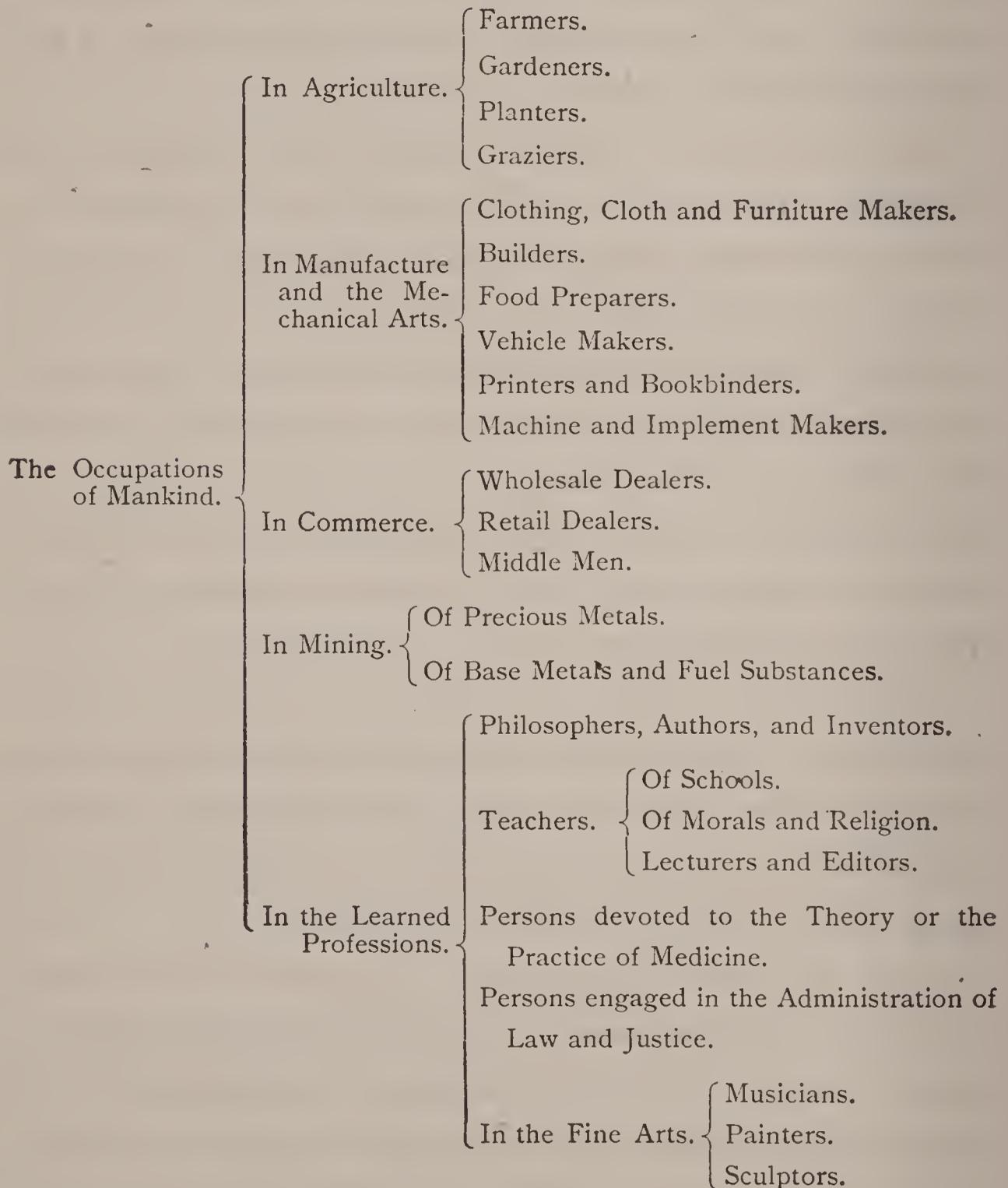
The prejudice which holds certain lines of work to be more honorable or more respectable than

others, does not confine itself by any means to the drawing of a line between those professions which are supposed to favor a life of culture, and those professions which do not. The idea seems quite a common one, that it is in some way more respectable to sell goods over a counter than to follow a mechanical pursuit; or, in general terms, that those avocations which may be followed in fine clothes, are more dignified than those which may not. That these distinctions are not founded in justice, reason or common sense, becomes very plain the moment we try to trace them to their origin. Yet these very errors mar many lives which, with more wisdom, might be useful and true ones.

Before proceeding with the analysis of the occupations of mankind, the reader is reminded of the two distinct and separate kinds of labor in which he may engage. These are mental labor, and bodily, or as it is usually called, manual, labor. But these forms generally intermingle in various degrees in almost any sort of work, though certain kinds of labor call for a strength of muscle and body which some men do not possess, while there are achievements which spring forth from a completeness of mental power and a refinement of spiritual inspiration which can be found only in the person of genius.

It is true that the man whose mental work is pure reasoning, does not do any manual labor to complete his task, and his bodily exertions need be for healthful exercise only; but there is no manual

labor, however simple, that can be well done without the thoughtful attention of the worker, and the rule is general that the more thought expended by the laborer upon his task, the better the work will be done in the end. This fact is in harmony with the law of man's nature, that his highest good is always in the direction of mental growth and improvement.



THE AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS.

Agricultural pursuits include all the ways of drawing a livelihood directly from Mother Earth, either as a gatherer or cultivator of grains or fruits, or as a tender of herds that feed upon the pastures. There are, of course, many people making specialties of particular branches, but the common farmer engages more or less in every detail of agricultural work.

The business of farming was once regarded as a profession easy to be understood and requiring but little preparation for its successful practice. But it has come to be viewed in a very different and much wiser light. It requires an intimate and practical knowledge of all the arts of cultivation and management as well as the nature and value of every kind of live stock, and still further, a perfect acquaintance with the different modes of buying and selling, and the constant varying state of the different markets.

It has been justly said, that no business requires more talents, perseverance and careful observation than the cultivation of the soil. The successful farmer should be a chemist, a botanist, a machinist, a geologist, and a good financier.

Well did Washington say, "Agriculture is the most healthful, the most useful, and the most noble employment of man." The various branches of farming and stock raising make an employment which is unsurpassed for promoting health, strength and vigor. Agri-

culture is the basis of wealth and prosperity. The happiest and most independent people are the tillers of the soil. They have as great returns from their labor, and have more leisure time for enjoyment and self-cultivation than any other class of people in the world.

In all ages, great honor has been paid to agriculture. Seven-eighths of the people in every country are disciples of the plow. Nearly all our statesmen, orators, ministers, historians, poets, and nearly every man of great renown or wealth sprang from a childhood of country life. As children, they dropped corn in planting time, they drove cattle to the fields, they rode the horses to the brook, they hunted the mow for the nest, and they toiled hard in the harvest field. And not one of them but remembers these early years with pride.

Grand as the mighty workshops of the nation are, the stupendous steam engine manufactures, the immense machine works, the vast warehouses teeming with the triumphs of mechanical labor, great railways bearing their gigantic burdens across the land, grand as are all these, they are practically of trivial importance compared with a great life of a nation, which lies in the warming bosom of its soil. From the latter, the means of existence must come, for if the soil was rendered barren, the nation itself would crumble to decay, its workshops tumble to the ground, and its great highways grow up with weeds.

The person who is contemplating the choice of

means to earn a living, and to progress in the line he has chosen for his inner life, and is busy with the four questions presented on page 694, may read with interest the following studies of agricultural life.

STUDIES OF AGRICULTURAL LIFE.

The cultivation of the earth is the natural employment of man. It is upon the farm that virtue should thrive best, that the body and mind should be developed the most healthfully, that temptations should be the weakest, that social intercourse should be the simplest and sweetest, that beauty should thrill the soul with the finest raptures, and the life should be tranquil in its flow, longest in its period, and happiest in its passage and its issues. This is the general and the first ideal of the farmer's life, based upon the nature of the farmer's calling and a universally recognized human want. Why in so many cases does the actual differ so widely from the ideal? A general answer to this question is, that that is made an end of life which should be but an incident or means. Life is confounded with too much hard labor; and selfish success is the aim to which all other aims are subordinate. There is no fact better established than that hard labor followed from day to day and year to year, absorbing every thought and every physical energy has the direct tendency to depress the Intellect, blunt the Sensibilities, and animalize the man. In such a life all the energies of the brain and nervous system are

directed to the support of nutrition and the stimulation of the muscular system. Man thus becomes a beast of burden, and though he may add barn to barn, acre to acre, he does not lead a life which rises in dignity above that of the beasts which drag his plow. He eats, he works, he sleeps. Surely there is no dignity in a life like this. There is nothing attractive and beautiful and good in it. It is a mean, contemptible life; all its associations and objects are repulsive to a mind which apprehends life's true enjoyments and ends. It is a pestilent perversion. It is a sale of the soul to the body. It is turning the back upon the true life, upon growth, upon God, and descending in to animalism. The true ideal of the farmer's life—of any life—contemplates something outside of, and above, the calling which is its instrument. No man should limit his own knowledge to the limits of his calling—there are realms of thought and enjoyment beyond this. The farmer's life is no better than the life of a street-sweeper, if it rise no higher than mere farmer's work. If the farmer, standing under the broad sky, breathing the pure air, listening to the songs of birds, watching the progress of "the great miracle that still goes on" working the transformation of brown seeds which he drops in the soil into fields of green and gold, does not apprehend that his farm has higher uses for him than those of feeding his person and his purse, he might as well dwell in a coal mine. Money getting should not be the

highest aim, the chief end of the farmer. Labor is essential—but exclusive devotion to labor fourteen hours every day of the year means both physical and mental wreck.

One-half of our farmers are physically and intellectually gentlemen; they are handsome, courageous, possess fine instincts, brilliant imaginations, courtly manners, and fine mental force. The other half of our farmers are ugly, of stunted stature and pugnacious; and they produce children like themselves. They live in cramped houses, where the women toil incessantly from the time they rise till the time they go to bed at night. Such farmers believe that work is the great thing—that efficiency in work is the crowning excellence of manhood—they glory above all things in brute strength and brute endurance—their homes are unloved and unlovable things, and as soon as the son gets a taste of better life and a worthier style of existence, what inducements can retain him? He hates the farm, and flees from it at the first opportunity.

Every person should be proud of his business. Farmers should educate their children to cultivate the soil and they must make their business easier so their children will not hate it. The boy must not be taught that tilling the soil is a curse and almost a disgrace; they must not suppose that education is thrown away upon children who are to spend their lives in the profession of farming. It must be understood that education is just as essential and can be

used to as great an advantage on the farm as in any other line of life.

Farmers should raise their sons to be independent through labor, to pursue the business for themselves and upon their own account, to be self-reliant, to act upon their own responsibilities and take the consequences like men. Teach them above all things how to become good honest citizens, to make true and tender husbands, to be winners of love and builders of homes. Give your sons and daughters every advantage within your power. In the balmy air of kindness they will grow about you like flowers, they will fill your homes with sunshine and all your days with gladness.

Farmers' wives can do much to facilitate the progress of their husbands by taking charge of the household duties, pleasures and comforts. A healthy home, presided over by a thrifty and cleanly woman, may be the abode of comfort, of virtue and of happiness. It may be the scene of every ennobling relation of life. It may be endeared to man by many delightful memories, by the affectionate voices of wife and children. Such a home will be the training ground of childhood, a sanctuary for the heart, a refuge from trouble, a sweet resting place after labor, a consolation in sorrow, a pride in success and a joy at all times. Mothers, wives, sisters, remember you are the cherishers of infancy, the instructors of childhood, the guides and counsellors of youth, the confidants and companions of manhood.

Another cause which has tended to the deterioration of the farmer's life is its loneliness. It is difficult to determine why isolation produces the effect it does upon human development. The man who plants himself and his wife in a forest, will generally become a coarse man and raise coarse children. The lack of the social element in the farmer's life is doubtless a cause of some of its most repulsive characteristics. Men are constituted in such a manner that constant social contact is necessary to the healthfulness of their sympathies, the quickness of their intellects and the symmetrical development of their powers. It matters little whether a family be placed in the depths of a western forest or upon the top of an eastern hill: the result of solitude will be the same in kind if not in degree. Farmers who seldom go into society, who seldom dine with their neighbors, or who take no genuine satisfaction in the company of visitors, are not men among men and women,—intellectually they are very apt to leave life where they began it. Socially they become dead. The farmer's life and home can never be what they should be, attractive and lovable, until they become more social. The tree that springs in the open field, though it be fed by juices of a thousand acres, will present a hard and stunted growth, while the little sapling of the forest, seeking for life among a million roots, or growing in a crevice of a rock, will lift to the light its cap of leaves upon a graceful stem and whisper even-headed, with the stateliness of its neighbors.

Men, like trees, were made to grow together, and both history and philosophy declare that this divine intention cannot be ignored or frustrated with impunity.

Traditional routine has also operated powerfully to diminish the attractiveness of farming. This cause grows less powerful from year to year. He has his life among the most beautiful scenes of nature and the most interesting facts of science. What is intelligent farming but a series of experiments? What is a farm but a laboratory where the most important and interesting scientific problems are solved? The moment that any field becomes intelligently experimental, that moment routine ceases and that field becomes attractive. The most repulsive things under heaven become attractive, on being invested with a scientific interest. All, therefore, that a farmer has to do to reduce the traditional routine of his method and his labor, is to become a scientific farmer.

He will then have an interest in his labor and its results, above their utilities. Labor that does not engage the mind has no dignity, else the ox and the ass are kings in the world, and we are younger brothers in the royal family. So we say to every farmer, if you would make your calling attractive to yourself and your sons, seek that knowledge which will break up routine and make your calling to yourself and to them, an intelligent pursuit.

Another fact which we cannot but regard as one among the many causes which have conspired to

despoil the farmer's calling of some of its legitimate attractions, is the lack of any kindred sentiments of pride in landed property and family affection for the parental homestead. Most of our landholders will sell their homesteads as readily as they will their horses. Very likely the father has rooted up all home attachments by talking of removing westward ever since the boy saw the light. There should be a love and ambition for proprietorship. Where landed property is handed down for generations, there is generally to be found charming intelligence and the politest culture.

The contaminating influences of illiterate and debased help is one of the most evil things to which farmers' children are subject. Such associations are most degrading. Where hired help is needed, those should be chosen whose moral characters are unquestionable and whose associations are pure and elevating.

There is another great cause which has been a serious drawback to farming life, which cannot be recovered from in many years. An inquiry at the doors of the great majority of our farmers, would exhibit the general fact that the brightest boys have become mechanics, or have gone to college, or are teaching school, or are in trade. The best material have been sifted out and have slid away. There have been taken directly out of our farming population its best elements, its quickest intelligence, its most stirring enterprise, its noblest and most ambitious

natures — precisely those elements which are necessary to elevate the standard of the farmer's calling and make it what it should be.

It is very easy to see why these men have not been retained in the past; it is safe to predict that they will not be retained in the future, unless a thorough reform be instituted.

These men cannot be kept on a routine farm, or tied to a home which has no higher life than a workshop or a boarding house. It is not because the work of the farm is hard that men shun it. They will work harder and longer in other callings for the sake of a better style of individual and social life. They will go to the city and cling to it while half starving, rather than engage in the dry details and hard and homely associations of the life which they forsook. The boys are not the only members of the farmer's family that flee from a farmer's life. The most intelligent and the most enterprising of the farmer's daughters become school teachers, tenders of stores, or factory girls. They contemn the calling of their father, and will, nine times out of ten, marry a mechanic in preference to a farmer. They know that marrying a farmer is very serious business. They remember their worn-out mothers. They thoroughly understand that the vow that binds them in marriage to a farmer, seals them to a severe and homely service, that will end only in death. The farmer needs more new ideas, more and better implements. A process of regenerations must begin in

the mind. The farmer must be proprietor of the soil he cultivates. His house should be the home of hospitality, the embodiment of solid comfort and liberal taste, the theater of an exalted family life which shall be the master and not the servant of labor, and the central sun of a bright and social atmosphere. When this standard shall be reached, there will be no fear of agriculture. The noblest race of men and women the sun ever shone upon will cultivate these valleys and slopes, and they will cling to a life which blesses them with health, plenty, individual development, and social progress and happiness. This is what the farmer's life may be and should be; and if it ever rises to this in America, no other line of life can entice her children away, and waste land will become as scarce at last as vacant lots in Paradise.

Human life will stand in the fore-ground of such a home,—human life crowned with dignities and graces,—while animal life will be removed among the shadows, and the gross material utilities, tastefully disguised, will be made to retire into an unoffending and harmonious perspective. There is no sweeter way to live than in the quiet country, away from the treacherous race for power and money. Surrounded by pleasant fields of growing corn and ripening wheat, among kind, faithful neighbors, in a cozy and comfortable cottage with vines twining over the door and windows, and grapes growing purple in the kisses of the sun, amidst the perfume of

beautiful flowers and the merry songs of birds, where husband is loving his wife, and wife is loving her husband, and the dimpled arms of children are playing around the necks of both. There let life flow on in deep and untroubled serenity,—let joy and love reign supreme.

MANUFACTURES, COMMERCE AND MINING.

The tendency of all civilized society toward that division of labor which puts one man to work at one thing and another at some other necessary task, has been already mentioned. The advantage of organized society, allowing each to give his undivided attention to the study and perfection of some one special work, is almost beyond calculation; yet people, in engaging in a business, seldom think of this matter, and of the relation they or their work bears toward the rest of mankind. Manufacture, skilled labor, commerce and mining, are so closely related, and the persons engaged in one are so often called upon to take more or less of a share in work common to all, that we cannot well consider them separately. The manufacturer is generally more or less a commercial man, for he must find customers to buy his wares. He must be a good solicitor, for he must enlist the aid of others in making his goods and in placing those goods into the hands of the consumers. He needs a fair knowledge of the true nature and worth of the work done by every skilled artisan he employs. It is perhaps fair to say that the successful

manufacturer needs more general information and a broader power of mind than does the man who is engaged with some minor division of the work.

The person engaged in trade alone is filling a very useful field in society. His great study is, first, to know the true wants of the public; second, to find ways of supplying those wants satisfactorily, while securing for himself an honest profit as pay for his services.

The business of mining the precious metals never received the attention of any large share of human beings. It is usually full of personal danger, moral as well as physical, for the man is slow to understand the difference which really exists between drawing a lump of gold out of a mountain, or drawing it across a gambling table. By far the largest amount of all kinds of mining is done by mining companies, who employ laborers at stated wages, when the whole business becomes of the same nature as manufacturing, and should be thought about in the same way.

Along with every line of work must lie the lives of hundreds of worthy-hearted people, who lack the ability, or the training, or the capital, or the opportunity to be other than salaried workers. Indeed, many of the most skilled artizans are, from the nature of their business, workers for stated wages. The worst feature in a life of this sort is the discontent which arises from false views of life, and sometimes takes possession of the mind. Every salaried laborer should remember that the head of the business who pays his wages is also governed by a master whose rules are

inexorable. Circumstances which cannot be controlled very often mold that business. Then there is, in the commonest laborer, and the poorest life, so long as it is honorable and is pointing its way onward and upward, a nobility as true and as pure as can ever adorn the lives of those who fill a broader sphere. The toiler may have worked hard and earnestly all day long, and at evening an error forfeited him his wages. That night his thoughts might have been discouraging had he not remembered that his experience was valuable for the next day if he chose to study it closely, and beside this, the very weariness of body, and the hardship and toil of the day, are noble in themselves, and are ever the fruitful soil of greatness.

Let laborers in every branch of life remember the steps which lead to higher and better tasks. First is intelligence, then energy, then strength, then experience,—cultivate them all while life lasts, for out of these grow tact and skill, and all honorable advancement.

THE LEARNED PROFESSIONS.

This term is used in the analysis to include all those occupations which are mainly characterized by mental work, and which cannot usually be engaged in without a broad and thorough general information, and a more or less careful and lengthy special training of the mind. These are, in some respects, the highest callings to which any one can aspire; high, not because the labor is any more respectable, but because of the difficulty

and the responsibility of it. There is a false notion common in the minds of some that these occupations are more honorable than others, and it has unduly swayed many a person in choosing a course in life. We have, perhaps, sometimes honored successful professional people more than good taste or good judgment should really sanction, but the world is rapidly nearing the time when in every case, it will be the true strength and perfection of manhood and womanhood, and the actual work done, that will alone command the homage of men.

The reader who is examining the nature and scope of the learned professions, either with the view of entering some one of them, or for the sake of understanding and appreciating them, will pause with reverence at the mention of the names of such philosophers as St. Paul, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Gallileo, Kepler, Bacon, Newton, and all the more recent men who have devoted whole lives to delving in the depths of knowledge and searching after new truths; men who looked upon all there is of money, and of fine living, and of worldly riches and honor as but the merest dross, compared with the matchless beauty and solace of truth. Christ himself, as a man, was a philosopher. These stand already in the near presence of Divinity, and turn their eager eyes ever toward the home of ultimate truth. Then there are the authors, who write books that truth may be recorded and the world instructed; and the author will be found to be something of a philoso-

pher as well, else his wonderful powers of observation would not yield him many thoughts worth recording. A patient and long-suffering worker is the inventor, who studies all the laws governing a problem that he may discover some means of surmounting an obstacle, or place some new and useful power into the hands of men.

Probably the most responsible positions of all are those of the teachers or educators, who, either in the school-room or through the columns of the newspaper and magazine, or in the lecture hall or the pulpit, teach the world what it shall think and feel. They are moulders of public opinion. They stand receiving from philosophers the bread of truth and wisdom, and breaking it up and dispensing it among the hungry multitude.

It is perhaps true that the practice of medicine has more of real bodily labor and hardship in it than any other profession classed along with mental labor. The true physician was led into his calling by sympathy with his fellow-man, and having devoted his life to the relief of pain and suffering he never hesitates while his strength lasts to hasten to the spot where his services are needed. For this he sacrifices every personal comfort, if necessary. His pay is generally liberal, but never can be as much as he really deserves; and were it not for the deep and genuine gratitude yielded him from the heart of the saved sufferer, his life would sometimes be a weary one. His work, if followed to its ulti-

mate end, will carry him up past the practice of his art into the region of theory, the investigation of the most profound laws of nature and life, that he may discover more surely the true laws of health and the prevention and cure of disease.

The legal profession has been much abused; but whether abused most by an ignorant public or its own unworthy members, would perhaps be difficult to say. Law and justice are so great, so grand, so deep and broad, and divine, that men cannot easily understand them, or appreciate their dignity. No doubt the heart of every young student at law swells with enthusiasm occasionally, but tasks grow hum-drum, and he falls at last into a common-place life, and drags all he knows of the profession with him. There is no disputing the fact that this calling has far more followers than it needs or can find any use for; and this is true in regard to almost all the occupations of this class. The common practice of school teachers and parents of leading all the most intellectual children, to think that no life is so worthy and honorable as the "learned professions," is one of the most outrageous evils of the day. It leads many a worthy young life to bitter disappointment and a fruitless despair.

In the fine arts, music, painting and sculpture, a limited number of people find an inspiration which renders their toil happy, and an occupation which brings them all the rewards which follow honorable labor. The law of the beautiful in forms and colors has in later years been carried into almost all branches

of practical life. Every article that we use, from the plow or the farm-wagon to the delicate fabrics that clothe our wives and daughters, is made as handsome as the nature of its use will allow. And this is well. Beauty, so long as it is natural, and does not interfere with true and proper use, yields a refining influence upon our lives. But that art which cultivates the beautiful for the mere sake of beauty, is unnatural and demoralizing. And that art which allows itself to present beauty so chosen and arranged that it will draw men toward the animal and the sensual side of their nature, is at once debasing and contemptible. There is room here, and, indeed, a powerful demand, for genius to come to the rescue of an influence that ought always be in harmony with the highest good of mankind. Pure civilization and true progress is calling loudly, almost piteously, upon the great musicians, painters and sculptors, to cease molding their ideals upon the patterns and the conceptions that sprang up in an age when the world was ignorant of many things, and peculiarly vicious in many others. The ancient Greeks and Romans, in their latter days of luxury, their Oriental neighbors and descendants, were people who, as a class, held feasting, sensuality, riotous pleasure and idle basking in summer's soft breezes and sunshine to be the highest possible enjoyment either kings or commoners could attain. Can the art that was fostered in such an age, that grew out of such a life, be in true harmony with our age whose higher inspiration is "Work," and

whose watchword is that grand word, "Duty"? Shall we take the art that was conceived to heighten such coarse, licentious pleasures as those into our homes of to-day, to cheer our lives, to breathe its spirit upon our wives and daughters, to add strength and purity to the growth of our sons? The thought is revolting. Who will be the ones to immortalize their names by filling the modern world with pure conceptions of music, painting and sculpture, in harmony with our higher and nobler ideals of life?

The branch of mind most called into play by the artist, is imagination (pages 129 to 142). The mental qualification most needed in any of the occupations, however, is apparent to every thoughtful reader, especially with the hints that are continually given throughout the various analyses of the elements of mind in all our earlier pages.



MONEY MAKING.



THE common multitude seem to be busy with the two aims: first, to get money; second, to prove to their neighbors that they have it. The shame and the mischief of the case among us is in the inordinate greed, the universal scramble for money, not for its proper uses, but for selfish or vulgar misuses of it. We are a nation of money seekers,—not from the miserly avarice which gathers and hoards it merely for its own sake, but for the sake of the homage it secures, the power or influence it gives, or the rivalry with others in ostentatious display which the extravagant expenditure of it enables one to maintain. We are terribly a nation of money-seekers for these and the like selfish and comparatively ignoble ends, with scarcely a thought or a desire of becoming able to do good and promote the welfare of society, actuating and sanctifying the eager, incessant struggle after riches. This is the shame. And the mischief is not only in the lowering effect on the spirit of the people and on the tone of social life (which is both cause and effect

of extravagant expenditure and coarse, "showy" rivalry,) but in the reckless gambling disposition, the unscrupulousness, the shipwreck of integrity and honor, the defalcations and falseness to trusts, the dishonesties and frauds, that are engendered in this intense selfish struggle after great and quick-gained riches. We are going, morally, the road downward with tremendous accelerating velocity, and where shall we come? Pandemonium was built and paved with molten gold.

NATURE AND USE OF MONEY.

We have seen how the need for money arose, and its proper use in life. (Page 696.) Now since worth, or value has thus, by the common consent of mankind, been concentrated and compressed into the small space of a bit of metal or a strip of paper, it has become possible to hold the fruit of a whole year's labor of a thousand men like a feather between the thumb and fingers. Money is concentrated force and power, and it is little wonder that the pursuit of money has finally grown into an absorbing passion with mankind. (See 296.) It will be noticed that the value of money is changeable. If I must do a third more work for a dollar now than was demanded last year, then the price of money has advanced one third; and if I have money, I can obtain with it one third more of service. Money is worth nothing beyond what it costs or what we can get for it.

It must also be born in mind that money, like everything else, must be purchased with something; and whether we choose to have wealth or not, will depend upon what we are called upon to give for it. Professor Agassiz said: "I have not time to make money," and with all his ability to amass a fortune almost without an effort, he died, owning nothing except his liberty and a mortgaged homestead. The making of money would have been very easy to him. His vast store of knowledge might have been turned into popular books and lectures, almost without labor, and money would have flowed into his lap. He had need of money, too, and could have used it to a better advantage than most men can. But he could not afford to buy it. The cost he must pay for it was time, and he felt that to be more precious than anything else. His hours were worth more than the money they could buy, and he being a wise man, refused to purchase at a price which he thought too high. The truth is, we are apt to be tempted to make more money than we can afford. We have, or ought to have, certain hopes and aspirations in life which are too dear to be sacrificed for money. As a general rule we cannot secure wealth and also accomplish any other important work in life, and we ought to make our choice in the start. Many continue to try to get wealth, and hope to get it, and even allow themselves to become unhappy when they fail to get it, though they are

all the time refusing to pay the necessary price for it. Every one must decide for himself how much money he can afford to make.

This brings a man at once to another question, "How much money have I a right to make?" We all live in the enjoyment of many improvements wrought out for us by the faithful of the past, and the only way we can pay the debt is to bequeath to the future some worthy achievement of our own. Besides, we should choose that work for which nature has best fitted us. It is possible that the chief aim of our lives is one requiring money for its especial accomplishment. The nature of the aim will decide. Peter Cooper wished to found institutes and charities, and he gathered wealth for that purpose, but had Agassiz stopped to secure money his chosen work would have suffered. The general rule seems to be that it is each one's duty to make money enough to supply the proper needs of life for himself and those depending upon him, and after that is done, it is his privilege to make as much more money as he can without interfering with the rights of others, or sacrificing his own nobler purposes.

The salient points about money and money making may be summarized as follows:

1. Money is nothing but a tool for the convenience of mankind.
2. Like any other commodity, it must be purchased, and its value varies under varying circum-

stances. We should beware of paying too high a price for it.

3. Each person must find out the extent of his ability to make money, and then decide how much he can afford to make.

4. One's duty to make money is marked by the amount necessary to secure the needs of life for himself and those depending on him.

5. One's privilege to make money is limited by the amount he can make without encroaching upon the rights and happiness of others, and without sacrificing the nobler aims and ends of his own life.



AIDING INFLUENCES.

SUCCESSFUL SOLICITING.



VERY few lines of business can be built to any magnitude, or even brought to a successful completion by the unaided efforts of one individual. We need at almost every step to enlist the sympathy or the aid of others. And even in the every day relations of family, friendship, and society, it is not enough that our wishes are pure and just: we need to present them in a manner that will most nearly secure all the attention and co-operation they deserve.

We are all solicitors. Not only those who have trades to drive in a business way, but those who have bargains to make in the commonest social affairs, those who have a cause to champion, or have opinions they wish to spread among men. In every act of life where we persuade, ask, or influence another to anything, we stand for a moment under the common name, a solicitor. To be a good solicitor is to have in our hands one of the most potent powers in the world.

If, in order to make a man act, or even believe, as we would have him, it were only necessary to convince

his understanding, the task of carrying our points would be much more simple; logic and reason (pages 143 to 178 and developed in "How to Think," page 179) would be sufficient; but we are all beings of feelings and passions as well as of reason, and must be treated accordingly. Many a person who is granted to be skillful in argument never really accomplishes much. He convinces people, but he does not move them to act. Such arguers are supremely ignorant of the nature of the human mind, or else they simply neglect the fact that the road to the Will, where actions arise, does not lie through the Intellect alone, but through the Sensibilities as well. The really shrewd and successful solicitor chooses his arguments and presents them in such a way that almost every appeal to any branch of the understanding or Intellect (see analysis, page 66) strikes at the same time a responsive chord somewhere in the range of the feelings or Sensibilities (see analysis, page 254.) Daniel Webster in his famous speech at the Bunker Hill Monument, after numerous excellent arguments addressed to the Intellects of his hearers closes with the following appeal to their hearts: "And when both we and our children shall have been consigned to the grave, may love of country and pride of country glow with equal fervor among those to whom our names and our blood shall have descended! And then, when honored and decrepit age shall lean against the base of this monument, and troops of young people shall be gathered around it, and they speak together of its objects, the purposes of

its construction, and recount the great and glorious events with which it is connected, there shall spring from every youthful heart the exclamation, 'Thank God, I—I also—AM AN AMERICAN!'" Truly a most masterly stroke upon those chords of love of home, friends and country which exist in the hearts of all.

But there is another extreme which is just as dangerous as a neglect of the Sensibilities, and that is trying to win a cause by appealing entirely to the hearts of people and neglecting their intelligence or Intellect. People induced to act without proper and sufficient reasons will regret their course and antagonize their adviser the moment they obtain better information, or have time for cool reflection. That lover who does not try to dwell forever in a vernal season of roses and sunshine, but who now and then suggests the practical summer-time of labor, an occasional stormy day, and an autumn of the well-earned harvests of life, will be most sure to win a sensible sweetheart; and when he has thus captured both the head and the heart he can feel the assurance of a conquest far more honorable and complete.

A few persons have the taste or tact by nature of always presenting their plea in a manner which harmonizes so fully with the natural and true method that they seldom fail in having an honorable request granted. People seem to fall in with their plans, and freely yield to them a hearty sympathy and aid. Nature makes a few such perfect solicitors, but their number is very small. We call such persons lucky, but there is a

method and a law in their luck, even though they do not suspect it themselves. Let us analyze the solicitor's work :

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| The Solicitor's Work. | { | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Securing a hearing,—a free and unprejudiced hearing, if possible. 2. Presenting the project or plea, in its parts skillfully, and as to its merits, justly and completely. 3. Yielding honorable aid and information to assist the solicited party in forming a decision. |
|-----------------------|---|--|

1. *Securing a hearing.*—The manufacturer, the farmer and the miner must find a market for their products. The dealer must both buy and sell. The teacher labors to secure the respectful attention of his learners, the preacher to command hearers, and the editor, the author, the lecturer, or the artist labors for years to make the public willing to hear him or to pause and look upon his work. It is not the salesman with his line of samples seeking an audience with a prospective customer that furnishes us the only or the best example. From the minister of the gospel laboring to lead a man to a higher life, the farmer competing for a premium that his stock may be advertised, the canvasser who joins hands with the author in securing readers for a new book, the purchaser of supplies for the manufacturer, the wife who is winning a husband's acquiescence, the social or political leader of the smallest sort, down through every avenue of life, even to the little boot-black who seeks the groups of men resting leisurely in the quietest nooks of the hotel, where he can most surely secure a glance of recognition and a modicum of his heart's desire,—all are in one way or another “securing a hearing.”

The one chief point in this first step of the solicitor's work is to have an unprejudiced hearing if possible; that is, his hearer's mind should be entirely free from prejudice regarding the business, and have no opinions formed before hand concerning it. This is often very difficult to secure, but it should always be sought and attained as far as possible. The merchant who from some slight cause concludes that the new customer coming in to-morrow is not a trustworthy man, and shall not receive much courtesy, is making a mistake which may loose him a good customer and do grave injustice to both. The wise advertiser seldom finds it advisable to so fully explain his business in the advertisement as to afford his prospective customers room to complete an opinion before he has a chance to talk further to them. The sinner who knows the hour when the divine adviser is coming, and the probable line of talk that will follow, is liable to imagine in advance what the interview shall be and close his ears, and harden his heart against both the messenger and the message. This is very wrong, of course. One of the first principles of law and justice is that we shall never pass an opinion upon a thing only thought about and not fairly examined, nor judge a man unheard. In every occupation, then, the person who at any moment becomes, in any sense, a solicitor, should use every honorable means to secure from the person approached an unprejudiced hearing.

2. *Presenting the project, or plea.*—Here lies the

largest part of the work. As solicitors, we need to know all the elements of human nature, both as it should be, and as it is. Our information must be perfect in general, and we must be able to judge the person we are talking to in particular. We should be so at home in this knowledge that we will act upon it almost without a thought, for there are always many minor circumstances to watch in an interview with even an old friend. In our work of influencing others to act, we must remember that a man may believe, and yet not act upon his belief. To influence his Will, it is necessary to influence the active principles of his nature. To win assent to a statement is easy enough, but to secure active co-operation is not so easy. To make a millionaire contribute liberally to a public charity, it is not enough to convince him that the object is a worthy one; it is necessary to make him feel its claims upon *him*. The only way to do this is to arouse his sympathy.

The solicitor, then, must be full of sympathy; he must be able to feel himself, and to take others to the source of feeling; but there is a danger here of which every leader of public opinion should beware. Arousing a flood of feelings greater than the facts justify is very wrong. To say, "There must be a God because I love Him," or to say, "That man is a rascal because I hate him," is a kind of argument both silly and unjust. Yet impulsive people are guilty of it every day. Beware of extremes. Ignorant and

uncultivated people give too much heed to the feelings, while the fault of the educated is that of neglecting the heart too much. As has already been said, the only true road to a proper and active influence over others, is through both the Intellect and the Sensibilities. To make the millionaire feel the claims of charity upon him in particular, he must be taken into the presence of the objects of the charity, or those objects must be presented before him so vividly that his mind grasps the picture, and his heart responds to its influence.

To accomplish this latter task the solicitor needs, in addition to sympathy, a vivid imagination. These combined will give him enthusiasm. Enthusiasm has been a grand power in enlightening the world. A strong mechanical aid in awakening enthusiasm is a rapid utterance of words. All the world over, in every branch of nature's laws, rapidity is closely related to heat, and heat is closely related to light. A rapid utterance of words stirs the spirit from indifference into excitement, both your spirit and the spirit of your hearer; it raises a gentle, genial glow over the whole nervous system. A succession of quick, decisive sentences, freely and easily delivered, will often kindle the mind into a luminous heat, like so many blasts from a pair of bellows. Enthusiasm, it is by all agreed, is a necessary accompaniment of greatness. For great things it is required in a great degree, and it is requisite for success in all. And so intimately is the idea of enthusiasm blended with

that of rapidity in word and action, that to hear of a slow, dull, heavy enthusiast would seem as strange as to be told of a frozen spark, or a flaming icicle. We should repudiate it as a flat contradiction in terms. If, then, you would temper yourself to the life-giving warmth, the fine glow of enthusiasm, if you would take an important step toward greatness of mind, cultivate rapidity; and, in proportion as you succeed, you will be so much nearer to your object.

It is not meant by this that everyone who has the power to talk rapidly should always be using it. There is no need of this, any more than a perfect mistress of the piano should always be hurrying over the keys; on the contrary, in conversation as in music, it is the great advantage of rapid executors that they can vary their time, adjust their tones and cadences to the demands of their subject, whereas all that a slow, heavy talker or performer can do is merely to repeat his tediousness in the same drawling strain. Again, such people are always at a dead pull, they are never well off; while the first impulse, if the a man has energy enough and decision enough to start briskly, to commence every sentence forwardly, will carry him along to the end of it. He is not conscious of any drag, he is going down an inclined plane, till the moment that he stops again to collect himself. By all means, then, quicken yourself, work yourself into the command of rapidity.

But how is this to be done? Read, practice for reading to others, rapidly; commit to memory

printed conversations and recite them with proper sense, but rapidly, very rapidly; rave, if you please; anything to give yourself the tongue of a ready speaker. Wind yourself to a high pitch. Make yourself instinct with the spirit of the orators, poets, historians, or dramatic persons that you represent. Temper the coolness of your clay with a little borrowed fire. Be strong, and faint not. But, whatever you are about, do it for the time being as if you had been born for no other purpose. And, above all, despise not the day of little things, as many fantastic fools pretend to do. Consider that there are many things in daily practice of no use or significance in themselves, except insomuch as they prepare us for other things beyond them.

Finally, the lesson of the scope and use of sympathy in the business affairs of life lies in the fact that whatever we would have men do well we must have them do it heartily,—from the heart;—and that other fact which Goethe puts into words thus: “You can never move the hearts of others with what comes not out of your own heart.”

The great aid which a good imagination (page 129) gives a solicitor is the power to present his knowledge of his business to his hearers in life-like and vivid pictures. A thorough knowledge of the plea we are to sustain, the cause we are to champion, is first; then presentation of that knowledge to another is the next step. I bring to you some day the face, in miniature, of one very beautiful. You look upon it, and say,

“Who is that?” I describe the person and give you the name. You say, “It is a beautiful face.” But you do not, after looking at it, feel that you are acquainted with the person. Now I will take you home with me and introduce you to the friend whose name belongs to this picture; but still you would not feel that you know her. You salute her morning and evening, converse with her, and take part in the social festivities. You admire her tact, her delicacy, and her beauty. You say the acquaintance opens well. She seems to you very lady-like and attractive. On the Sabbath day the bible-class assembles, and you go with your friend. In the recitations and the low-toned conversations she shows great knowledge and moral feeling, a bright intellect, and careful judgment. But, still, you do not feel that you know her. Then you fall sick, and pass through that interval just after a severe illness which one sometimes has,—the coming dawn after a long night, the morning of returning health.

In that time the hours are to be filled up, and she becomes a ministering angel unto you. She is full of resources for your comfort. You notice the wisdom of her management, the power she has to stimulate thought, to play with the imagination, and to cheer the heart. You are making the acquaintance of one whose portrait you had seen, but nothing more. And by thus living in communion with you, she has affected you, little by little, in such a manner that it has been brought home to you, and you say, “I have found a friend!” “Well, who was she? Did you *know* her when you first

saw her portrait?" "No!" The knowledge of which we speak comes only with acquaintance.

So must you acquaint yourself with the cause you are to champion, the article you are to sell, the doctrine you are to teach. You must live in its company, see it from all sides, appreciate its weak points, and make its excellencies a part of your own being. Thus may you have vivid, rich, changeful outlines ever in your mind to present to your jury, in your class-room, or to your prospective customer. Suppose you engaged to sell a number of copies of that portrait. Without a proper preparation for the work you would perhaps say: "Mr. J., I have a nice picture here to show you. I am told it represents a good, pure character. Isn't it handsome? Everybody is pleased with it. May I send you one? I am selling them very cheap, too." If Mr. J. is a cool, sensible person, and has not been already searching in vain for just such a picture, he will say: "Yes, it is very pretty, but I will not order one to-day." And on what reasonable grounds can you urge him to buy? You might draw upon your own fancy, but the imagination which dares to build from fancies and not from solid facts will be sure to present some false things, which will but damage your cause; and to assume a tone of sincerity or put on a look of earnestness not really felt, is to earn the contemptible name of a "brassy-faced" demagogue. He has seen nothing in the picture worth buying. If you gave him a copy without cost it would stand

on his side-table till its general features grew familiar, and then tumble into the waste-basket. Mr. J. would be an unconscious loser; a thing of merit would be unjustly slighted, and instead of a business profit for your pains you would have naught but a just blame.

But suppose that you really knew your subject and felt strongly the many virtues shadowed forth in the portrait, your genuine earnestness of manner, your look and tone of confidence would alone have secured more than a passing notice from the same Mr. J. Then you could have said: "It is really a pleasure to look at this picture, the figure is so graceful, the outlines so nearly faultless. The rosy bloom of health on the cheek pleases us, and then there is an important feature which, from the position we see the subject, we are apt to overlook; that is the fullness of the lower part of the forehead. The depth of the shadows over the eyes show it, and it bespeaks that keenness of perception necessary to discreetness and good judgment. Note, too, the breadth above the forehead, giving a ready imagination, the accompaniment of all richly sympathetic souls." Then you would call his attention to the truthful eyes, having no evasive look; the gracefully poised head, leaning a little, the sign of her ability to appreciate just praise; the waves of fine hair, indicating a refined and gentle nature; the lower face, just heavy enough for fair proportions and a firm character; a chin molded by love's own

fairies, and a mouth in whose curves dwell cheerfulness, constancy and the purest chastity. And finally, "It makes a picture, Mr. J., of pure and noble character well fit for many a moment of thoughtful attention and admiration." And you could justly add: "I believe you will regard it a wise purchase, for you can find in it much to interest you, and you will prize it as a silent, yet cheering and elevating companion." Such a treatment of your subject would at least command Mr. J.'s respect and sympathy. Now analyze what you are supposed to have done. You went first and made a thorough acquaintance with the original of your picture. You found her full of truth, virtue, merit. Now, when you come to present her likeness to another, your imagination calls up your full conception of her, you are thrilled as if she were herself actually at hand, and you present her in person to Mr. J., who cannot but be warmed and pleased by the happy acquaintance.

3. *Aiding those solicited to form a decision.*—The solicitor will often be perplexed at the last moment by the hesitation of the person who seems to be only "half persuaded." This hesitation may arise from three causes; First, a lack of interest in the project, or proposal. It is supposed, that the solicited party had no particular knowledge or care about the project in hand before the solicitor proposed it, and if the solicitor has performed the first and second steps of "The Solicitor's Work" faithfully and well, and fails to awaken an interest upon good and honest grounds, his

success in that case is not to be expected. Second, a sort of cautious hesitation, a counting of the costs pro and con, or a lack of confidence in the solicitor, or a lack of sufficient knowledge upon some point unknown to the solicitor. To remove these obstacles requires prompt and honest treatment. Modesty combined with firmness will command confidence in every thoughtful, honest scheme. If the project is tainted in any way with dishonesty, trickery or vice, it will, in spite of everything, carry in it an odor which all honest people will soon detect. Having secured confidence, the solicitor should truthfully yield all the information he can to enlighten the person solicited upon any point that person needs to know. Third, a feeling of independence which makes us all dislike to yield or even appear to yield a point. What would we think of a solicitor who would go about saying, "Here, here is a new idea. It is new, and its merit is beyond question. You never saw its like before. Get down upon your knees, sir, and embrace the new idea"? Our contempt for that solicitor would be equaled only by our pity for that "new idea" which had so foolish a champion. On the other hand, let the wise solicitor remember that, as Ben Franklin quotes the fact, men prefer to be taught as if they had always known the truth, but have only forgotten it; and that we like to agree with the friends we love, and with the intelligent stranger as well, if he is but modest and kind-hearted. But long hesitation must, as a rule, be cut short. In ordinary business, we can make two new converts while waiting

for a decision from the hesitating party. Promptness and dispatch, if courteous, may on almost every occasion be depended upon to get the decision which harmonizes with just deserts in the case.

HONEST METHODS.

Truth (see page 515) is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; but a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which constantly stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more costly than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery, of which the crafty man is always in danger; and where he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretenses are so transparent that he who runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and while he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

A COMMON DIFFICULTY.

There is one difficulty which every person about to begin on any new enterprise, is almost sure to meet, and which we should be forewarned against.

That is the criticism and restraint of others. There seems to be in every community a few people who take a particular pride in "speaking their minds." Their frankness is little more than another name for cruelty, and they often say rude and heartless things for the mere pleasure of saying them. It is really very serious to observe how the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men, whose sole pretense to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They seem never to be at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed; and, when the thing is produced, and has met with some success, to find a flaw in it. Take the case of a fine work of art, produced in the presence of an eminent fault-finder. He did not deny that it was beautiful, but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it, that nobody had observed; and upon that crack he would dilate, whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed, he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

Imagine ourselves living in the time when wheels were first invented for making carts to carry burdens, and let us listen to our chilling friend, as he talks to the inventor of the wheel something like this: "We seem to have gone on very well for thousands of years without this rolling thing. Your father carried burdens on his back. The king is content to be carried on men's shoulders. The high-priest is not

too proud to do the same. Indeed, I question whether it is not irreligious to attempt to shift from men's shoulders their natural burdens. Then, as to its succeeding—for my part, I see no chance of that. How can it go up hill? How is one to stop it going down? How often you have failed before in other fanciful things of the same nature! Besides, you are losing your time; and the yams about your hut are only half planted. You will be a beggar; and it is my duty as a friend, to tell you so plainly. There was a Nang-Chung: what became of him? We had found fire for ages, in a proper way, taking a proper time about it, by rubbing two sticks together. He must needs strike out fire at once with iron and flint; and what was the end? Our sacred lords saw the impiety of that proceeding, and very justly impaled the man who imitated the heavenly powers. And, even if you could succeed with this new and absurd rolling thing, the state would be ruined. What would become of those who make their living by carrying burdens on their backs? Put aside the vain fancies of a childish mind, and finish the planting of your yams."

Who can imagine what the world would be to-day without wheeled vehicles? What other contrivance could possibly fill the place of wheels? Though the inventor of the wheel was not crushed by his critical friends, who can guess how many a valuable thing has been lost to the world by these untimely discouragements?

We often engage in some enterprise or work which is very different in its nature from any pursued by anybody else in the community where we labor. This attracts to us the gaze of the cold-water pourers, who are found in nearly every neighborhood. We naturally feel rather lonely in our task, and desire the sympathy of those around us, which but gives them additional power over us. These discouragers are not all of one frame of mind. Some are led to indulge in this récreation from genuine timidity. They really do fear that all new attempts will fail. Others are simply envious and ill-natured. Then, again, there is a sense of power and wisdom in prophesying evil. It is the safest thing to prophesy, for hardly anything at first succeeds exactly in the way it was intended to succeed. Again, there is the lack of imagination, which gives rise to the utterance of so much discouragement. It requires more or less imaginative power (page 129) to grasp a new idea, or understand the merits of a business and conceive of its methods.

Of them all, the well-meaning but timid advisers are the most dangerous. Their intended kindness toward us touches our hearts, and it is not easy to slight their advice; but if we yield, what do we gain? The good will of a coward, nothing more; his aid would not be worth much in any new project. And what do we lose? Everything.

Even when we are compelled to admit that our efforts have not been a complete success, we must

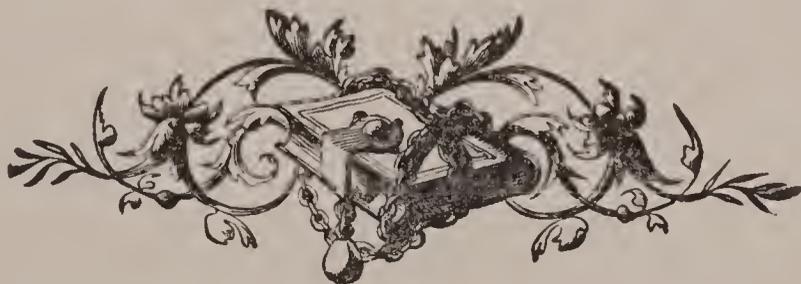
remember that after all, men do not most usually succeed through success. They much oftener succeed through failure. By far the best experience of men is made up of their remembered failures in dealing with others in the affairs of life. Such failures in sensible men, incite to better self-management, and greater tact and self-control, as a means of avoiding them in the future. Ask the diplomatist, and he will tell you that he has learned his art through being baffled, defeated, thwarted, and circumvented, far more than from having succeeded. Precept, study, advice, and example could never have taught them so well as failure has done. It has disciplined them experimentally and taught them what to do as well as what *not* to do — which is often the more important in diplomacy.

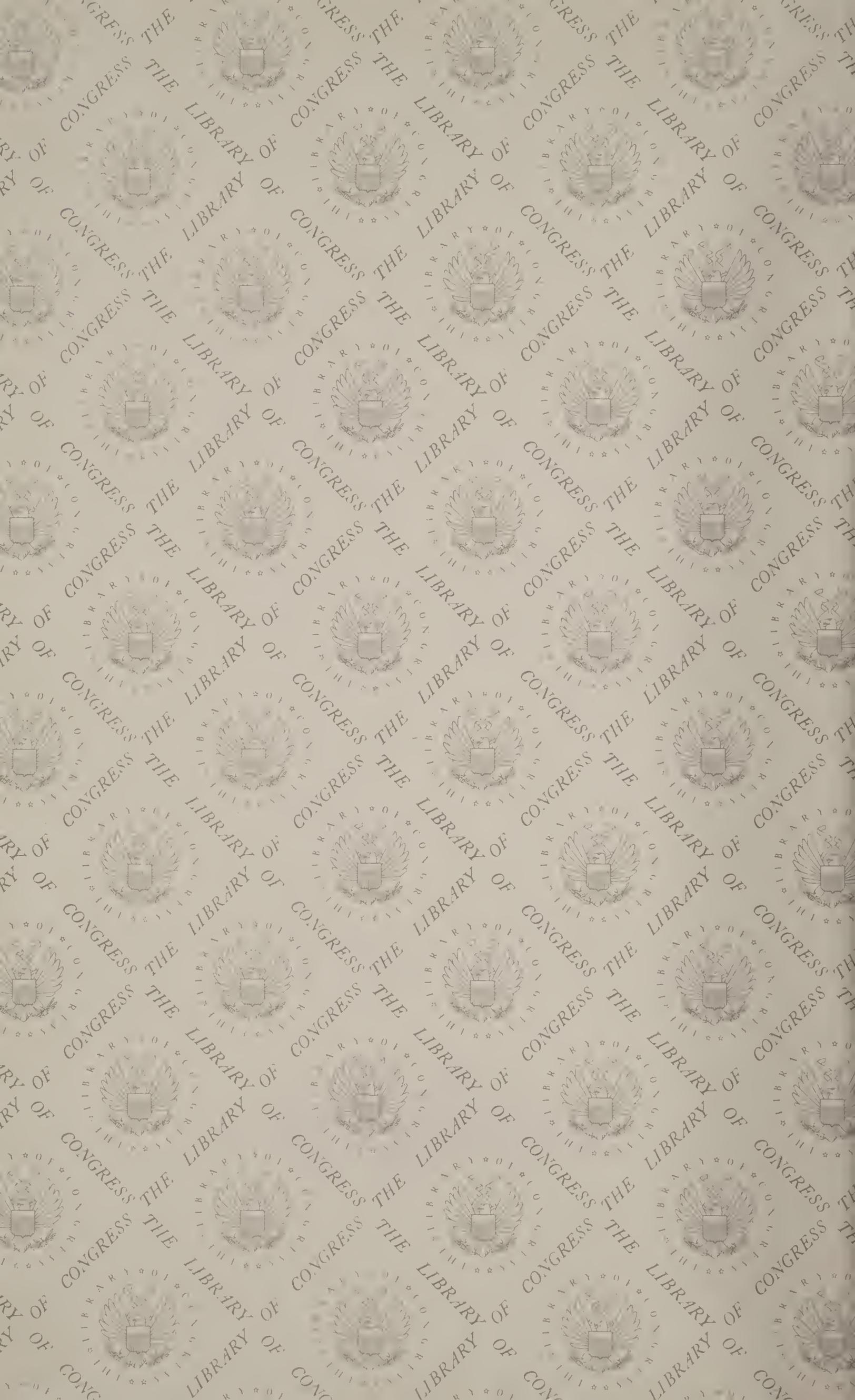
Many have to make up their minds to encounter failure again and again before they succeed; but if they have pluck, the failure will only serve to rouse their courage, and stimulate them to make renewed efforts. Talma, the greatest of actors, was himself hissed off the stage when he appeared on it. Lacordaire, one of the greatest preachers of modern times, only acquired celebrity after repeated failures. Montalembart said of his first public appearance in the Church of St. Roch: "He failed completely, and, on coming out, every one said, 'Though he may be a man of talent, he will never be a preacher.'" Again and again he tried, until he succeeded; and only two years after his debut, Lacordaire was preaching in Notre Dame to

audiences such as few French orators have addressed since the time of Bossuet and Massillon.

CONCLUSION.

When your occupation is chosen and you are enlisted in the ranks of earnest strivers, let the soul of work take possession of your spirit. All true work is sacred; in all true work, though it be but true hand labor, there is something of divineness. Labor, wide as the earth, has its summit in heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart, which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all sciences, all spoken epics, all acted heroisms, martyrdoms,—up to that “agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine! Oh, brother, if this is not worship, then, I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow-workmen there in God’s eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving; sacred band of immortals, celestial body-guard of the empire of mankind.







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